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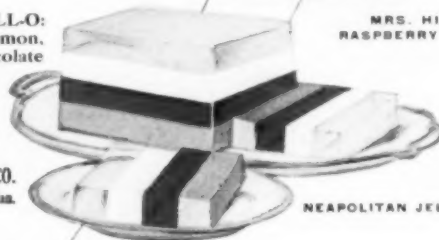
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GOLD MEDALS

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

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If your magazine is wrapped in pink paper and a subscription blank enclosed, your subscription has expired. Please fill out the blank, enclose 50 cents in stamps and mail to us at once, so you will not miss the next number. Always sign your name the same. Do not sign it Mrs. George Brown once and later Mrs. Mary Brown. Write plainly your full name and address, so there can be no mistake. Mention the issue with which you wish your subscription to begin.

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INFORMATION FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

Our Forecast for January

THE December instalment of our new serial, *The Pursuit of Patricia*, will leave you as much puzzled and excited as David Harwich, our hero. But January will clear up some of the mystifications, and you will learn whether the radiant young girl whose identity has puzzled him is or is not Sophie Dogiel. In learning that, however, you will find yourself plunged into new complications, so vividly interesting that you will wish we could print the entire story in one number. That being impossible, we are recognizing your eager interest by giving you as generous slices each month as we can squeeze into the magazine.

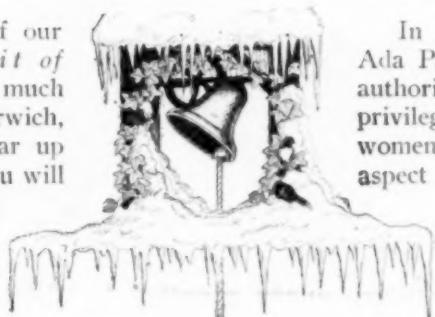
Making a Business of Being a Hostess

TO BE a successful hostess is the universal feminine desire, but what do you think of the woman who has turned her ability in this direction to such account as to assume the responsibility of hostess to something like 100,000 people a year, and has found it so profitable that she can afford to occupy a luxurious suite at one of New York's most expensive hotels, and to possess a wardrobe which embraces gowns for every possible occasion and in bewildering variety? In *Making a Business of Being a Hostess*, Myra G. Reed will tell you the story of this unusual woman, who has achieved the almost impossible task of inventing a new occupation.

Stories That Entertain

IN A clever Mary Hastings Bradley story, *A Chapter in Revelations*, the breezy little heroine discloses herself to us as a small-town girl frankly bored and dissatisfied with the few young men who have refrained from seeking their fortune in the city, and whom she has known since the knee-trouser stage. We find her on a trans-continental train, speeding westward to another environment and other possibilities, and are properly entertained to recognize an unsuspected Possibility in a young man who is making the same journey.

Equally diverting is Peggy Devenish, whose uncle's will has taken for granted her marriage to the long-suffering cousin whom she loves. Highly indignant at being thus parcelled off, she promptly cuts off her pretty nose by refusing the arrangement. That she will not consider marrying Cousin John does not exclude him, however, from her affections or her confidences, and, indeed, it is he who tells the delightfully amusing story of how *Peggy Chooses a Career*.



In *Woman's Invasion of the Stage*, Ada Patterson, who is recognized as an authority on things theatrical, and is the privileged friend of famous men and women of the theater, writes of the latest aspect of the feminist movement—the usurpation of the stage by woman—ferrets out the underlying cause, and entertains us, in the process, by citing the achievements of the season's stars.

Katharine Lord gives us a clever account of *A Resurrected New Year*, in which all the simple old customs which used to make the day so joyous are brought back for our enjoyment and pleasure. We hope you will find yourself inspired to carry out her ideas in your own town, from midnight carols in the public square to keeping open house on New Year's Day. A delightful *Twelfth Night Revel* is Eleanor Otis's contribution to this number, with a masque, and the choosing of a king and queen in right royal old English style.

When Married Paths Diverge

THERE are, unfortunately, other sides of life than the wholesome, happy ones of love and youth. Marriage introduces us to new responsibilities and unlooked-for problems. There is a long period of adjustment for every young couple, during which difficult lessons must be learned upon which depends the happiness of their after-life. *The Turning-Point In My Married Life* is the personal confidence of a young wife who unconsciously assumed "property rights" in her husband with her wedding-ring, and resented any interest of his of which she was not a part. This is an attitude common to many young wives, and this experience of one of their number should teach a tremendously vital lesson.

Fashions For the Winter Girl

THE January fashions will show all the new features, including the hooped tunic, and the bat-wing or elephant's tusk sleeve. Evelyn Tobey's millinery lesson will teach you how to make *The New Feather Fancies*, as well as utilize old furs to trim both hats and muffs. Mrs. Whitney's useful lesson on Home Dressmaking concerns itself with *A Small Boy's Suit*, while our embroidery department will cover a host of *Suggestions for Pretty Lingerie*, waists, babies' belongings, and household linen. There will be timely hints for appetizing ways of *Serving Salt Meats and Fish*, suggestions for *Planning a Balanced Diet*, some *Money-Making Ideas For the Home Woman*, and all our usual departments.





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CINCINNATI

GENUINE hand-made lace is becoming very rare. Travelers who pass through the countries famous for lace-making find but few places where machines of some kind are not used.

Therefore if you are fortunate enough to own some beautiful pieces you should not fail to give them the special care which will preserve them to you for the years to come.

That, as you know, means painstaking washing with Ivory Soap. For Ivory is so mild and pure that it cleanses the most delicate hand-work without harming a single thread.

Go where you will, you will find that the people who know lace also know Ivory Soap, a statement which is proven by the following directions received from one of the famous lace makers of St. Gall in far-off Switzerland.

To Wash Delicate Laces and Embroideries

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a half-gallon glass jar. Fill jar half full of boiling water, screw on lid and shake until soap is dissolved.

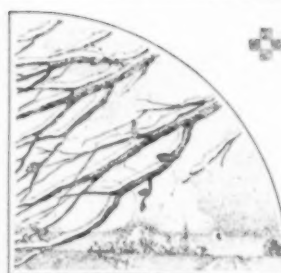
First soak the lace or embroidery in clear, cold water for a few minutes to keep the dirt from setting, then put in the jar and shake until clean.

If a colored lace, remove and rinse in three

clear waters. If white, set the jar on a piece of wood in a kettle half full of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. After boiling, remove lace and rinse in two clear waters and then in blue water.

Lay lace flat between Turkish towels and remove moisture by patting. Then shape and pin to a clean cloth on an ironing board to dry. Do not iron.

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December

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1913



I HOPE you believe in the old-fashioned Christmas—the kind that begins weeks be-

forehand and is somehow associated with snow which whistles under the wagon-wheels, with frosty panes and small noses pressed against them, with strings of cranberries in the shop-windows, rows of dangling fat turkeys, and the sound of sleigh-bells in and under everything.

Christmas is really a day to be loved, quite apart from its real significance. It is such a cheery, jolly, whole-hearted sort of a day, making you love the peanut-vender, and the newsboy, and your neighbor's disagreeable little child with the harelip and the sickly Fauntleroy curls, almost as much as you do your own kith and kin. But it seems to me that some of us, in the modern endeavor to conserve energy and time, and conscientiously weigh values, are in danger of losing the old-fashioned Christmas past all possibility of ever finding it again.

I am quite willing to admit that Christmas has become somewhat over-elaborated, and the simple joys of giving resolved into a problem of debits and credits, but why should not our revulsion against this take us back to a simple, whole-hearted, old-fashioned Christmas rather than forward to a Christmas Day that would meet the test of an efficiency engineer?



IF YOU have been considering limiting the Christmas expression to a few presents for the children, with the grown folks, yourself included, left out, repent in haste!

Don't lose Christmas out of the calendar. It is children's day, to be sure, but that only means it is a day when grown folks should become children.

Surely, I am not the only one who would like to be six years old again, working cross-stitch mottoes for Mother with such inspiring sentiments as "Home, Sweet Home", laboriously over-and-over-ing flat pocket pin-balls for Father, and counting the money in my tin bank to see if I could get Brother a battledore and shuttlecock, and Sister a miniature tea-set in three pieces, of

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

Britannia metal! There can never be any sensation to in any degree equal it in importance and the number and quality of its thrills.

If you, too, are conscious of a warm feeling about your heart at the memories Christmas calls up, make up your mind, now, to provide a new set that shall be just as satisfying and as joyous.

Plunge at once into the Christmas atmosphere, smuggle packages up and down stairs, and hide them under the spare-room bed, and in the old hat-box on top of the wardrobe, and in the shoe-bag on your closet door, and see that you lose no joy which Christmas can vouchsafe.



AND remember all the folks—every one of them! Not with the substantial presents you have thought it imperative to give, but with a jar of your currant jelly, a loaf of spice-cake, a pot of slips from your thrifty plants, a half-dozen iron-holders, a handkerchief-case made from bits of linen your scrap-bag has furnished, a cake doily from the same source, or any one of a hundred other simple things that you can work on at odd times in kitchen or sewing-room, and slip out of sight when discovery threatens.

These are the sort of presents which will restore the old-time thrills which cut-glass berry-dishes, and expensive manicure sets, and illustrated gift-books had threatened to extinguish.

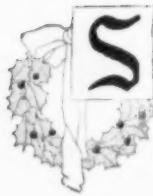
And when Christmas morning comes, with its joyous young faces and its heaps of mysterious bundles at breakfast plates or living-room fireplace, where a row of stockings hang, your face will be as joyous and young as any. Why, in our household, even Archibald, the dog, has a "Christmas chair", just like the rest of us.

Almost a Christmas sermon, you may say! No, indeed, just a warm-hearted message from one of the family. For we are one big, friendly family, are we not?—I who talk, and you who listen, and all of us who read and consider together so many pleasant and important things each month. I hope you feel this, as I do, and that, as the months of the new year go by, we may grow closer and closer together in interests and in friendship. Merry Christmas!

Stocking Night

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux



“SARAH! Where are you?”

“Here I am!” She slipped from her post at the dark window and went back to him in the lighted, outer room. It never failed to delight her that Jere missed her. But tonight she would have preferred to stay there in the dark, just watching.

“Second time you’ve run away from me tonight—’ware the third! I’m not going to be a deserted husband.”

“Jere—the poor creature!”

“Meaning me?”

She laughed, but at once her face again sobered. She caught up one of his dear big hands and absently braided the fingers. “He’s so funnily forlorn, Jere! You ought to see him trying to put all those babies to bed.”

“Who trying to put all what babies to bed? Somebody’s not quite clear in her state—”

“Jere Bishop, you come with me, I’ll show you. Got your far-aways in your pocket? You’ll need them.” She was gently tugging at the big bulk of him. He found himself on the way to some mysterious port of discovery.

“Look out for the footboard, dear—don’t you know you’re in your own bedroom? I can’t light up, because then you wouldn’t see.”

“Hm!” Was Sarah a little crazy? He pinched her arm playfully in the darkness. “I’m a little blind,” he chuckled; “but the way I look at it, now, lighting up would facilitate the process of—”

“Sh! Sit down, now—there’s a chair under you. Watch!”

He found himself looking into a small lighted room that seemed startlingly close at hand. Then he remembered how near the next-door house really was. He felt curiously guilty—if this wasn’t eavesdropping, it was kin to it.

“LOOK here, now,” he began to expostulate, but her cool little hand interrupted.

“Sh! Just watch! We’re not doing a bit of harm. He ought to pull his shades down if he doesn’t want to be seen. He’s giving the baby a bath now. Will you look, Jere? Did you ever see such little fat legs? And see him kick—he’s getting soaking wet.”

“Little cuss!” mumbled Jere. Something caught him by the heart-strings at sight of that tiny naked child. Jere Bishop had lived his twoscore and five years without the joy of fathering a little child like that, and if he lived two-score and five more he would never cease to mourn his denial. The very core of the man’s soul ached with loss.

“That’s number-three baby! He’ll have that one hang up a little stocking, too—you see! And there are two more to follow—five stockings, that will make. Jere Bishop, I don’t believe you once remembered to-night was Stocking Night. Of course, we remembered to-morrow, but not to-night; it took number-one baby’s stocking over there to remind me. All over the city, I suppose, they’re being hung up—there, what did I tell you! Watch, Jere, he’s hanging it up! That tiny little stocking! The baby’s helping! He’s a wonder—balancing a baby and using both hands for something else.”

Jere Bishop uttered a sound of soft contempt. As if he couldn’t do that himself! And roll up his shirt-sleeves, too, and sail into a little sudsy sea—he and a little lad. He almost felt the spatter of suds on his face, the warm

little weight on his knee. And that trick of hanging up a little stocking—oh, he could do that!

Sarah’s voice went whispering on in his ear:

“Five babies already, and another—his wife’s at the hospital, Jere. That’s why he is baby-tending. I heard to-day. They must be pretty poor or he would have hired someone to see to the children while she’s sick.”

Poor! Jere breathed long. If that was being poor—

“Jere, they must be so sorry! About another one’s coming, I mean. Poor little Not-Wanted! Look at that martyr man now, dandling that baby up and down and actually laughing. Of such humble stuff are heroes made. This minute, probably, he’s aching to groan instead of laugh, thinking of what’s coming.”

That moment, indeed, the humble little man in the lighted Room of Babies longed for the relief of groaning. It was true that he was a hero to laugh; the muscles of his mouth drew downward almost irresistibly. A leaden weight dragged at the very soul of the harried little man, yet he laughed hilariously as he bathed the slippery body of the baby.

“I’ve caught one! I’ve caught a fish! Nice little white perch—now I’ll eat him up!” which statement was received with shouts of infantile glee, as the small perch was relishingly nibbled. Suds flew about over fisherman and little fish irrespectively; momentarily the cluttered room grew more cluttered and damper. Then, without warning, the baby face twisted into tortuous lines of woe. Memory had asserted itself.

“Mamma! mamma! I ’ant mamma twick!”

TO BOTH lookers-on at the dark window the piercing little wail came faintly.

“Oh, Jere, the Poor Little! He’ll never be able to comfort it. Why doesn’t he get up and walk the floor? I wish I had that baby a minute!”

Oliver Knott was hurriedly drying the shrieking baby and thrusting small arms into yellow flannel sleeves. From an adjoining room issued a procession of other babies of assorted sizes, all nightgowned, grieved, motherless. The din increased. Everyone wanted “mamma twick”. It was a moment to try even the soul of a hero.

As though a curtain had fallen across that little picture of woe, Sarah Bishop turned quickly away. There was a difference between looking on at a frolic and at that little scene of distress; grief had its right to privacy. If she could not be of any help, at least she could respect the unmothered family’s mourning.

“Come, dear—where are you, Jere? I can’t find you.” For Jere had already gone. She found him behind his paper once more, and to all appearances reading the news. But what Jere Bishop’s eyes read was “Born: To Ethan and Alice Maybrick, a son,” and trailing below it a list of other sons born to other men and women.

“Born: To Jere and Sarah Bishop”—how would it look in black and white, on a printed page? How would it feel? The old hunger and thirst for little sons and daughters was upon him again. A little child to kiss good-by in the morning and come home to at night—to put to bed, as that fellow next door was putting his to bed. Jere Bishop was not an imaginative man, his friends would have claimed. Even his wife, who knew him best, would have marveled at the train of thought he was pursuing, there behind his paper. Jere feeling a spray of sudsy water on his face, splashed

by a naked little son! Jere nightgowning a moist, sweet, baby body of his own!

But to Jere they were no new thoughts. He had never shared them with Sarah, held back by some shy motive of delicacy. He was so sure Sarah did not sympathize with them—dear Sarah, who did not hunger and thirst. So they had come to their middle years without mention between them of this matter of the little sons they were denied. The longing to make up their loss as best they could by adoption, Jere Bishop had hidden in his soul for Sarah's sake, but it was an ever-present longing. To-night it had throbbled like pain within him as he watched the little next-door drama of lonesome babies.

"Jere, suppose she should die—that woman!" Sarah said suddenly, looking up from her heap of white sewing. "Women do. Suppose she never came home to those children, never!" Into her brain another supposition flashed—suppose the little new baby should not die, too, but should come home, motherless. Sarah Bishop's eyes sought the quiet figure across the room with a strange yearning in their gentle depths. If Jere, her husband, had met that look it would have been his turn to marvel. But he was too occupied with his own visions and his own pain to sense another's longing.



IT WAS A MOMENT TO TRY EVEN THE SOUL OF A HERO

A NEW fragment of life, motherless—the world must have many, but supposing the tragedy should happen so tiny a space away as next door, in that House of Babies! Sarah's eyes took on a shuddering tenderness. A little fragment of life! She sighed far in, within her soul. Her gaze again sought Jere—dear Jere, who did not understand. If Jere only understood!

The quiet of the cozy, lighted room was rudely invaded by a tattoo of sharp knocks on the front door; they had a curiously agonized sound as though they themselves were human rather than made by any human agency behind them. Each seemed a separate call for help.

"Jere!"

"I hear. I'll go to the door—just somebody looking for an address, dear," but they did not sound like anyone looking for an address. Jere Bishop returned with a crazy-looking, stunted little creature that might have been a cross between man and woman. A great apron draped its knees; but there were evidences, as the figure moved agitatedly, that the knees were trousered underneath the apron. It must then be a man—it was the next-door man!

"Can I telephone—you got a telephone, ain't you?" The words were close kin to the knocks—separate raps of distress. "We had ours taken out. We couldn't afford—For the Lord's sake, where is it? I'll go out o' my mind if I don't get some word—yes, yes, I see! I'll look up the call." He almost snatched the directory from Jere Bishop's hand.

"Double one, seven, three, L," he called into the mouth-piece. "No, no! seven, three, not eleven! Yes, yes, that's right. Is this Mercy Hospital? I want the nurse of Ward Ten—oh, any nurse or doctor, it don't matter, if it's that ward—What? I'm Milton Saunders, husband o'—What say? Not yet? Oh, poor Letty! You tell her—Hullo! hullo! This line's busy—Central, somebody's cut me off!"

To the couple in the cozy, lighted room the one-sided conversation drifted in, in its odd jerks of sense. It told them its story. Their eyes met, full of a scared and awed intelligence of the little human drama. Oh, the poor next-door man—oh, the poor "Letty"! The little man came blinking into the light. His lips were trembling; with poor Letty's apron he wiped his hot perspiring face.

"I'm much obliged. I had to find out. There ain't any news yet."

Not yet—it's awful! Don't seem as though I could stan' it much longer." No; quite evidently the little man could not "stan' it much longer". He rested appealing eyes on Sarah as the one bound by ties of her womanhood to poor Letty. She must understand. "I'm terrible frightened—seems as though if I don't get good news soon—" Again the words trailed out to indistinctness. He was gathering his apron around him for departure. "The children—I've got to go. The baby's got a back tooth 'most through—that's why I can't get away. It just seems as if it never would get through. If you'd let me use your tel—"

ANY time!—all the time!" hurried Sarah and Jere Bishop in duet. "Come right in without knocking. We'll leave the night-latch up and the gas on. Come any time in the night that you want to."

And more than once in the early night they heard him come. They caught disjointed bits of the things he cried imploringly into the telephone, and so they knew that there was still no news. Sarah Bishop made tiptoeing trips from bed to window, watching for the patient shadow that moved against the next-door square of lighted window. The shade was drawn now, but she saw through it with intuitive vision; she knew the little back tooth was coming through hard. Sometimes the patient shadow paced back and forth across that square of light. She could almost hear the whimpers of pain from the poor little toothachy baby.

At twelve she could no longer bear it. The next-door man had just been down there telephoning again and had returned to his pacing. Sarah felt about in the dark for her clothes and took them out into the hall to put them on. She must not wake Jere—Jere would call her foolish. She could not expect him to understand.

The front door of the next house was unlocked. Sarah did not think to ring, but went straight up the dimly lighted stairway in search of the Room of Little Children. The sound of steadily pacing feet directed her. That door she found wide open, and on the threshold Sarah stopped.

"I've come to stay with the children—give me the baby. You go straight to your wife. I don't know why I didn't come before. I'll walk up and down with him—give him to me." She already had him in her arms, a warm soft little weight. Already she was walking back and forth. The baby's father, without breath of demur, was putting on his coat. His hands moved with a frantic haste.

"I can't stop to say thank—"

"Go—go!" she implored.

"If he wakes up—"

"I'll put him to sleep again—don't worry. Don't do anything but go!" Sarah was almost as nervous as he.

LEFT by herself, Sarah Bishop drew a long, ecstatic breath. It was the moment her soul had climbed to. She seemed always to have known that she would hold a little sleeping child against her breast like this; would stoop, like this, and rub her cheek against a baby cheek. It had been sure to come; no woman could go all her days without even this one moment on the heights.

She counted all the little stockings; she went about among the little beds, she straightened little covers and pil-

lows; she sang a curious humming tune under her breath—it was her soul singing.

If Jere could know

what was going on! Well, what if he did know? The color flooded the face of Jere's middle-aged wife. She felt a wild impulse to clutch this borrowed baby closer and run away with it to Jere and demand the right to keep it, to "have and to hold" it in her arms from this time forth. For it was so sweet, to hold it in her arms! If she could only convince Jere, but Jere was a man-creature, and men-creatures were immune to the tug of baby fingers at their heart-strings. She drew a long sigh of conviction; she had lived twenty years with a dear man-creature, and she knew what their limitations were.

THE lighted room was full of purring little sounds that were little children's breaths. In her arms the baby at last slept soundly, but she kept on with her steady walking up and down. She did not dare to deposit her little burden in the waiting crib. In spite of her ecstasy of soul, her whole body ached with the unwonted strain upon it; her stiffened muscles actually creaked with rebellion.

"There, there, the-re," she continued to croon tenderly.

"Give me that baby and go sit down!" It was Jere's voice in her ears—in this room! Jere was taking the sleeping child away from her, and so deftly and gently that not a soft little golden hair was stirred. She found herself in a rocking-chair bewilderedly watching this amazing miracle of another Jere. It might have been his own baby he held with this astonishing ease. The cradle of his big arms accommodated the small body perfectly; he swung the cradle with a long rocking motion infinitely soothing to small bodies.

"Jere! How in the world—where in the world!" Sarah Bishop whispered. His face—the other Jere's face—peered over the baby's head at her, curiously triumphant, yet shy.

"I always knew how," he whispered back, and she saw him suddenly bend to the little head and kiss it. No longer a miracle but a truth unrolled itself to Sarah in that little pantomime; now she understood. Big, tender nurse and sleeping baby swam in a sudden mist of tears. Dear Jere—oh, poor Jere! And she had never known. She had thought—the utter stupidity of her to have thought! There came to her in that blinding flash of knowledge the memory of the times when her denied soul had yearned almost beyond

bearing for that next-best solace of a childless mother—a foster-child. But, for Jere's sake, she had never voiced her longing. For Jere's sake! The wasted years piled up before her, mountain-high. She felt old, sitting there, so very old to find this out.

But Jere was not old. He tramped lightly up and down, rocking his big arms. His shoulders were straight and splendid, and she could not find his bald spot—where was Jere's bald spot?

Down-stairs a door shut carefully. Careful footsteps ascended the stairs and Sarah Bishop knew from some quality of springiness and lightness in them that they bore good tidings. The little Father of Many Babies burst noiselessly in upon them.

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"JERE! HOW IN THE WORLD—WHERE IN THE WORLD!" SARAH BISHOP WHISPERED.

The Pursuit of Patricia

By Eunice Tietjens

Illustrated by David Robinson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.—To David Harwich, poring over a mass of uninteresting detail in his office at the big Museum, appears a lovely woman, young, pale, and with a suggestion of illness about her, offering for sale, in her rich, foreign voice, a wonderfully wrought gold cigarette-case, on whose cover writhes a jeweled dragon. In handling the case, Harwich touches a spring and discloses a panel bearing a jeweled coat of arms—the arms of the imperial family of Russia. Before he has recovered from his astonishment, she reclaims the case in agitation, and departs; and only after she has gone does Harwich recall the evident distress and want she is experiencing, and feel conscience-smitten that he has not offered to aid her. However, he has her address, and he decides to call upon her and endeavor to be of assistance. In the meantime, Sophie Dogiel has reached her cheap little apartment, where she is almost immediately visited by a man, who, speaking in Russian, introduces himself as one who bears a message, and presents to her a ring on the inside of which is engraved the word "Boris". Sophie is immensely excited, begs to know how and where he got the ring, and is informed it was given to him the night before she fled from the court and Russia. He adds the further message from "Boris" that he begs her to meet him in Geneva, Switzerland—the city of refugees. Sophia grows more and more excited, and, with her hands pressed to her heart as if in pain, begins to pace rapidly up and down, laughing, and crying "Geneva!" to herself over and over.

CHAPTER III.

DAVID HARWICH got out of the elevator and, following instructions, turned to the right. There he found himself before two doors, one facing him and the other to the left. The colored hall-man, careless as his kind, had not yet lit the gas in the little hallway, though it was already ten minutes after six, as Harwich had seen as he came up.

He wondered, a little uneasily, whether it might not be too late to call on Miss Dogiel this afternoon, even with so urgent business as an offer of assistance. He had been delayed, unfortunately, on the way by an importunate acquaintance whom he had met on the street, and who, like Jacob and the angel of old, had not been willing to let him go till he had blessed him, the blessing in this case consisting of a "small, temporary loan", which Harwich had been glad to pay to be rid of him. When he had at last escaped, he had come directly here, but he feared too late, for this time at least. He very probably had missed her.

HE KNEW the type of building, and thought it probable that the woman he sought went out for her meals. In that case, she might already have gone. He looked toward the two doors. The panels were made of ground glass, and the one directly ahead was dark. That was probably her door, he thought. But, before the idea had more than crossed his mind, from the room to the left, through whose door came a strong glow of light, he heard a woman's voice. The word she spoke was French, and she was evidently laboring under some very violent emotion, he could not tell exactly what. But there was no mistaking the rich, purring timbre of Mademoiselle Sophie's voice.

"*Genève!*" she cried—"Genève. Genève!" and an odd sound came with the word, like a sort of wild but half-stifled laugh.

There was something very weird and uncanny about it, coming as it did, and Harwich made up his mind instantly. He had come to help her, and she was very evidently in distress now, even if not in serious trouble, for there was no mirth in that suddenly silenced laughter. Without waiting to feel for the bell-button, he rapped sharply.

There was a sudden startled sound; he heard the rasp of some article of furniture on the floor, then silence.

Harwich was very much disconcerted. Perhaps he had made a mistake, after all. In her excited state he might frighten more than he could possibly assist her. But, having once begun, he determined to go through with it. He knocked again.

This time he heard a step inside, a heavy step that did not sound like Mademoiselle Sophie's, and then a shadow appeared on the ground glass.

It was a man's shadow.

Harwich, by now, was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable. If there were a man in Mademoiselle Dogiel's room how gratuitous his errand would probably appear!

The man was evidently standing near the door, for the shadow was very distinct. He was stooping over, looking at something below him, and Harwich stifled an absurd desire to bolt. But the shadow straightened itself up, a hand rattled the knob, and the door was opened just wide enough to let a man's head through.

THE strong light from the room fell directly on Harwich's face, making it, no doubt, perfectly visible to the man in the room, although Harwich himself could see little but a silhouette. Yet there was something vaguely familiar about that jutting neck, the hair flat at the top, and the long, oddly-shaped face. He was sure he had seen the man somewhere. Perhaps he could remember presently. Just now he had no time to think, for the man was speaking in a rough, guttural voice with a very strong Russian accent.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly.

"Is Mademoiselle Dogiel at home?" asked Harwich.

"Who?" growled the man.

"Mademoiselle Sophie Dogiel. I understand this to be her apartment. She lives here, does she not?"

"No, she does not!" was the sharp answer.

The head was quickly withdrawn, and the door started to slam. But Harwich's boot, oddly enough, was in the way. There was a pause; then the head came back.

"Well, what do you want? I tell you the lady does not live here!" The owner of the curious silhouette was evidently losing patience.

Harwich expostulated.

"But I heard her laugh—cry out—but a moment ago." Then, raising his voice so that it would surely be heard by anyone in the room, he said:

"My name is David Harwich. I have come to offer her my assistance. If she is in trouble of any sort, I shall be glad to do all in my power to help her."

He had hoped that if Sophie heard who he was, she would make some sign. But he was disappointed in this. Only the raucous voice answered him.

"You heard her cry out? Indeed, and you did not! That was my wife, I tell you, my wife. I never heard of your Sophie Dogiel. We do not want help from strangers. Now, take your foot away and leave this place at once!" The tirade ended in a shout.

Harwich hesitated. Really, he had no plausible reason for staying. So, perforce, with a very ill grace, he took out the offending boot and rang for the elevator. The lighted door shut with a bang.

When the elevator came up, Harwich pointed toward the glow and asked:

"That is Miss Dogiel's door, isn't it?"

"Yes, sah," was the surprised answer. "Ain't she let yo' in? You sho' she heerd yo'? Lemme ring dat bell agi'n, sah." The hall-man was an old negro, evidently a stray survival of the "before the war" type, somehow stranded in this unlikely place and unexpectedly anxious to be obliging.

"No, thank you," answered Harwich. "It really doesn't matter at all."

"She sho' do need



THERE WAS SOMETHING VAGUELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT JUTTING NECK, THE HAIR FLAT AT THE TOP, AND THE LONG, ODDLY-SHAPED FACE.

friends, dat Mis' Dogiel, volunteered the old negro. "Ain't nobody ben to seen her since she ben a-livin' heah, twel dis afternoon, and now heah come two togedder."

"Is that so? Well, I saw the first, then, and I suppose I'm the second. I fancy I'll come back some day soon myself," was the answer. "Good night."

Harwich reached the street in anything but a pleasant mood. He had spoken to the hall-man only out of a vague desire to be corroborated, for he had never for an instant doubted his own recognition of Sophie's voice.

But, even if the man had lied to him as the hall-man had shown, even if he were only a temporary visitor, what right had he, Harwich, the veriest stranger, who had never heard of Sophie Dogiel at four o'clock that afternoon, to force his way in? He had absolutely no knowledge of the situation, no solid ground to stand on.

There must, of course, be some explanation. Perhaps she had suspected that he would follow her, and had taken steps to cover her traces—he remembered that he had dis-

covered the secret panel in the cigarette-case after she had given him her address. But that was hardly probable. No; it must be something else.

What had happened, he wondered, in that lighted room after his first knock and before the door was opened? He had listened carefully, while the man held it open, for any sound of Sophie within, and he was sure there had not been the slightest movement. What had she been doing all that time? Had she heard him speaking and chosen to remain not only silent but perfectly motionless? This did not seem probable either.

The startled sound had evidently been caused by his knock. But, afterward, before that rasp of moving furniture, had there not been another sound—as of something falling? His mind occupied itself in retrospect. Could she have fainted? At what? Not so little a thing as his unexpected knock! Yet surely the man's shadow had stooped over something before the door was opened. And he had been very irritable. Yes, that might explain it, but Harwich sincerely hoped it did not.

What an unmitigated ass he had been in the whole affair anyway! He had let her go in the first place, then blundered so crudely as to startle her, and, finally, had not been able to make anything of the man—

Ah, but was that so?

HARWICH had turned east on leaving the apartment and had been walking on automatically. Now, he stopped suddenly on a street corner and took to thinking in earnest and intently.

The man had undoubtedly looked familiar from the first, and as he drew his head back into the room when Harwich had put his foot out, the light had shown for an instant on his face. Harwich had only been able to catch the merest glimpse of him, but it had been enough to convince him that he had seen that horselike face somewhere. But where?

It was such a curious face and voice that it could not possibly belong to the more polite side of his life, the side of Fifth Avenue receptions, formal dances, and box-parties. No; it must belong to the other side, to his searches in odd corners of the globe among strange people for hidden treasures for the Museum, or his visits to what his up-town friends, with a vague idea that it consisted in painting bad pictures, wearing one's hair long and eating with one's knife, always called "Bohemia". But where in this Bohemia did he belong? Where? where?

For some time he stood there, utterly oblivious to passing traffic or the interested glances of a number of passers-by at his strong, clean face. But the harder he tried to capture the fleeting impression the more elusive it became, till he finally decided that he was doing more harm than good by attempting to force his memory in this way. As he still waited irresolute on the corner, however, the attempt only half given over, he became aware, with the outer edge of his consciousness, of a thin, argumentative voice that was passing.

"What is this country coming to, I should like to know?" the voice demanded querulously. "Socialists, anarchists, infidels! Why, when I was a boy, my father—"

The voice argued itself out of ear-shot, but Harwich had heard enough. Anarchist! There was the illuminating word. He knew now where he had seen the man. It had been at a public dining-club, a gathering place of radicals of all sorts and shades, where any one who wished to pay thirty-five cents for the bad dinner, "wine included", might have the pleasure of listening to the speeches. It was called "The Free Thought Club", and it had struck Harwich that there was a great deal more freedom than thought about it. The meetings were held every two weeks at a little Hungarian restaurant in the East Twenties. It met, he remembered, on Tuesday. But to-night was Tuesday!

No sooner had Harwich thought of that than his decision was taken. If this was the week they met, he would go to the club and find out something about this man. If luck were with him, he might even find the man himself. He

would follow out this thing to the end, and, if nothing else came of it, he would at least make up to his own self-respect for the hopeless muddle he had made so far. His fighting blood was thoroughly roused.

He came to himself with a start and saw that he was on the corner of Broadway and Forty-eighth Street. Then he looked at his watch; it was half after six. He hailed a passing taxi and drove up town to his rooms.

CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly half after seven when Harwich arrived at the door of the little Hungarian restaurant. He would be late, he knew. If he had calculated right, he ought to make his appearance just after the salad. The rest should be passable, and, as for the dinner—well, a thick beefsteak at an up-town restaurant is a good substitute. He mounted the steps with a certain pleasant little feeling of expectancy. It was perhaps this taste for adventure, this immediate rising of his spirits to meet an unexpected call, that had guided Harwich in his choice of a profession, as much as his skill as an appraiser. His imagination was always keenly alive, quick to leap out on a new scent, so that the objects in which he dealt exercised a positive fascination over him. A piece of rare and exquisite Florentine lace, a section of gold-incrusted armor from the court of Spain, a primitive musical instrument of the South Sea Islands, or a pair of white satin slippers which the great Napoleon had worn at his coronation, these things were to Harwich unfailing sources of pleasure. When he was weary with routine work, or on moonlit evenings in the park, he would send his mind out on strange voyages of adventure, using one of these things as a starting-point. He never told anyone of these adventures, and, indeed, tried often enough to laugh himself out of them.

IN THE present instance, the gold cigarette-case, which he had seen that afternoon, and its connection with the woman of shadows had taken so firm a hold on his imagination that he knew he could not rest till he had in some way made a clear path for his fancy to travel.

So, now, his sense of adventure lent an interest to the scene in the little restaurant, which, surely, it did not possess in itself. The room was long, narrow, low-ceilinged, and filled with the mingled odors of clam chowder, cigarette smoke, and Hungarian ragout. Near the entrance were a few small tables occupied by the regular customers, but more than half the room was filled by the two long, narrow tables where sat the Free Thought Club.

Harwich ran his eye down the double row of faces at the table nearest him. Curious personalities there were in plenty, but not the one he sought. There was one man in a dress suit with a soiled white vest and tie, another in an antiquated frock coat, several in black suits with flowing ties. There were women of all ages, for the most part dowdily dressed, with evident disregard for mere externals, and their whole attention centered on the good of "the cause". Probably, no two would have agreed as to what they were all fighting for, but of one thing everyone was certain, the present system of government, political, religious, and social, was all wrong and should at once be abolished. Afterward—well, they would see!

Harwich was no stranger in this kind of meeting and did not waste any time studying types. He had come for a purpose this evening. He turned to the other table.

Ah! he was playing in better luck than he could have hoped. For there, in the very center of the long table, in the place which Harwich knew was reserved for the speaker of the evening, sat the man for whom he was searching. He was looking rather pale and subdued, and he sat with his eyes on the table, absently puffing a cigarette. Before him was his plate with the last course untouched, but, every now and then, he raised his glass to his lips.

Harwich would have liked to sit near him, but all the seats in the center of the table were taken, except three at Brunoff's right, which were evidently reserved. So he dropped into a chair at the end nearest the door. From this point he could have a good look at him, at least, and could find a way to speak with him later if he decided that would be the desirable thing to do.

David turned to his neighbor on the left.

"BEG your pardon," said he, "but can you tell me who is to be the speaker of the evening?"

"His name is Brunoff, Alexis Brunoff," answered the man in a voice which was somewhat hampered by a large piece of cheese. "He is a nihilist, I believe, and proud of it. He's going to speak on the nihilist movement in Russia."

Harwich nodded and thanked the man absently.

A party of people had entered the restaurant, and were passing down between the long tables with the intention of occupying the seats next to the speaker.



IT WAS SOPHIE, RADIANT, TRANSFIGURED, HER BEAUTY LIGHTED UP FROM WITHIN LIKE A GLOWING LAMP

They had their backs to Harwich, but he noticed that there were three of them, a man and two women. Presently, the man, who was leading, reached the end of Harwich's table and turned to cross over and come back down the farther side to the empty seats. As he turned the corner, David noticed that he was a gentlemanly-looking chap, quietly and correctly dressed, with a small, close-cropped mustache, and a quiet air of authority about him which was very pleasing.

Then, the woman following him also turned the corner and came within David's line of vision. A sudden shock, as distinct as though it came from a battery, tingled through the young man.

For the woman was Sophie!

BUT it was Sophie radiant, transfigured, her beauty lighted up from within like a glowing lamp. In the afternoon, David had felt that, when she came, the twilight deepened, but to-night the lights grew brighter, and the air became charged with an electric feeling of life.

Yet, there could not be the slightest doubt that it was she. The same delicate oval of the face was there, the same shadowy eyes and sensitive mouth, and the same sweep of blond hair under the hat. The same air, too, of aristocracy carried across the noisy table and the greasy dishes to Harwich, and set this girl as absolutely apart from her surroundings as a thoroughbred race-horse would be in a brewery stable.

She was dressed in a warm, electric blue that set off her blond coloring to perfection, and the trim, blue hat had a sweeping feather which, beginning blue, ended in an emerald green. She was so vivid to-night, so alive! What could have happened to change her so? She positively radiated vitality. And Brunoff, what of him?

David shot a quick glance at him. The Russian was sitting forward in his chair, his face, which had been pale enough before, turned now to a chalky white, and his cavernous eyes fixed on the girl with what seemed a mixture of terror and incredulity.

The man with Sophie had stopped at the further corner to let the girl pass him, so that of the little party she was the first to come back down the table to the chair next to Brunoff. As she came, she looked at him with a little air of surprise which seemed a trifle mixed with embarrassment as his incredulous stare continued. But there was no recognition in her face, and she sat down beside him without making the slightest sign that she had ever seen him before.

THE man who was with her, after seeing the women seated, sat down himself, and then leaned forward across Sophie and spoke to Brunoff. The Russian had not moved his eyes from the girl's face. Now, he shifted them blankly to her companion, but he made no answer of any kind. He seemed, indeed, to have lost all power of motion, and sat frozen into silence.

The man spoke again, more insistently, and, this time, Harwich saw, though he almost doubted his own eyes, that he was introducing Sophie to Brunoff.

The girl turned toward him with perfect self-possession, smiled, and held out her hand. With a tremendous effort, Brunoff pulled himself together enough to take it, but he only bowed over it in silence, not trusting himself to speak.

Harwich sat watching them, with his mind in a whirl. What could conceivably have happened between these two to bring about such a situation? Even if, for some reason or other, they had decided not to recognize each other in public, that could not explain this development. Brunoff himself was as much mystified as Harwich.

In the afternoon, David had thought of her as the victim, ill and badgered, but, now, the turn of the wheel had evidently put her on top. She was so beautiful, so radiant, so self-possessed! And what a wonderful actress she was! Not a gesture betrayed her.

Before the Russian could collect himself, the clatter of stoneware dishes, a quarter of an inch thick, as the waiters piled them up, drowned every other sound.

Everyone settled back in his or her chair, and the real business of speechmaking began. A little man, with a strong Yiddish accent, arose and introduced the speaker as "our renowned colleague from Russia, Mr. Alexis Brunoff, who will speak to us of the progress of the cause in that most unfortunate country".

Brunoff arose, shot forward his neck, threw his cigarette into a half-consumed dish of ice-cream, where it spat viciously, and began to speak. He was still very much shaken and very pale, but he succeeded in beginning well enough in a certain bombastic style, with, now and then, a little quaintness in the English which added an interest of its own. But, presently, his gaze turned, as though fascinated, toward the woman beside him. His voice faltered in the middle of a sentence, he stammered once or twice, and then stopped dead. He raised his glass to his lips, took a sip or two, and, then, turning resolutely toward the other end of the table, began again.

BUT Harwich soon became aware that the man was not saying anything. His sentences were rambling and incoherent; he paused often and noticeably, and whenever his eye fell on the girl beside him, he would swallow hard and completely lose the thread of what he was saying. At first, Harwich had listened in the hope that Brunoff would actually tell something of conditions in Russia, something from which he might catch a gleam of Sophie's story. But he soon saw that this hope was vain. The Russian was speaking absolutely to no purpose, and the fact presently became apparent in a little stir of inattention and dissatisfaction among the diners.

During almost the entire speech, while his ears had been busy with Brunoff, Harwich had scarcely taken his eyes from the face of the girl who sat beside the speaker. Her acting had been perfect in every detail. At first, she had leaned forward, as if frankly and keenly interested in the sounding phrases. She evidently found them a source of much amusement, for, every now and then, a sudden smile would break loose, only to be at once brought back into proper decorum. Once or twice, she glanced around at the other people at the table, as though to see whether they suspected her of laughing at them, but no one seemed to be watching her and she turned back reassured.

All during the speech, she acted to perfection the rôle of someone watching a theatrical performance, and the interest she showed was as impersonal as though Brunoff were a performing bear. Yet, these two had that afternoon lived through a violent emotional scene of some sort together. David, fascinated, watched her face for the gleam of triumph which sooner or later must flash from her to Brunoff.

At last, quite suddenly, and long before the time allotted for his speech to be up, the Russian drew his rambling remarks to a close, and sat down abruptly. When he had finished, the stir of relief was even louder than the perfunctory applause. But Brunoff seemed to have forgotten the diners completely. He had turned to Sophie, and now he began to talk earnestly to her, although the look of bewilderment was still in his eyes. As he talked, a little color came back to his face, and his manner regained something of his customary bluster. When she answered, David listened, with every ounce of attention in him, for the musical purr of Sophie's voice, but no sound of it reached him above the suddenly released clatter of tongues.

Now, if ever, the gleam would come. And yet, as David watched them talking together so casually, it seemed to him impossible to believe that these were the same two people who, three hours before, had stood together in the lighted up-town room.

Suddenly Brunoff took some object from his breast-pocket, and held it out to the girl as though offering her something. David's heart gave a leap as the golden gleam of it came to him. It was Sophie's cigarette-case.

The girl looked at it as Brunoff held it out, frowned a little and shook her head rather vehemently. But, though Harwich watched as if his life depended upon it, there was

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A Christmas for Mothers

By Zona Gale

IT WAS a couple of weeks before Christmas, and I had run in to Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman's to talk over some of the Christmas doin's we was plannin' for, when all of a sudden Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman leaned forward and spoke solemn:

"'Honest,' she said, 'if it wasn't for not being reverent, I'd be glad when Christmas was over.'

"She waited for me to look shocked, but I couldn't look it. I knew what she meant.

"'Of all the backaching, feet-burning work that I do,' she says, 'the holidays has about the most of it—fruit-canning time alone exceptioned.'

"She counted 'em off on her fingers.

"'Turkey, three kinds of vegetables, two kinds of pies, the cooky-jar, the doughnut-jar, nut bread, plum pudding, home-made candy, two kinds of cake, ice-cream to freeze. And the tree to get ready, and all the ornaments to fix, and most of the presents to make because that's cheaper! Oh, don't think I don't like it,' said Mis' Fire-Chief, sorrowful. 'I do. I do. But last year, when I went to bed Christmas night, I declare I couldn't hardly tell which was my feet and which was my knees, for they was all four one solid ache. I dunno but I'm wicked, but Christmas has kind of got to be a real nightmare to me.'

"Jenny Merriman come out of the pantry all of a sudden.

MOTHER MERRIMAN, she said, kind of scairt and kind of sad, 'when have you ever had a Christmas—that was *your* Christmas?'

"'Land, Jenny,' says Mis' Merriman, 'you in there? Oh, well, don't you mind me! I just get to goin' on.'

"Jenny didn't say anything. She just went on out of the room. And Mis' Fire-Chief looked over to me apologetic.

"'I didn't mean to complain,' she says, 'but I was thinking this morning I ain't had time to think what Christmas was *for* in more years than I can count.'

"'Mis' Fire-Chief,' I says, startled, 'you're the fourth one, not counting me, that I've heard say that same thing since our holiday talk began. Mis' Toplady, Mis' Postmaster Sykes, Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame Bliss all agrees the same. What,' says I, 'is the meaning of this?'

"'That is to say,' she says, 'why do we all put up with it when we all feel alike about it?'

"'Just that,' says I. And we looked at each other with both eyes and eyebrows.

"In Friendship Village, us ladies is real quick-moved. Mis' Fire-Chief Merriman and I hadn't talked ten minutes when we put on our overshoes and went over to Mis' Holcomb's. Mis' Toplady happened to be there, borrowing something, and we rapped on the window for Mis' Postmaster Sykes, that we could see in her kitchen window washing out something; and then we conclaved it abundant. And we done what any conclave had ought to do: we said

out loud the things that was at the back of the head of most everybody—things that all of us knows and that none of us had thought we could do anything about.

"'How did Christmas come to insist on so many presents and a big dinner for itself, anyhow?' says Mis' Holcomb, kind of surprised.

"'Christmas never did,' says Mis' Toplady. 'We done that for it, gradual.'

"'Folks has kind of made Christmas what they've wanted to, regardless of what it set out to be,' says Mis' Fire-Chief thoughtful, 'and the way it is—I dunno, but it kind of seems that us women that does our own work is caught by the brunt of it.'

"'Well, I don't know, ladies,' says Mis' Sykes, that never agrees with anybody else—but we see in a minute that she was disagreeing solely from habit, for, all of a sudden, she

kind of broke down and drew a long breath. 'I



"HOW DID CHRISTMAS COME TO INSIST ON SO MANY PRESENTS AND A DINNER FOR ITSELF, ANYHOW?"

know it, ladies!' says Mis' Sykes. 'Christmas is a real chore—and it hadn't ought to be true.'

"I guess it was Mis' Sykes giving in like that that made us see for sure that it wasn't only us—it was folks all over that was beginning to see that Christmas has somehow got off the track, that it ain't what it use' to be and what it could be, in homes and out, in hearts and out. And we talked about it the whole forenoon. And about how surprised Christ would be, that meant peace on earth, good-will to men, because we had made of it a big celebration and lots to eat in order to set up good feelings. And it was Mis' Toplady that finally brought something out of all the talk, like she always does, just because she's so gentle, and never acts do-it-because-I-think-so, same as some.

"'Why couldn't the Friendship Improvement Association see to something about this?' says she dreamy.

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Painted Windows

By Elia Peattie
No. 4—I Become an Orator

AS I REMEMBER the boys and girls who grew up with me, I think of them as artists, or actors, or travelers, or rich merchants. Each of us, by the time we were half through grammar-school, had selected a career. So far as I recollect, this career had very little to do with our abilities. We merely chose something that suited us. Our energy and our vanity crystallized into particular shapes. There was a sort of religion abroad in the West at that time that a person could do almost anything he set out to do. The older people, as well as the children, had an idea that the world was theirs—they all were Monte Cristos in that respect.

As for me, I had decided to be an orator.

At the time of making this decision, I was nine years of age, decidedly thin and long drawn out, with two brown braids down my back, and a terrific shyness which I occasionally overcame with such a magnificent splurge that those who were not acquainted with my peculiarities probably thought me a shamefully assertive child.

I based my oratorical aspirations upon my having taken the prize a number of times in Sunday-school for learning the most New Testament verses, and upon the fact that I always could make myself heard to the farthest corner of the room. I also felt that I had a great message to deliver to the world when I got around it, though, in this, I was in no way different from several of my friends. I had noticed a number of things in the world that were not quite right, and which I thought needed attention, and I believed that if I were quite good and studied elocution, in a little while I should be able to set my part of the world right, and perhaps even influence the rest of the people a little bit.

MEANTIME I practised terrible vocal exercises, chiefly consisting of a raucous "caw" something like a crow's favorite remark, and advocated by my teacher in elocution for no reason that I can now remember; and I stood before the glass for hours at a time making grimaces so as to acquire the "actor's face", till my frightened little sisters implored me to turn back into myself again.

It was a great day for me when I was asked to participate in the Harvest Home Festival at our church on Thanksgiving Day. I looked upon it as the beginning of my career, and bought crimping papers so that my hair could be properly fluted. Of course, I wanted a new dress for the occasion, and I spent several days in planning the kind of a one I thought best suited to such a memorable event. I even picked out the particular lace pattern I wanted for the ruffles. This was before I submitted the proposition to Mother, however. When I told her about it she said she could see no use in getting a new one and going to all the trouble of making it when my white one with the green harps was perfectly good.

This was such an unusual dress and had gone through so many vicissitudes, that I really was devotedly attached to it. It had, in the beginning, belonged to my Aunt Bess, and in the days of its first glory had been a sheer Irish linen lawn, with tiny green harps on it at agreeable intervals. But, in the course of time, it had to be sent to the wash-tub, and then, behold, all the little lovely harps followed the example of the harp that "once through Tara's hall the soul of music shed", and disappeared! Only vague, dirty, yellow reminders of their beauty remained, not to decorate, but to disfigure the fine fabric.

Aunt Bess, naturally enough, felt irritated, and she gave the goods to mother, saying that she might be able to boil the yellow stains out of it and make me a dress. I had gone about many a time, like love amid the ruins, in the fragments of Aunt Bess's splendor, and I was not happy in the thought of dangling these dimmed reminders of Ireland's past around with me. But mother said she thought I'd have a really truly white Sunday best dress out of it by the time she was through with it. So she prepared a strong solution of sodium and things, and boiled the breadths, and every



little green harp came dancing back as if awaiting the hand of a new Dublin poet. The green of them was even more charming than it had been at first, and I, as happy as if I had acquired the golden harp for which I then vaguely longed, went to Sunday-school all that summer in this miraculous dress of now-you-see-them-and-now-you-don't, and became so used to being asked if I were Irish that my heart exulted when I found that I might—fractionally—claim to be, and that one of the Fenian martyrs had been an ancestor. For a year, even, after that discovery of the Fenian martyr, ancestors were a favorite study of mine.

Well, though the dress became something more than familiar to the eyes of my associates, I was so attached to it that I felt no objection to wearing it on the great occasion; and, that being settled, all that remained was to select the piece which was to reveal my talents to a hitherto unappreciative—or, perhaps I should say, unsuspecting—group of friends and relatives. It seemed to me that I knew bet-

ter than my teacher (who had agreed to select the pieces for her pupils) possibly could what sort of a thing best represented my talents, and so, after some thought, I selected "Antony and Cleopatra", and as I lagged along the too-familiar road to school, avoiding the companionship of my acquaintances, I repeated:

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast.

Sometimes I grew so impassioned, so heedless of all save my mimic sorrow and the swing of the purple lines, that I could not bring myself to modify my voice, and the passers-by heard my shrill tones vibrating with:

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendor of thy smile.

I wiped dishes to the rhythm of such phrases as "scarred and veteran legions", and laced my shoes to the music of "Though no glittering guards surround me".

Confident that no one could fail to see the beauty of these lines, or the propriety of the identification of myself

could find something—here she hesitated, to conclude with, "more within the understanding of the other children". I saw that she thought my feelings were hurt, and as I passed a mirror I feared she had some reason to think so. My face was uncommonly flushed, and a look of indignation had crept, somehow, even into my braids, which, having been plaited too tightly, stuck out in crooks and kinks from the side of my head. Incidentally, I was horrified to notice how thin I was—thin, even for a dying Antony—and my frock was so outgrown that it hardly covered my knees. "Ridiculous!" I said under my breath, as I confronted this miserable figure—so shamefully insignificant for the vicarious emotions which it had been housing. "Ridiculous!"

I hated Miss Goss, and must have shown it in my stony stare, for she put her arm around me and said it was a pity I had been to all the trouble to learn a poem which was—well, a trifle too—too old—but that she hoped to find something equally "pretty" for me to speak. At the use of that adjective in connection with William Lytle's lines, I wrenched away from her grasp and stood in what I phrased as haughty calm, awaiting her directions.

She took from the shelves a little volume of Whittier, bound in calf, handling it as tenderly as if it were a priceless possession. Some pressed violets dropped out as she opened it, and she replaced them with devotional fingers. After some time she decided upon a lyric lament entitled "Eva". I was asked to run over the verses, and found them remarkably easy to learn; fatally impossible to forget. I presently arose and with an impish betrayal of the poverty of rhyme and the plethora of sentiment, repeated the thing relentlessly.

O for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
 Lighting all the solemn reevah [river],
 And the blessings of the poor,
 Waiting to the heavenly shoor [shore].

"I do think," said Miss Goss gently, "that if you tried, my child, you might manage the rhymes just a little better."

"But if you're born in Michigan," I protested, "how can you possibly make 'Eva' rhyme with 'never' and 'believer'?"

PERHAPS it is a little hard."

Miss Goss agreed, and still clinging to her Whittier, she exhumed "The Pumpkin", which she thought precisely fitted for our Harvest Home festival. This was quite another thing from "Eva", and I saw that only hours of study would fix it in my mind. I went to my home, therefore, with "The Pumpkin" delicately transcribed in Miss Goss's running hand, and I tried to get some comfort from the foreign allusions glittering through Whittier's kindly verse. As the days went by I came to have a certain fondness for those homely lines:

O—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old
 days recalling,
 When wood grapes were purpling and
 brown nuts were falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in the skin,
 Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
 When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
 Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
 In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

(Continued on page 90)



SHE UNEXPECTEDLY DEVELOPED A TRAIT OF BREAKING INTO NERVOUS LAUGHTER

with Antony. I called upon my Sunday-school teacher, Miss Goss, to report. I never had thought of Miss Goss as a blithe spirit. She was associated in my mind with numerous solemn occasions, and I was surprised to find that on this day she unexpectedly developed a trait of breaking into nervous laughter. I had got as far as "Should the base plebeian rabble—" when Miss Goss broke down in what I could not but regard as a fit of giggles, and I ceased abruptly.

She pulled herself together after a moment or two, and said if I would follow her to the library she thought she

The Doctor's Christmas Gift

By Mary Brecht Pulver

Illustrated by C.H. Caffs



EVERYBODY knows what it means to wake at the crucial moment in the dream, just as your hand is closing on the plump purse or diamond ring, or as your uncle's legacy is being read to you, or, possibly, as He has begun to propose, or She to accept.

But no disappointment you have ever known could possibly be so keen as Jessy's when the shrill voice of her alarm-clock disturbed her just as she was lifting her fork to that platter of smoking ham and eggs—double portion—recalling her to reality and cocoa and crackers. For a moment, two round tears squeezed out from the corners of her eyes; then, more wide awake, she remembered what the cocoa and crackers led to, and sprang out of bed with a little thrill, or rather, chill of delight. She dressed hurriedly—the room was cold—and hastened to mix up the despised cocoa on her tiny oil-stove.

This is not a starvation story.

Her meager breakfast was of her own choosing. Not that double portions of stout edibles were her daily custom, but she might at least have had *küchen*, and, perhaps, one near-fresh egg and coffee at a nearby dairy-lunch, if she had not been pinching for three days to celebrate properly this particular evening.

She stood, presently, at the window, munching and watching the slow lazy snowflakes sail downward. Wealthy, Jessy would have been a beauty; in her present sphere, she was merely pretty, and softly colored, and little, and daintily charming, with a thick tail of red-brown hair wound around and about her delicately poised head.

IT WAS the day before Christmas, and out in the country, where snowflakes have a chance for existence, it was, no doubt, already white and pretty underfoot. Jessy had never seen winter country, but she imagined vague pictures of sledding, apple-cheeked babies, and Christmas trees, and little houses full of simple festivity and baking smells, and great sleighs loaded with relatives starting out to spend Christmas somewhere. Jessy had no relatives. She could only remember one—the grave, elderly aunt who, before her death, had helped her through the cheap art course which had led to her present eminence.

But she was not feeling lonely now—far from it! With quite visible satisfaction, she turned away from the window to her table, which lay littered with paints and brushes and board and various unfinished sketches.

Jessy made fashion drawings. Her average income, while very slight according to the world's viewpoint, nevertheless gave her, at times, a feeling of wealth and enabled her to have Mrs. Riley's none too warm but well-lighted fourth-floor front, to buy paints and plain necessities at sales, and to prevent starvation. It permitted no luxuries, which is why such rigid economy had been necessary these last days before the great event.

Jessy was "going out" to-night. This, in itself, was wonderful—to have Christmas Eve and the theater coming together—but, most wondrous of all, she was going with Dr. Thomas Lyle, and this was to her little short of miraculous. If you had asked her offhand who Dr. Lyle was, she would probably have told you that he was the young M. D., who, six months ago, had rented Mrs. Riley's first-floor parlor and opened an office.

She would have scrupulously concealed such details as a six-foot physique, nice white teeth, a boyish smile, and blue

eyes, that could look 'way down, almost (thank Heaven, not quite!) into the heart of a small copper-headed

maiden to the peril of any secrets it might be sheltering.

She would have made no mention whatever of several Sunday-afternoon strolls parkward, a ride on a Fifth Avenue 'bus, the viewing of a political parade (where she would have been crushed to death but for a certain human shield that warded off the crowd deliciously), an evening at the Kinemacolor, and a trip to the Museum.

You would have gathered from the hypocrite's manner that Dr. Lyle interested her as little as the weather Thursday, a year ago. Yet, there were moments—many, of late—when Miss Jessy Howard's paint-brush dawdled above the taupe of cygnet-blue creations she fashioned, when her eyes grew absent, dreamy.

YET, even to her soul, she must have admitted that she walked in a fool's paradise. For, what if there were the Sunday afternoons, and deep long looks from nice blue eyes?—it was quite understood that Dr. Lyle was not a marrying man. Indirectly, he had admitted it himself. He was not the kind "to mortgage a girl's life waiting for a practise", and the practise promised to be slow.

In the past four months, as she knew, he had had just three patients. One of them, an Irish woman with rheumatism, had borrowed a quarter for carfare before she left; a second, picked up apparently ill on the street, had proved to be merely drunk; and the third, a feeble old man, he was still attending. They referred to him merely as "the practise". But it was not a joke, really; Jessy knew that.

As between gentlemen, they had never discussed their economics, but she knew very well that he slept on that narrow box-couch in the screened-off consulting-room, and that he cooked his own meals.

There was a background of tiny capital—just enough to fight for a bare standing-room here in this busy section until the practise came; although Jessy felt sure that when it did, it would find them both gray and toothless.

So there was no reason whatever for her ebullition of spirits, nor for the tremors in her fingers as she undid the package that contained her late extravagance and ran to the mirror with it. It was a theater-hat—a soft, thistle-down fluff of snowy fur and satin. It had cost her what seemed a tremendous sum; but when a struggling physician buys two high-priced theater tickets, one must make an effort to merit the extravagance. Besides, to inspire the radiant vision that looked back at her from the mirror as she placed the hat tenderly on her head, was well worth any sacrifice. She breathed deeply and was conscious of an ardent wish that theater-hats were not so fragile and were quite permissible headgear for all one's waking moments.

SHE stood there for a long moment; then, with a happy sigh and one long, last lingering look, gently lifted the hat from her red-brown braids and, humming a little song, laid it in state on the bed.

Then, still radiant, she turned away, threw open the window and sniffed the sweet cold air. She had saved two breakfast crackers, and she crumbled them on her window-sill. A crowd of chattering, expectant sparrows fought for them under her very fingers. When the last bird had flown away, she turned back with a happy sigh to the business of the day, this most happy day of hers.

No work, to-day! She was to have two whole days of idleness, counting Christmas. She could well afford to de-

vote sufficient time to to-night's preparations. There were so many things to do; her best handkerchief to launder and stretch on her mirror, her gloves to "gasolene", hair to shampoo, lingerie to overhaul, the three little rubbed spots on her suede shoes to cover deftly with India ink.

Promptly at seven-thirty, Jessy, her day's obligations fulfilled, descended the three flights of stairs that led to the street. There was no one to witness her descent, which was a pity, for youth, sweet-hearted, winsome, mistily radiant under a new bonnet, is a moving sight even in the gray ugliness of a boarding-house hall. She looked like a rose in a snow-drift, with her carefully pressed white serge skirt and white silk scarf, and her soft, sheeny, new theater-hat.

Down in the first hall, a pinpoint of gas glowed before the double doors that led to Dr. Lyle's office. The doors were closed, secretive, lifeless, as Jessy started down. But, as she reached the fifth step, she saw them open with dramatic precision, and a young man issue forth, ready for the street. He was a very scrubbed, immaculate-looking young man, extremely pink of jaw, and smooth of hair. He gave Jessy a long, long look as she came down, and, if she could have borne it to the uttermost, it might have led Heaven knows where, but a little was sufficiently disturbing, and her long lashes trailed her cheeks, which were faintly pink by the time he took her hand.

GOOD EVENING, Phoebe Snow," he breathed; "or is it a Christmas angel I'm addressing?"

She gave him a shy, sweet, upward smile.

"You're right on time," he went on—"the only punctual woman I've ever known."

"I was ready ages ago; I could scarcely wait," she confided naively.

He tucked her hand under his arm, and they went into the street. The air was still full of soft, slow snowflakes, tiny tags of lace; they lay filmed like diamond-dust on the pavement. Automobiles, taxis, the elevated, tore by, and a great stream of people—Christmas-Eve people. Jessy felt she had never really seen the street before. Her heels were two little musical boxes that played tunes against the stolid sidewalk.

"Shall we take a car?" Dr.

Lyle was saying when a man detached himself from the passers-by and stopped them. The pause was for a minute only, but something told her! The young doctor turned back to her, his face suddenly grave, distressed.

"A patient?" breathed Jessy.

"The patient," he corrected. "That was young Flahey, who lives over him. He's worse; they think he's dying." He pulled out his watch, opened it, snapped the cover.

"You must go," said Jessy. It was not a question, scarcely a statement, more as though she were trying to realize the words herself.

"It won't be for long—he hasn't a chance—I've been expecting it for days—his age—"

He looked back toward the house they had left.

"If you could wait for me at the office—I'll hurry right back. We won't miss more than part of the first act—"

"Oh, yes—I'll wait—" said Jessy quickly. In spite of herself, the corners of her mouth had quivered, but she braced up now swiftly. That's what being a doctor meant. One never knew what hazard lay ahead. It was as hard on him as anyone. They turned back.

"It's a shame!" he was saying; "I won't be able to do a thing, but I'm his doctor, and I've got to go."

"Of course you must," said Jessy warmly. "You'd want to go to him."

"He's a nice old chap; I hoped I'd pull him through." He put Jessy into his big chair in the inner office, and taking his medicine-case, hurried out.

"Perhaps we'll only miss the orchestra," he said. "I'll 'phone if anything else develops."



"THEY TOLD ME OF THAT LAST HOUR—WHEN YOU WERE AS HIS SON TO HIM.
I—I SHALL NOT FORGET THE KINDNESS."

She shivered a little. What a grim thing, to translate a man's breath into terms of an overture! Then she remembered that, of course, a doctor does not necessarily stay for the last moment. He would probably make certain he could do no more, and leave him. It might be a long time before he— And what a dreadful thing to happen on Christmas Eve!

Jessy conjured up a picture out of fragments of description. The bedroom in the little basement, back of the tiny dark shop full of musical instruments—a bedroom where old clothes, and cooking utensils, and violins, and a quaint spinnet commingled fraternally. In the center the poor cot, with white-haired old Mr. Anton gasping on it—perhaps a neighbor woman giving him perfunctory attention—the Flaheys had been kind. Suddenly, at the picture, a tear rolled down Jessy's cheek. Poor, lonely old man, with not a

soul to watch out the Christmas Eve with him! In the light of what it meant to old Mr. Anton, her own threatened pleasure seemed small, almost degrading.

She wished now she had offered to go with Dr. Lyle. What a selfish thing she had been! She might have been a little kind to the old soul. If he lived, she would surely go to him to-morrow.

She composed herself now, in patience, to await the doctor's coming. The little nickel clock on his desk ticked briskly, sturdily; a mouse in the wall gnawed boldly; otherwise, it was very still. Everybody else had gone out for Christmas Eve.

She looked about the plain little office; at the neatly dusted desk, with its pads and pens, at the row of pathetic account books, at the medical books neatly aligned behind.

A picture stood on the desk. It showed a large-featured, kindly-looking woman with gray hair. Beneath was written "With love, to my boy Thomas". Farther up on the wall hung an older picture, the same woman in the dress of twenty-odd years ago. A little boy, round-eyed, ridiculously fat, stood beside her, clutching her hand. They were all that were left to "my boy Thomas" of a simple, happy home-life, long passed into memory.

WITH misty eyes, Jessy suddenly had an absurd wish. She wished she could take the little fat boy in the picture on her lap and comfort him. She fell to dreaming at this, her unseeing eyes on the imposing diploma above, with its: "*Omnibus et singulis has litteras lecturis salutem!*" and the picture of the hospital clinic.

And the clock ticked and the mouse in the wall ate. Suddenly the 'phone jangled. It was eight-thirty, well into the first act now.

"Hello—hello!" said the doctor's voice. "Is that you, Miss Jessy? I—I'm dreadfully sorry—but I can't come yet—he's pretty low. No; there isn't a ghost of a chance—but I can help him through—he's having a tough time. I've sent for oxygen—if you'll wait a little, I'll get back there presently, surely, and we'll see something or go somewhere. I've got to be here—I'll let you know more, a little later. If I can't get away before, I'll call you before this place closes, ten-thirty. But I think I'll be back in an hour; you won't mind waiting?"

"Of course not," quavered Jessy. "Isn't there anything I could do to help?"

"Nothing—only wait for me."

But with the 'phone silent, she suddenly put her head down on the desk and was very still for a moment. When she straightened up again, her eyes were pink.

"Pig!" she said crisply.

THEN she fell again into a forlorn little reverie. Pleasures had been so infrequent with her; it was a pity this had to come just to-night. A faint ghost of a smile curved her lips as she thought of her hat—that glory of a new hat for which she had fasted and denied, to the end that she might wear it in the seclusion of a dimly lit doctor's office. And it serves me just right, vain thing!" she said sternly. "What about him?"

She could hear the muffled clamor from the street; the quick tap of feet, the Christmassy sounds. He, too, was missing it, fighting his grim, hopeless fight for another's short respite from death.

The incident had not even the benefit of the romantic touches of fiction; it was no new life; no little imitator of the prototype Christ-child that he had gone to summon to the world, only a worn-out, friendless man dying. "And not a cent in it for him," she decided. "If he could only get a few good patients!" She watched the clock-face steadily, saw the hands climb to nine and then to ten; at twenty minutes to eleven a cracking in the radiator roused her from a doze. She started up, awake.

"He couldn't have called me; I'd have heard. It must be dreadful." Her cheeks paled a little at the thought, and she sat for a while, keen, alert, her mind again making pictures. All the joy of the Yule had slipped away—she almost felt

the rustling wings of Death. For a while she did not move. It did not occur to her to go up-stairs to her room. He had told her to wait.

She waited. After half an hour the tension relaxed. The room was warm; the street noises receded. Gradually, her pose changed. She slid down slightly in the big chair, her head resting on one shoulder.

At midnight, when Dr. Lyle, tired out and worn, came quietly into the room, all that he saw was a small, white-clad girl curled up childishly, fast asleep, a white fur theater-hat dangling over one ear.

He watched her a brief instant—the sweet relaxed sleeping face; then, as though he had spoken, she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"You?" she murmured, struggling out of her sleep.

"I just got back," he said. "I'm so sorry."

"How—is it?"

"All over," he said briefly, with an expressive spread of his hands. "I could make it easy for him almost to the end. He had a son somewhere in the city. The Flaheys had sent for him—they quarreled years ago—and he didn't come. That was why I stayed. At the end, old Anton thought I was he. He—I couldn't leave him." He turned his back, and being young and not case-hardened, blew his nose very loudly and most persistently.

JESSY straightened her hat, a big lump in her throat. "It was too bad," she said, in a queer, choked voice.

"Too bad for you!" The doctor swung round to her. "But never you mind, we'll do it again."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Jessy; "I don't, the least bit. It was awfully nice of you to ask me. Why, it's one minute after twelve! I must go up-stairs. Merry Christmas!—it is Christmas!"

"Yes," he said, "Merry Christmas—I—"

He did not finish.

The purring hum of a high-powered car had reached them a second before, and the door opened to admit a man. He was a foreigner, big, richly dressed, fur-clad, impressive, vaguely familiar of face. Under the square black pompadour his face was pale, agitated. He did not see Jessy—only the man that he sought.

"You are Dr. Lyle," he cried. Then, as the other nodded assent:

"I am Anton Chotanek, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He was my father—"

He sank into a chair, his face buried in his hands a moment. When he lifted it, his face worked cruelly; his eyes were wet.

"I did not know—the message only reached me—I hurried—Too late! too late! It is years since we had met—a quarrel—our pride! My God—and I was too late!" He could not go on for a little. Then, with more composure, he said: "They told me about you, Doctor, of your care and faithful service—to him, my poor old father. And I came here at once. I wish to assure you of my deep appreciation. Never will you cease to occupy the highest place in my esteem. They told me of that last hour—when you were as his son to him. I—I—These are not idle words—I shall not forget the kindness."

"It was only my professional duty—"

"No, no, you exceeded it. You, a busy physician! and in a case where so little promised. But you shall be reassured of that. Perhaps—if it is not too great a favor—you will give me your account?"

"I have not transferred it from my case-book. There is no hurry," said the doctor.

But the great tenor insisted. His emotional temperament demanded immediate outlet.

As in a dream, Jessy saw the careful searching of the doctor's "books"—the superb piteous bluff of pages coned and figures scrutinized. At the end, Chotanek's check lay on the desk.

"But this is three times my bill—"

Chotanek waved away the objection.

(Continued on page 22)

The Marriage that was Serious

By A Woman on Her Second Honeymoon

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs

MY MOTHER helped me into my wedding-dress. I wondered why she did not smile. There were sorrow and pride, dread and joy in her patient face, and I fancied that her eyes gleamed with unshed tears. She looked as if she were approaching a tragedy.

"Mother has a right to be sorry," I thought, "if anyone has. I'm going a thousand miles away from her, to live among strangers." But what I could not understand was why my Aunt Emily should cry. Aunt Emily had wept for two days before this, my wedding-day. If she had been a hired mourner at a funeral, she could not have shed tears more conscientiously. As mother finished my last hook and gave my white frills a loving pat, I flew to the upper hall, where Aunt Emily sat on my trunk, pretending to see if the tag was secure and, meanwhile, dropping copious tears all over the top.

"Aunt Emmy," I said, "you have seen me only about once a year all my life, and yet you make Niobe look like the driest spot on Sahara. Mother isn't crying. What is the matter? Has anything happened?"

Aunt Emily sighed. I can hear that sigh to-day. It seemed to come from somewhere just below the taps on her shoes and tear up through her diaphragm.

"My dear," she gasped, dabbing at her tears, which managed to escape and run off the end of her long, emotional nose, "marriage is such a serious thing, such a serious thing!" Then she choked too full for utterance, and tottered away, leaving me to wonder.

I hurried to Mother, quite indignant. "One would think I was living in India a generation ago," I complained to her, "and about to be burned alive on the funeral pyre of my late husband, from the way Aunt Emmy acts. She says marriage is serious."

"It is serious, dear," Mother replied.

My mother was the best person in all the world, but it was then she made a mistake. If only she had said, "Flo, dear, marriage is not all roses by any means, but neither is it to be dreaded; it is the natural goal of the good and womanly woman," I might have been spared my tears—I might have started right.

BUT, no! Mother backed Aunt Emily, and through the rest of the day, and while the minister was marrying me to John, all I could think of was "Marriage is serious! Marriage is fearfully serious!" In imagination, I would hear Aunt Emily sigh; and I walked away from beneath the floral bell, a married woman, wondering, almost before the echo of the "I do's" had died away, if I had not made a grave mistake in getting married at all. Then I tried to be brave, and I said to myself: "Well, Flo, of course it is a problem, this being married to John. Just face it seriously and you will be all right."

And so I started my married life, feeling as if it were the most difficult business in the world.

I know now that a cold on the lungs, or a note due next week, or a dress that does not fit, are all more important than the combination of little, fretting things that we women build up about ourselves and call matrimony. Oh, I wish I had known then!

John and I had a hired automobile and we went to the next town to ours, where there was quite a large hotel. I had never, in all my life, stopped at a hotel before, and it made me feel very important to walk into the big, glary dining-room the next night, beside John, who looked so fine and splendid in new evening-clothes. I was sure that everyone was looking at us. My college-professor cousin and Natalie, his college-graduate wife, came to dine with us—and I wore one of my new dinner-gowns. The waiter brought us our soup in little shallow plates.

JOHN ate it with the point of his spoon. I saw Natalie cover up an involuntary expression of surprise with her napkin. Since then, John has quietly paid a little item of eight thousand dollars to cover up some irregularity in my cousin's accounts with a fraternal organization, and he marched Natalie home and prevented a scandal the night she lost her wits over the head of the college of arts, but I did not know John and Natalie then as well as I know them now. I could hear Aunt Emily weeping, somewhere, like Niagara in the spring floods, and—John's table manners decided me—I knew I had married the wrong man.



HALF AN HOUR LATE, JOHN STRODE IN

That night, in our room, I exclaimed to John, "It was awful, perfectly awful!"

"What was awful, Flo?" he asked mildly.

"The way—the—the soup!" I stammered.

"I thought it was perfectly good soup!" he said.

I ought to have laughed, but, instead, I told John what an unpardonable breach of manners he had committed, and how ashamed I had been.

"What do you suppose Natalie and my cousin will think?" I demanded.

"I don't know," he replied, "except that I was a mighty lucky chap to get a girl who knows as much about such things as you do, Flo."

He smiled as he said it, but I saw him cower just as I have seen one of our pet dogs cringe under the kick of some brutal coachman or chauffeur.

That is what I did the second night I was John's wife.

I WAS busy for a while finding the right places to put all my wedding-presents in our new home, and discovering where the shops were, and receiving and returning the calls of the church people. John was very kind about money. He gave me an allowance so that I could live as comfortably as I had at home. There were times when he needed half the money that I spent, but he never told me that—not until he began to have his picture in the newspapers as "our Captain of Industry", and I could not spend as much of his earnings as he wanted me to.

I was soon prominent in church work, in a mild sort of way. I was on several committees, and, one day, not quite a year after my marriage, I entertained the minister and the members of the Women's Auxiliary.

In those days, everyone had dinner at noon and supper at six, even the best families in the town, and Jane, my maid, and I worked for days beforehand polishing silver and making sweets. We had hot rolls, and cold meats, and preserves, and tea, and six kinds of cake; and my few pieces of cut-glass and silver were all on the table. I felt proud of myself and of the serious manner in which I handled matrimony.

Mrs. Mallard's husband, one of the deacons, and Mrs. Phelps' husband, another on the committee, came. Both of them were merchants in the town, and they were dressed most fastidiously for that section of the country. Their white lawn ties were immaculate, their patent-leather shoes shone like mirrors. Their hair was plastered down like the hair painted on a clothing-store dummy. Half an hour late, John strode in. I welcomed him as best I could, but his boots were covered with blue clay that left great tracks on my new ingrain carpet. His tie was twisted around to the left, his great head of hair would never stay combed, he was unshaven, and I could have cried.

AFTER supper, when we were alone, he took me in his arms and exclaimed, "Flo, dear, I'm going to bed. I am positively fagged out. I haven't slept for four nights, but I have put through a deal that means everything to us. I am going to be a success, dear."

Instead of petting the big, tired, loyal soldier of fortune who was working for me and for the child who would be ours, I scolded John. I should have kissed him and told him he was a wonder, but, instead, I drew myself away from his embrace, saying petulantly:

"You have left a lot of dirty mud on my best ingrain, and you have given me the most miserable hour at the table I ever had in my life. Did you notice how nice Mr. Mallard and Mr. Phelps looked? Their wives had reason to be proud of them. But I was ashamed of you!"

I found out afterward about John's muddy boots and his uncombed hair. He had accumulated something like fifty thousand dollars and risked every cent in his effort to put through a business deal. He had gone without food and without sleep, traveling for hours, and fighting the men who were trying to "freeze him out". He was as exhausted as though he had marched with Napoleon from Moscow. And he was human enough to resent what I said.

"It's a shame," he blurted out, "that you couldn't have married either Mallard or Phelps." And with that he strode up-stairs and to our room.

I stood dazed. It was the first unkind word John had ever said to me. For ten minutes I pondered over it. Aunt Emily had been right—matrimony was serious. I went up-stairs and found John on the bed, with only half his clothes off, in a fitful sleep, muttering, "Thirty-three and one-third per cent—six months' option," and a great many other things which meant nothing to me.

"All he thinks of is business," I thought bitterly, and I left him. That night I slept in the spare room. The next morning he greeted me evenly, but without his customary tenderness. I thought that I was doing right, and that by this open exhibition of displeasure, I would cure John of his poor table manners, of wearing muddy boots, of sitting on the front steps in his shirt-sleeves, and of figuring away forever and forever in a little note-book instead of taking me out. But it did no good. Instead, John gave up going to church with me, shut himself up in his room evenings, wrote letters, figured, and read technical books. All he thought of was business, not of me at all.

I stayed on, sleeping in the spare room. A few months later, our baby came.

She was always such a pretty, pink little thing, and I kept her dressed like a doll. I could not bear to have John touch her for fear his clumsy touch would soil or rumple her. One day, when Baby was two years old, John came home with a look in his eyes that I had never seen before.

FLO," he said, "if you think I am too uncouth to be around while little Sis (he always called Baby 'Sis') is being brought up, why don't you go back home? I see you don't love me any more."

"I—I will think it over," I replied steadily, but my voice sounded far away. Even with all my bitter disappointment in my husband, I had never thought of leaving him.

"You have been nagging me steadily for three years," he went on. "If you feel you want a separation, just say so. I can settle a comfortable income on you now."

"Why, why—I didn't mean—" I gasped.

"You would never allow me to talk over my business with you," he continued steadily. "If I tried to, you always complained of my big feet or my cow-lick hair that has never stayed parted five minutes since I had it, or you criticized my haberdashery—"

He turned away. I had been his tragedy.

If I had only put my arms around John's neck, then, and kissed all the bitterness out of his blessed, tangled head, it might have been all right—but I didn't. Instead, I went up-stairs and looked over Baby's clothes in a kind of dream. After that, I bundled up some dresses and things for Mrs. Harris to wash and started out with them myself, so that I could tell her she had been using too much starch the last two or three washings.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when I called. As I walked around through the little garden in front of the unpainted cottage to the back door, I was just in time to see Mrs. Harris slip a dinner-pail over her husband's arm.

"Oh, hang that pipe!" he exclaimed, as he dropped it to the white kitchen floor. The black ashes scattered about and the bits of clay made a fearful litter.

"Ah, Joe, never mind, here's a new one," Mrs. Harris said, laughing, and she brought a new clay pipe from a shelf, and handed it to him. "Sure, you're gettin' that expensive, a new 'T. D.' every fortnight! Have ye matches?" she asked.

She brought him a handful. He caught her about the waist and gave her a kiss that echoed across the street. Then he came down the path.

"Th' woman's inside," he said, upon seeing me. He did not even touch his hat, but he patted Baby's head as he passed. "There's the fine little lady!" he said.

I was indignant. The idea of poor, hard-working Mrs. Harris allowing her brute of a husband to smash a dirty pipe on her newly scrubbed kitchen floor.

(Continued on page 32)

Christmas Theatricals in the Little Whitewashed Schoolhouse

By Sarah Comstock

THERE is something about the holiday season that inspires everybody to merry-making on a grand scale. The joyous little parlor entertainments that are eminently satisfying at any other season are weighed in the balance and suddenly found wanting, and the young people, free from school for two long, glorious weeks, cudgel their brains for some form of social activity which shall prove adequate to the holiday demand and their own exuberant spirits. And, then, the church guilds and the sewing societies, and the Ladies' Aid, and all the other organizations, with a thrifty eye upon the money-making possibilities of the season and a lively remembrance of unpaid instalments on the organ, or the new carpet needed for the church parlor, or the Christmas baskets which must be forthcoming for needy families—they, too, begin to be conscious of the intensified stirring of the social spirit and see in it their opportunity.

And out of this combination of light-hearted youth and practical maturity, the natural social craving to "do something together", and the commercial instinct in its organization form, spring amateur theatricals, and Colonial tableaux, and Yuletide pageants, and all the host of other entertainments which help finance charity and, at the same time, offer an outlet for the holiday spirit.

And jolly fun it is! I hope the young people in Your town are deep already in plans and preparations for some such celebration of the holiday season. And, in this hope, I make my bow as Adviser-in-Chief. For, if this is your first experience in amateur stage-craft, advice will be your one crying need.

NO MATTER what form the public entertainment takes, its main problems are the same. There is the curtain, for instance—who that has not endeavored to manipulate it can guess the heroic efforts which must precede its graceful rise and fall? And the stage-lighting! And the question of scenery and stage-setting; and the problem of the thunderclap, the wild rain-storm, the whistling wind, and all the other natural phenomena which even the simplest little play inevitably calls for, to the dismay and consternation of the guileless amateur.

Ah, but I know the answer to all these vexing problems. Why should I not? Was I not present at, and part and parcel of, one of the best amateur entertainments you could ever wish to witness, though it was given in a little whitewashed district schoolhouse on the high plains. You may be sure we had none of the accessories to rely upon, for lack of which the faint-hearted amateur decides any form of public entertainment is impracticable. Yet, there in that shabby little school in the wilderness, where the school platform had to do duty as a stage, and where the audience arrived in ramshackle buggies, astride cow-ponies, or two on one burro, there was enacted that paradox: an amateur play without hitches. It had meant hard work, many rehearsals, and a knowledge of certain laws of stage pro-



duction, to be sure, but the result more than repaid us in fun and the sense of a creditable achievement. Anybody willing to work as we worked, and to apply the few little bits of stagecraft which we had so sedulously gathered, can make the school entertainment, or the grange entertainment, or the church entertainment a success.

We knew that the curtain is ever a troublesome bit of mechanism, even to the professional, and we determined that ours should not perform

like one we had seen in a great city spectacle the week before—the stubborn drapery had torn itself to pieces upon the "walls of the city". We resolved that we would have a good drop which could be used from year to year.

WE SET our amateur carpenter to work on it, with instructions to employ his very best skill. He built the frame of light wood in the form of three sides of a square, and fastened it firmly upright at the front of the stage. We made the curtain of dark red canton flannel, and measured it to fit the upright frame. A light stick, run through the bottom hem, gave it firmness. Three rows of small brass rings were sewed from top to bottom, one row at each side of the curtain and one in the middle, a tape having first been stitched on as a basis for the rings. Large curtains require five rows. At the bottom, where each row of rings started, we fastened a cord and ran it upward through the rings, leaving a long end to pass over the pulley affixed to the top of the frame, where each row of rings ended. Now we were ready to nail our curtain straight across the top of the frame and to pass our three cords first through their respective pulleys; finally, all through a pulley at the top corner of the frame next where the curtain operator was supposed to stand. The manipulator stood at the side, gathering all the cords into his hand. A quick, steady pulling drew up the curtain in lateral folds. He practised over and over pulling, making the firm twist which held up the curtain as an awning is held, releasing easily to permit a graceful lowering. This is a most satisfactory method of operating a curtain; but, by another equally simple arrangement, the curtain can be lifted in such a way as to take the place of a decorative drapery. For this, the frame should be made the same, but on it should be hung two curtains, meeting at the center—without weights—with two diagonal rows of rings running from the bottom corners at the center to the diagonal upper corners, where pulleys meet the cords which are passed through the rings. The cord from one pulley must cross over the top to the pulley at the other side. Your curtains will part when the cords are drawn and form a looped drapery at the top of the frame. But, if further drapery is desired, it may be arranged of cheap tapestry chintz, or red velveteen, looped with gilt cord and tassels and nailed in place on the side of the frame toward the audience.

The matter of scenery and properties has much to do with your realistic effects. In our play the scene shifted

from a drawing-room to a boudoir, and a few quick changes wrought a transformation, although we had to use the same interior background for both. We had borrowed drawing-room chairs from an extra luxurious and friendly ranch at hand—and now we whipped them out of sight, substituted a few white chairs, and set up our "bed"—four upright broomsticks, stained dark, which held flowered curtains stretched on a wire, giving the appearance of a four-poster. The curtains parted, revealing the merest glimpse of what looked like a bed, but was only a table covered with a bedspread. Down came the solemn portraits, up went dainty pastels. A gilt bird-cage, some flowering plants, and a crotone screen were effective touches. It is worth while to remember that in all of your stage effects, whether of background, properties, or costume, you must seek the points that show boldly and at a distance.

WE WERE ambitious enough to attempt an outdoor scene, and the youth with a knack for the palette, whom we selected as our scene-painter, can tell you more of his trials than I can. I know that he had to take some of the forest-glade green off his face with turpentine. We made the drop of light canvas, stitching the breadths together and letting the whole measure two feet more in width than the stage. The artist bore this off to the barn, where he nailed it against the wall, warned us all out, and fell to. He says that he coated the canvas with a priming of whitening mixed with size, and that he mixed all his dry colors, later on, with size. But first he sketched the forest and river scene in charcoal upon the whitened canvas, following a magazine picture which he copied by blocking it into squares, forming corresponding squares of drawn strings upon the drop, and thus enlarging the scene. We attached our drop to a roller that it might be carefully preserved. To attempt painting scenery is a bigger task than any but an amateur with an artistic bent should attempt, but it is quite possible to obtain from dealers who make this their specialty whatever scenic setting you desire at a very low cost.

We made a green baize carpet to cover the stage for this outdoor scene, and since wings and side scenes are too difficult for most amateurs, we filled in at the sides with masses of leafy branches, which we had driven miles to find. Overhead, we gave the effect of sky by hanging three strips of blue percaline above the stage, the rear one six inches lower than the middle, the middle six inches lower than the front. A few clouds had been dashed by our artist upon this cerulean blue, and the lower edges, hanging, were cut out in the form of clouds.

NEEDING a pile of mossy rocks, we nailed together boxes in an irregular pile, their corners jutting out here and there; covered them with brown cambric; painted in a few shadings and fastened artificial moss in the hollows. Use real moss if you can. With a basis of lath, some brown paint, a bit of gingerbread scroll-work cut from cardboard, and paper roses trailing over it, we produced the most alluring lovers' arbor. But our triumph was the fountain! We still burst with pride when we recall it. A five-gallon can was placed in the wings; to its faucet a few yards of rubber tubing was attached. By carrying the tubing in a downward direction, and covering it discreetly with green branches and moss, its entrance upon the stage was hidden, and its trickle emerged in a crevice of the rocks, the water being secretly carried off by a sloping gutter of tin, back to the wings, where the property man stood ready to gather it again and refill the can if it emptied too soon.

The fundamental law of stage lighting is simple: darken your house, light your stage. We used common oil lamps with tin reflectors, fastening three of these to an upright plank at either side of the stage, so that only the painted side of the plank was visible from the house, and the light was thrown full upon the actors. Then we arranged our footlights: a long strip of tin nine inches wide was fastened along the length of a plank at right angles; the plank lay flat across the front of the stage, the little

lamps were sunk into hollows made in it, and the upright tin, shutting the lamps off from the audience, reflected their light upon the stage. We painted the tin on the side toward the audience.

The sun went down upon our garden and forest scene, and the calcium man had a chance to display his ardor and his art. He managed the stereopticon, and, by means of colored glasses in it, and gloves to protect his hands from the heat of these glasses, he painted the stage and the actors as only the most poetic imagination can paint. First, he cast the yellow light of a glowing afternoon upon the picture; then this light faded, and the red of sunset glowed upon the world. There was a dreadful moment when we heard the thing sputtering, and we thought all was over, but it pulled through and the cheering light once more shone. Then the curtain fell for a quick moment, and rose upon our lamps subdued and the blue of moonlight falling over the scene. It was really clever, the way the calcium man focused upon that trickle of water, calling attention to it by the vivid blue light in which it played.

You may find it convenient to use screens made of colored silk stretched upon lath frames, long narrow screens which can be slid in between the footlights and the stage and will cast a colored glow. Similar screens can be made to intervene between the sidelights and the stage. One of thin cotton goods will do almost as well as silk. Use red for dawn or sunset, blue for a pretty moonlight scene, green for a ghostly scene, and yellow for the brilliant sunlight of mid-day.

WE WERE not called upon to present a storm in that play, but you may have just such a problem to meet, so let me tell you of certain stage illusions that can be easily produced. Thunder is made by shaking a long strip of tin. A photographer's flash, set off in the wings, followed by a prolonged din of the tin and a shriek of wind, which has been carefully rehearsed by restrained blowing on a child's whistle, will produce the effect of a bursting storm, a magnificent conflict of the elements. At the same time your rain may fall in a cloudburst; for this, a handful of navy beans should be tossed again and again upon a tautly stretched paper, tacked to a frame. Much practice of these noises is necessary to get them just loud enough for your individual requirements; someone should stand in the rear of the auditorium and listen critically. Slowly the rain can die down to a soft patter. Or, if a snow-storm is desired, the gentle sifting of paper bits from above gives the effect, and every actor entering from without is powdered with cornstarch, while bits of cotton cling in the folds of his garments. The sound of wind—either a long, soft blow upon the whistle, or the cracking of a long, slim lash of tin—enters whenever the door opens.

A wonderfully simple house-afire scene is being produced in the circus this year—a burlesque, but quite feasible to be handled seriously. In this a folding screen is painted to represent a house, its two end folds turned back to form the sides. Suddenly Greek fire bursts out behind the screen, shrieks are heard, there is the crash of crockery and boards, and the screen falls forward like the walls of a house. Let this be handled very rapidly, let the actors rush in confusion upon the stage, make the din of broken china and boards so loud that the spectator is confused, lower the curtain quickly upon the scene, and your illusion will be easily complete.

The subject of make-up is the next one to confront the amateur. It is a subtle problem, and should be worked out individually. There is no better rule for a character make-up than that of the great actors, who say: Stand before a mirror, assume the expression of your part—a simper, grief, worry, whatever it may be—then draw in the lines that appear in your face. But certain general rules are convenient. We bought one of the simple make-up boxes which theatrical supply shops deal in. It cost a dollar, and it contained the few essential materials.

Those of us who longed for beauty, even for a night, proceeded as for what is known as a "straight part". First

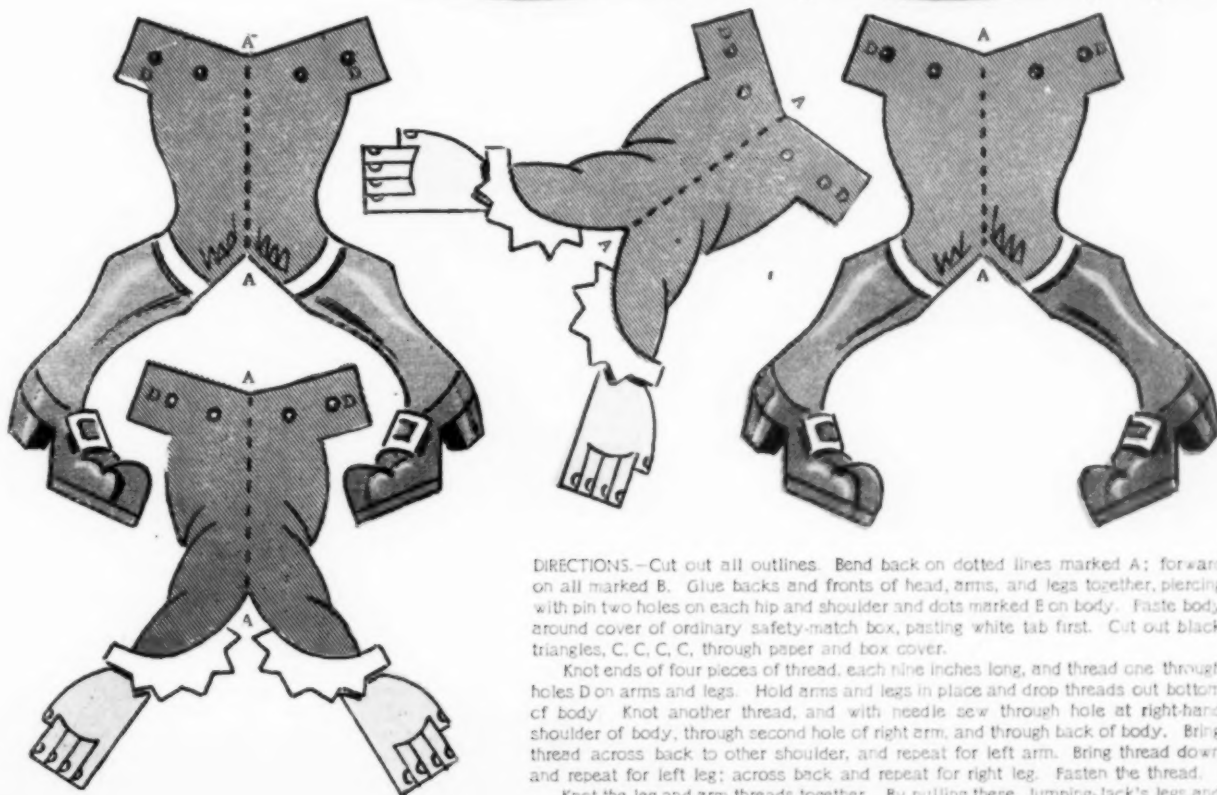
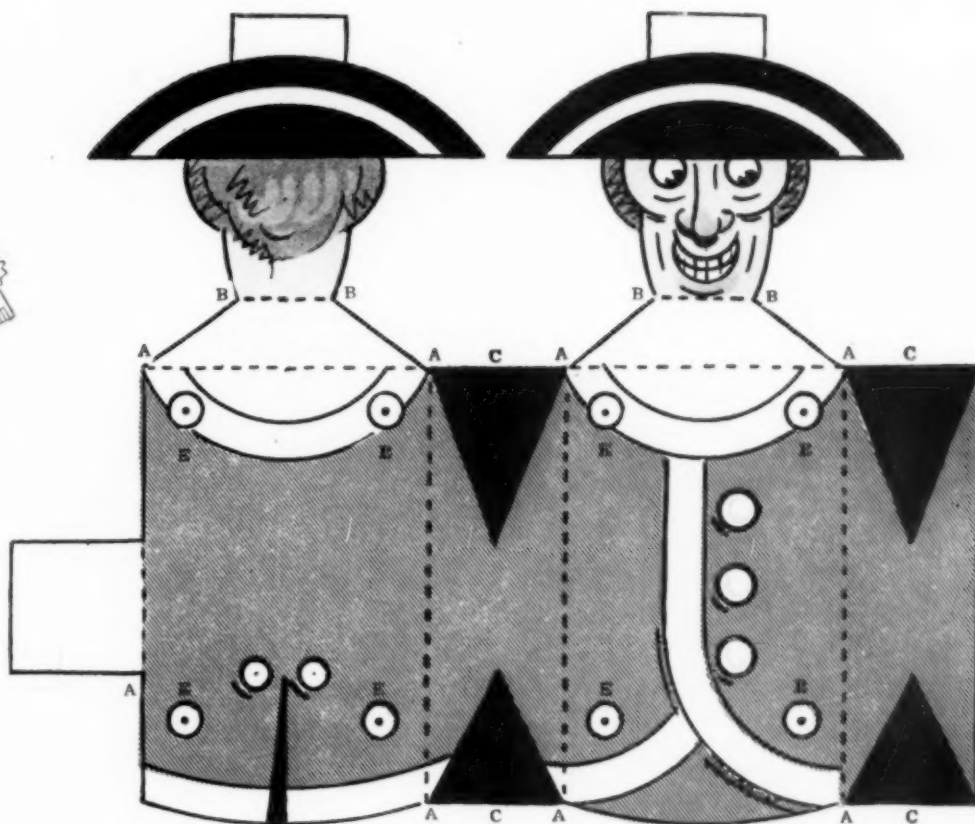
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A Jumping-Jack Cut-Out for the Children

Designed by A. Z. BAKER



The Completed Cut-Out



DIRECTIONS.—Cut out all outlines. Bend back on dotted lines marked A; forward on all marked B. Glue backs and fronts of head, arms, and legs together, piercing with pin two holes on each hip and shoulder and dots marked E on body. Fasten body around cover of ordinary safety-match box, pasting white tab first. Cut out black triangles, C, C, C, C, through paper and box cover.

Knot ends of four pieces of thread, each nine inches long, and thread one through holes D on arms and legs. Hold arms and legs in place and drop threads out bottom of body. Knot another thread, and with needle sew through hole at right-hand shoulder of body, through second hole of right arm, and through back of body. Bring thread across back to other shoulder, and repeat for left arm. Bring thread down and repeat for left leg; across back and repeat for right leg. Fasten the thread.

Knot the leg and arm threads together. By pulling these, Jumping-Jack's legs and arms will move as though he were alive.

Planning the Christmas Dinner

By Betty Lyle Wilson
Transcribed by Edith Stow

THE time has come again for holly and mistletoe, for the choosing of Christmas gifts for those dear to us, and for the pleasant excitement of wrapping them in tissue-paper and fastening them with the gayest of seals. But the housewife knows that when this present and that has been lost or discarded, when the family circle itself has been broken, there is one Christmas gift that will linger on, growing always more precious. It is the memory of joyful Christmases in the old home-place and merry family gatherings around the Christmas table. Above everything else, this is her gift of Christmas good cheer to the family.

Custom has assigned certain dishes for the Christmas dinner. The following receipts are suggestions for adding a new touch to the menu while still remaining true to the accepted Christmas traditions.

OYSTER BISQUE.—Chop one-half pint of celery very fine, and boil slowly in a pint of water for one-half hour. Cook separately one pint of small oysters in their liquor for ten minutes. Remove the oysters, chop them, and return to their liquor. Put into a double boiler two tablespoonsfuls of butter. When melted to a cream, rub into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add slowly one quart of milk, and, after this has thoroughly blended with the butter and flour, pour in the celery and oysters and cook twenty minutes. Strain and serve in bouillon cups with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on top. Bread-sticks or toasted crackers are very nice to serve with the bisque.

It is not always possible, but, when conditions permit, it is a good idea to select the Christmas fowl a few days ahead and feed it on a special diet of rich, clean food. This gives a fatter fowl with flesh of a more delicate flavor. Dress and prepare it carefully, taking pains not to break or bruise the skin, as this detracts from its appetizing appearance. As much care should be exercised in preparing the fowl as in cooking it.

There are a number of good dressings from which the housewife can select according to the taste of her family. The following, one of my favorites, will be found appetizing:

DRESSING FOR THE TURKEY.—Soak one pint of stale bread-crumbs in one and one-half pints of cold water. Cook one tablespoonful of chopped onion in one tablespoonful of butter. Drain the water from the bread-crumbs, mix them thoroughly with the onion and butter, and season them with salt and pepper, both red and white. Add one tablespoonful of fat, either butter or chopped suet, and cook for a few minutes until thoroughly blended. Remove from the fire, and add one egg, slightly beaten. If a stronger flavor of onion is desired, use two tablespoonfuls instead of one. When you put this dressing into the turkey, press it firmly so that it will hold its shape.



Menu for the Christmas Dinner

Oyster Bisque	
Bread-Sticks	Celery
Turkey or Chicken	with Chestnut-Balls
	Giblet Gravy
Sweet Potatoes Baked with Raisins and Nuts	
Macaroni Rings with Sausage	
Apples and Cranberries	
Poinsettia Salad	Wafers
Plum Pudding with Cherry Sauce	
Mince Pie	Coffee
	Candies

the turkey is done, thicken the gravy with about one tablespoonful of flour made into a smooth paste with water. This gravy is delicious with the chestnut-balls, which are laid on the platter around the turkey as a garnish.

If the high price of turkey at the Christmas season is prohibitive, or if the family is small, a good fat hen will make an excellent substitute. It should be prepared with the same care as the turkey, and will have a delicate flavor if cooked after the same directions.

CHESTNUT-BALLS.—Boil, hull, and blanch enough Spanish chestnuts to measure a cupful when mashed smooth or run through the ricer. Put into the double boiler one cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter and one-half cupful of finely ground bread-crumbs. Season thoroughly with pepper and salt, using also a little grated onion, if desired. Stir until thick, then remove from the fire and add the chestnuts. When cool, form into balls. Dip in egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat, like croquettes. Keep warm until the dinner is ready and they can be placed on the platter with the fowl.

SWEET POTATOES BAKED WITH NUTS AND RAISINS.—Boil the sweet potatoes until tender. Take from the fire, drain,

ROASTED TURKEY.—

Into your roasting-pan, put about five slices of bacon or fat pork, and one pint of water. Place in it the stuffed turkey, breast side down. This is done because the breast is the most difficult part of the meat to take up the seasoning. When it has browned, turn the fowl on its back. Baste occasionally. Leave in the oven two hours or more, as necessary. Some cooks allow twenty minutes for each pound. Place on a platter, and garnish with parsley and chestnut-balls.

STEAMED TURKEY.—When cooking on a gas-stove and crowded for room, prepare the turkey the same as for roasting. Place it in the oven under the blaze until it is a delicate brown, then steam it on top of the stove. If no steamer large enough to hold it is available, one can be improvised from a large tin pail or lard-can. Put into the bottom of the pail about one quart or three pints of water, and rest the turkey on something which will raise it above the water-level. Cover, and steam for two hours, or more if necessary, keeping about one quart of water in the steamer all the time.

GIBLET GRAVY.—No American Christmas dinner is complete without giblet gravy. Most of us associate the thought of it with the family gatherings and the Christmas dinner tables of our childhood. A good way to make it is to cook separately the giblets and the neck in about one quart of water. When they are tender, chop up the giblets and add the water in which they have been cooked to the water in the roaster. When

and remove skins. Mash and season with butter and sugar. For three good-sized potatoes, prepare one cupful of old-fashioned black-walnut meats and one-half cupful of seeded raisins. Mix thoroughly through the creamed potatoes, put in a baking-dish, and brown. As the potatoes are already done, they require only a few minutes more in the oven. Hickory nuts or pecans can be used, but the black-walnut flavor blends more easily with sweet potatoes.

MACARONI RINGS WITH SAUSAGE.—Boil one cupful of macaroni rings in salt water for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until tender; drain in a colander and wash by letting cold water run through it. Be sure that this washing



A NOVEL WAY OF SERVING THE CHRISTMAS CRANBERRY

is thorough. To one cupful of cheese add one and one-half cupfuls of white sauce, hot. Into a baking-dish put a layer of macaroni, then a layer of the just prepared cheese, and so on alternately until all the macaroni and cheese have been used. Cover the top with one cupful of buttered bread-crumbs, either fresh or stale. They are buttered by mixing one teaspoonful of melted butter through them. Roll sausage meat into little balls the size of marbles, and fry. When done, spread them over the top of the macaroni, which has in the meantime been baking and browning in the oven. Serve hot.

WHITE SAUCE.—Make the white sauce of one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-quarter cupful of flour, one-quarter cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-quarter teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

APPLES AND CRANBERRIES.—Peel, halve, and core the apples. Make a syrup, and add it to the fruit. Apples dropped into a syrup to cook do not fall apart and lose their shape as do those that are boiled in water and sugar. When tender, lift carefully and place on a dish to cool. Make a clear cranberry jelly by cooking the berries until they are soft and rubbing through a colander to remove the seeds and skin. Pour this, about one and one-half inches deep, into a dish to congeal. When it has set, cut out little cones of the cranberry jelly by putting a teaspoon, point down, into it and turning in a circle. Place one of these cones in the center of each half-apple. If desired, the syrup in which the apples have been cooked can be boiled down until it is about to congeal and poured over the apples after they have been placed on the dish in which they are to be served. The dish presents a cheery, attractive appearance, suggestive of the Christmas season.

POINSETTIA SALAD.—This is not only a pretty, decorative dish for the Christmas table; but, after the hearty dinner that precedes it, is a light, delicate, and

appropriate salad. Have ready one twenty-cent can of sliced pineapple, and one ten-cent can of pimentoes. Place a slice of pineapple on a lettuce leaf. Cut the pimentoes into strips, pointing the end of each one like the tip of a petal. Lay these on the ring of pineapple to represent a poinsettia. Cut a few little strips of pineapple, and stand them upright in the center of the flower. Serve with cooked dressing in a mayonnaise bowl.

INEXPENSIVE PLUM PUDDING.—Mix thoroughly two cupfuls of stale bread-crumbs, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of chopped suet, one egg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cupful of raisins mixed with one-half cupful of flour, and one-quarter teaspoonful of soda. Put this mixture in a tin can or pail to steam, leaving the top three or four inches of the pail empty in order to give the pudding room to rise. Place on top of it candied cherries, and strips of citron or nuts, so that the pudding will have a decorative appearance when served. Steam for three or four hours. These puddings,

daintily wrapped in gay holiday paper, make a pleasing Christmas gift from a housekeeper to her friends.

CHERRY SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and blend it into two cupfuls of brown sugar. Gradually add six tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Put this over hot water until



MACARONI AND SAUSAGE-BALLS MAKE A TOOTHsome COMBINATION

it has melted to a smooth sauce. Add the cherries and the syrup from a fifteen-cent bottle of maraschino cherries, and serve hot.

MINCE-MEAT.

—Mince thoroughly two pounds of beef tongue, boiled, one-half pound of suet, two pounds of raisins, one-half pound of home-made citron, one dozen lemons, juice and grated rind, ten cents' worth of coriander seed, and one peck of apples. Sweeten to taste. Use enough of the liquor from boiling the meat to soften the mixture. Cook all together until tender and seal in cans to use when desired.



PINEAPPLE AND PIMENTOES FORM A POINSETTIA SALAD

COCOANUT CANDY.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls XXXX sugar and four tablespoonfuls cream, and cook over steam. Add one teaspoonful butter and one of vanilla, and stir until creamy. Take from fire and stir until almost cool. Add two cupfuls freshly-grated coconut. Drop from a spoon on oiled paper.

DELICIOUS PRALINES.—Let three cupfuls of brown sugar and one cupful of sweet milk come to boil. Add three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup, stirring constantly. When this balls in cold water, take from stove, add one tablespoonful butter, one cupful nuts, one teaspoonful flavoring. Beat and drop from spoon.



THE PLUM PUDDING, WITHOUT WHICH NO CHRISTMAS DINNER IS COMPLETE

A Holiday Millinery Lesson

Lessons in Home Millinery. Number XII

By Evelyn Tobey

NOW, when it is time for the Christmas work in your homes, you will see how well your millinery practise will serve you. In this lesson, I am offering you ten suggestions, and in following them out, you will find every one to be a review of work you have done in our lessons during the year.

The Dutch cap is the very latest shape for both boudoir and evening bonnets (Fig. 1). It is very easy to make. The crown is a circle of net fourteen inches in diameter. It is gathered with a strong thread, twenty-five inches long. The little Dutch brim is made in two pieces, with seams at the sides where the points are. Cut and shape pieces of this brim in such a way that the front piece is two and one-half inches deep in the middle front and four inches on the sides. The line at the headsize is thirteen inches, and on the edge eighteen inches. The back piece is the same shape, but of different dimensions. It is exactly one and one-half inches deep in the back, four inches on the sides, twelve inches at the headsize, and sixteen inches on the outside edge. Both the headsize and the edge line are curved. The filmy lace or net must be wired, else the points will droop and destroy its "Dutch" effect. With a buttonhole-stitch, sew a thin silk wire around the headsize, the edge, and on the seams at the sides. When the wire is on, you can curve the



FIG. 1—A FETCHING DUTCH CAP FOR THE BOUDOIR

a deep bandeau, with the hair left uncovered at the top. It will hide the curl-papers or the undressed hair even better than the thin lacy caps which cover the whole head. It is made of a band of pale-blue satin ribbon six inches wide and three-quarters of a yard long. Along one edge sew a double ruche of Valenciennes lace, and on the other lower edge sew a single ruche of the lace. The lower edge of the ribbon is shirred at the middle of the back to take

up about an inch of its length, so that the band is a bit shorter on the lower edge. The lace ought to be shaken in a box with a teaspoonful of yellow ochre if it is dead white, as white is usually too trying so near the face.

After the lace is sewed on, pleat the ends of the ribbon, finish them neatly, and to fasten them, sew on large hooks and eyes or small clasps. Finish with a



FIG. 2—BOUDOIR SLIPPERS WITH CHIFFON BUDS



FIG. 3—CIRCLETS OF ROSES DECORATE THIS DAINTY UNDERWAIST



FIG. 4—THIS TINY HEEL IS MADE OF SHIRRED RIBBON



FIG. 5—THE LAST WORD FROM PARIS IN BOUDOIR CAPS

ribbon rose, some forget-me-nots, and small ribbon leaves.

The large California dahlia (Fig. 11) is much used to finish drapery, or to wear at the waist on evening dresses. In brilliant king's blue or

American Beauty red, it is a splendid trimming for a black velvet hat. To make it, three widths of ribbon are required for the petals, two-and-one-half-inch, one-and-one-half-inch, and one-inch widths. All of the petals are made the same. Cut the ribbon in strips, each strip twice as long as

the width. Cut the strips from the one-inch ribbon two inches long; from the one-and-one-half-inch, three inches long; from the two-and-one-half-inch, five inches long. Cut about twelve petals from the widest ribbon for the outside row, about seven for the middle row from the medium-sized ribbon, and about five from the narrowest ribbon for the inside row.

SHAPe the petal (Fig. 6) by rolling one corner toward you and the other one from you, until you have rolled them so that they meet at the middle of one selvage side. Pleat the other selvage side, and sew these pleats down at the base of the petal. To assemble the petals, cut a two-inch circle of buckram or of some other stiff material, and arrange the largest petals around the center, then the medium size, and then the smallest ones. Finish the center of the flower with a little cushion measuring about one inch across the top.

Fancy garters are always very popular Christmas presents (Figs. 7, 8, and 10). Just one, to be worn on the left leg, is the custom nowadays, but if you make a pair decorate only one of them. You can buy elastic, which you

(Continued on page 55)

New Modes in Evening Gowns

A Private View of the Winter Novelties

By Anne Overton



PARIS, France:—Such a great opportunity came my way this week that I am still fairly breathless with the excitement of it. Madame Dunin, whom I chanced to encounter in the Rue de Rivoli one afternoon, on her way by special invitation to private views of evening gowns at a number of the celebrated dressmaking houses, carried me off with her—not at all unwillingly, I must say.

We went to them all—Beer's, Paquin's, Jenny's, Redfern's, Callot Soeurs—and I am fairly bubbling over with new ideas. I wish I could show you the gowns we saw. They are of an absolutely new vintage! And, let me tell you, it will be a clever woman who can transform her last year's frock into one of these! If you are still loyal to that old evening gown, you must wear it as it is: if not, give it away and indulge to the limit of your purse in new ones.

Let me explain a few of these dazzling designs. Panniers, hoops, trousers—save the mark!—even a hint of the old-time bustle, all these things we saw, and more. The panniers are pronounced, as you see them here in gold brocade over a white satin skirt. They are drawn more to the back than they used to be when with us before, but they are boned and wired to keep them properly bouffant, and they give the big-waisted, wide-hipped effect in which we modern women outrival the Venus de Milo!

Faintly reminiscent of the wide hoops of the sixties is the triple tunic, with its three fur-bound and wired tiers. This gown is a dream in silver lace and crow's-wing blue satin. With the blue-and-silver butterfly poised on the back and the silver gauze scarf, does it not truly seem "such stuff as dreams are made of"?

BUT, oh, shades of my ancestors! Is the return of the bustle foreshadowed in the gown of rose charmeuse, with its huge, wired black velvet bow? That other gown, on the extreme left, would seem to return a faint mocking affirmative.

Trousers, too, must be on the way. Note the fur-bordered yellow chiffon dress of the model at the right. They tell us that such garb is necessary for the woman who dances the tango; and so, I suppose, even this costume is not an impossibility for those who love the extreme.



5607-5381



5637



5270-5636-5443-5480 Hat

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS IN COATS AND DRESSES

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

THE NEW WINTER FASHIONS

NO. 5007, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Such a strong hold has been taken on public favor by the vest that it is now an addition to almost every style of coat or blouse. The illustration shows an unusually attractive application of the idea to a coat. The coat itself is made of black broadcloth, which looks the richer for the vest of red velvet. The smart cutaway line of the front of the coat is the feature which will recommend it to women who love smart tailored clothes. A more conservative cut, without the vest, is illustrated in the small view. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. The longer coat requires three and an eighth yards of forty-four-inch material for size thirty-six, and the shorter two and a half. For the vest, seven-eighths of a yard extra, of any width, will be necessary.

NO. 5381, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The quaint crossing of the front of this skirt by the pointed tab is an innovation which lifts it quite out of the ordinary class. It gives it a soft, slightly draped effect which adapts it perfectly to the soft black-and-white agaric in which we see it developed. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. To make the skirt in size twenty-six will require two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide. At the lower edge the skirt measures a yard and a half.

NO. 5637, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Again the popular vest makes its appearance, this time as a pretty accessory to a dress of gray broadcloth. The chaste effect of the white satin vest is the acme of good taste which has its crowning touch in the



5381

border of fitch fur on the white satin collar and cuffs. The peplum is a pleasing feature which is useful in developing the gown as a so-called coat-dress of the style shown in the small view. Capable of many attractive modifications and suitable for development in a great variety of different materials, this model is one which lends itself most satisfactorily to both practical and dressy types of costume. The pattern is in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards of fifty-four-inch material. The skirt is two or three piece, and measures a yard and a half at hem.

SIMPLICITY OF LINE AND HARMONY OF COLOR

STYLE does not depend upon richness of material nor elaboration of trimming. It is achieved rather by cleverness of cut. The simplest dress, if properly made, may have far more distinction than a gown of handsome brocade or velvet if bungled in the cutting and fitting. This is a fact which has become a truism to the trained observer of fashions; but it was emphasized by the French dress authority, Paul Poiret, in the addresses delivered before New York designers in the fall.

"Simplicity of line," said the great artist, "is the first consideration in designing a perfect dress. Trimming is quite secondary; but that, too, must be made the object of study and never be put on in meaningless fashion."

M. Poiret also spoke at length on the uses of color contrasts. He deprecated a lavish use of tints, saying that one strong note of color, as a bow of ribbon, or even one small flower, if properly placed, makes harmony of a costume which would be otherwise a hopeless discord.

It almost seems as if there were no need to urge these things upon the attention of American women, if we may judge by the great strides made of late towards perfection in dressing. A study of the winter fashions pictured in these pages is proof of this.

NO. 5270, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIBBLES AND BOLERO JACKET (10 cents).—The reappearance of bolero and Eton styles will give pleasure to many women, not only because they give good lines to every figure, but because of their usefulness as a trimming feature. The pretty jacket of blue and red plaid serge on the opposite page clearly illustrates this. With a smart border of skunk fur, it has excellent style value. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. In size thirty-six the bolero requires a yard and a quarter of forty-four-inch material.

NO. 5636, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Quite new this season are the flounced or banded skirts like the one illustrated opposite, made of blue serge with bias bands of blue and red plaid serge matching bolero jacket No. 5270. The fashion is a welcome one, as it accents the graceful lines of a slender figure. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. In size twenty-six, two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material will be needed, with a yard and a quarter extra of the same width for the bias bands. At the hem the skirt measures a yard and a half in width.

NO. 5443, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The new features of this waist are the deeply dropped shoulder and the extra fullness under the arms, which give an ease and grace when worn with a bolero or Eton jacket unattainable by older and tighter models. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six calls for two yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5480, LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS (10 cents).—The home-made hat is so prominent a feature of the modern toilette that the term, home-made, has ceased to be a reproach. This black velvet Tam-o'-Shanter has as much style as is attained by the practised milliner, yet can be so easily made by the tyro that it is a boon to the woman of slender means. The pattern is in two sizes, ladies and misses, and requires for the "Tam" one yard of twenty-seven-inch material. In sailor style, any size, seven-eighths of a yard are required; and in rolling brim and boat-shaped styles, which are other developments of this same pattern, a like quantity of material is needed.



5636



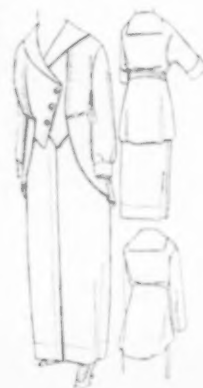
5270



5007



5443



5637



5418-5638

5528-5483-5639 Hat

5633-5527-5639 Hat

FRENCH IDEAS IN DRESS CLEVERLY ADAPTED TO AMERICAN NEEDS

For other views and descriptions see opposite page

GOOD FORM IN WOMAN'S WEAR

Vogue of Fur and Brocade. Chic Effects Readily
Within Reach of the Home Seamstress



5418

NO. 5418, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Elegance of material emphasizes cleverness of design in this becoming blouse of gray brocade agaric. The long unbroken line from neck to elbow, effected by having body and sleeve cut in one, will be found most graceful on the figure of average development, but the slender woman will probably prefer a set-in sleeve. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, two yards and one-eighth of material fifty-four inches wide.



5638

NO. 5638, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Time was when a skirt was a simple affair of straight seams and gores. Now the fancy skirt prevails. This model, in gray brocade agaric, is out of the ordinary but not extreme. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure, and requires in size twenty-six, three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide. At the lower edge it measures one yard and three-eighths.

NO. 5528, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—The woman who chooses this model for her winter coat chooses cozy comfort and stunning style. The illustration shows it in red duvetyne trimmed with skunk fur, but it is equally well adapted to other soft wool fabrics. The pattern comes in three sizes, small, medium and large, and requires in medium size three yards and three-fourths of material forty-four inches wide.



5483

NO. 5483, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The vogue of the black satin skirt continues. It is very smart when worn with a fancy blouse, and looks extremely well coming from beneath a long coat, as upon the figure at the center of page 32. The pattern is in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and requires in size twenty-six, three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide, and at the hem is two yards and an eighth wide.

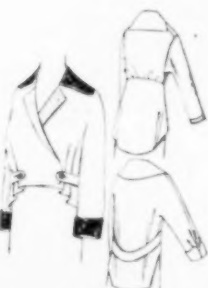
NO. 5639, LADIES' OR MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—Two versions of this pattern are to be seen on page 32. The second figure shows a square brim model in black velvet, with white satin crown and band of skunk fur. The other view shows the round brim development, with flare of lace. The pattern is cut in one size, and requires of material fifty-four inches wide seven-eighths of a yard for square brim, and one yard and one-fourth for round brim with ruffle.



5633

NO. 5633, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Coat-suits, having departed from the set lines of strictly tailored origin, are being constantly more widely accepted for informal dress occasions. This coat, of black chiffon velvet trimmed with white brocade and ermine, is quite adapted for calling and matinee wear. It may have body and sleeve cut in one, or set-in sleeve. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, four yards of material forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5527, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Woman-kind cannot too loudly sound the praise of the tunic. Both in concealing superfluous development at the hips and in giving breadth to the too slender figure, it works wonders. This time the tunic is attached to the skirt, and both skirt and tunic are developed in black chiffon velvet. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure, and requires in size twenty-six, three yards and one-fourth of material forty-four inches wide. It measures one yard and three-eighths at the hem.



5633



5527

NO. 5277, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—By the daintiness of her house apparel a woman's innate refinement is adjudged. Simple, becoming, and remarkably easy to make is the little frock shown on this page. It is of blue-and-white chambray, with darker blue collar and cuffs. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, four yards of material forty-four inches wide. At the lower edge the five-gored skirt measures one yard and seven-eighths.



5277



5277

STYLISH GOWNS FOR EARLY WINTER

Costumes in Which the New Materials
Duvetyne, Checked Velour, and Novelty Wool
Crêpe Emphasize the Beauty of the Design

NO. 5471, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Crêpe materials have the dual advantage of contributing attractive softness of outline to the figure and of wearing extremely well. The gown illustrated is of novelty wool crêpe, brown shot with brick red. The collar and girdle are of red velvet. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. In size thirty-six, five yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide are required. The skirt measures one yard and three-quarters around the hem in size twenty-six.

NO. 5613, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—To the odd closing many of the new waists owe much of their smartness. Note the ingenious cross fastening of this one. It is developed in red chiffon velvet, with a fine black cross-bar. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. In size thirty-six, two yards and one-fourth of material forty-four inches wide are required, with seven-eighths of a yard extra for the peplum.

NO. 5627, LADIES' TWO - PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Gatherings—puffings—draperies—these are the distinguishing features of the newest modes. So soft, however, are the prevailing fabrics that the extra material adds little to the bulk of the figure. The gathers at the front of this skirt and the hip draperies, as expressed in velvet of chiffon weight, detract not at all from its graceful lines. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. Size twenty-six calls for two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, and measures one yard and a half at the hem.

NO. 5600, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—In this waist are emphasized the rounded lines so attractive in the modern silhouette. It drapes cross-wise in the picture, and fastens to one side with a buckle of the blue silk composing the girdle. The waist itself is of lustrous blue broadcloth.



The pattern, which comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, is subject to several variations. The waist may be worn with the chemisette or over a guimpe. In size thirty-six, two yards and three-fourths of material forty-four inches wide are required.

NO. 5611, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—From the front the drapery of this skirt gives an effect not unlike that of an elongated pannier. It is an extremely attractive model, and, developed in blue broadcloth and blue-and-green check duvetyne, appears to excellent advantage. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. In size twenty-six it calls for two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, and measures one yard and three-eighths at the lower edge.

NO. 5639, LADIES' OR MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—The easy, graceful lines of the new hats are readily attainable by the home milliner. The hats shown on the second and third figures on the opposite page represent two of the many attractive developments of Pattern No. 5639. The pattern comes in one size, and requires for square brim style one yard and one-fourth of material thirty-six inches wide, and in pointed-brim effect one yard and five-eighths of the same width.

NO. 5616, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—For afternoon wear and good all-round service, the growing girl will find this dress practical. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. In size sixteen, four yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide are required. The skirt measures one yard and three-eighths at the hem.



5616



5613

5627

5471

5471



5611



5609



5613-5627

5609-5611-5639, Hat

5616-5639, Hat

ADVANCED MODELS OF DISTINCTIVE WINTER STYLES

For other views and descriptions see opposite page



5615-5577

5629-5599

5623

ATTRACTIVE VERSIONS OF NEW WINTER MODELS

For other views and descriptions see page 38



CHARMING APPLICATIONS OF THE MODERN FASHIONS

For other views and descriptions see page 38

SMART WINTER GOWNS

Fabric, Color and Design Are in Pleasing Harmony in These Frocks



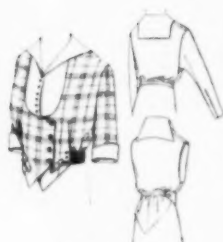
5615

NO. 5615, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—A chic double-breasted waistcoat of gray-and-green brocade gives the final touch of distinction to this black satin waist. The blouse may also be made without the vest and with or without the peplum. It is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. In size thirty-six, two yards and three-eighths are required of material forty-four inches wide.



5577

NO. 5577, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The new figure lines are emphasized in this cleverly draped skirt of supple black satin. It gives width at the hips yet maintains the youthful slenderness of the silhouette. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. In size twenty-six it requires one yard and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide, and measures one yard and one-half at the hem.



5629

NO. 5629, LADIES' VEST WAIST (15 cents).—Plaid taffeta is the material of which this smart little vest-waist is made. It may be developed with equal attractiveness in plaid worsted or any becoming fabric. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide; with one yard and one-half extra for the guimpe.

NO. 5599, LADIES' SINGLE OR DOUBLE TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—The three-tiered skirt is a new fashion feature of exceptional artistic value. In the main view of No. 5599 we see this idea developed in green broadcloth and plaid taffeta. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. In size twenty-six it requires three yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide, and measures one yard and three-fourths at the lower edge.



5599

NO. 5623, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—For general service nothing quite takes the place of the easily slipped-on dress. This model is one of the season's most becoming styles. It is developed in gray eponge with green velvet collar. The pattern comes in seven sizes, thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and in size thirty-six requires five yards and one-fourth of material forty-four inches wide. The skirt measures one yard and one-half at the hem.

NO. 5413, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Crêpe weaves rank high in fashion's favor, and in model No. 5413 we show a dress particularly well adapted to this soft, clinging material. In the illustration it is of gray figured crêpe, with collar, belt and girdle of green chiffon velvet. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and in size thirty-six requires five yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide. The skirt at the hem measures one yard and one-half.

NO. 5601, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Eminently practical yet undoubtedly stylish is this little waist of striped worsted, with black velvet collar and cuffs. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. In size thirty-six, two yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide are required to make it.

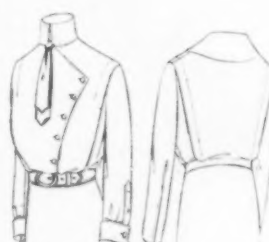
NO. 5603, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—To the woman to whom pleats are becoming, this skirt, as developed in the large picture, will make a quick appeal. The material shown is sturdy, striped worsted. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and may, if desired, be made without the pleated section. In size twenty-six it requires two yards and three-fourths of material forty-four inches wide, and measures one yard and three-fourths at the hem.

NO. 5617, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The Russian note is very strong in this graceful blouse of green duvetyne, with peplum, neck and sleeves edged with skunk fur. The pattern may be interpreted in several other ways, as shown by the small views. It is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and in size thirty-six requires two yards and three-fourths of material forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5597, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—In the illustration on page thirty-seven, this skirt is developed in black satin, but it is a design which is adapted to any of the new soft silk or wool textures. It may be made with or without pleats. The pattern is cut in eight sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-six inches waist measure. In size twenty-six it requires two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, and measures two yards and one-eighth around the bottom.



5413



5601



5603



5617



5597



Extremely Stylish But Practical

Modeled on Simple Lines, These Gowns
Can be Easily Made at Home

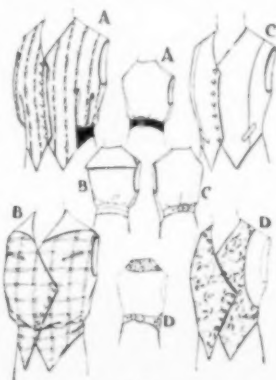


NO. 5635, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Even the unskilled dressmaker can produce with this pattern very attractive results. In the first illustration the waist is made of gray serge, with satin collar and cuffs. The pattern comes in nine sizes, thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three yards and one-eighth of material forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5605, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—On the first figure this graceful skirt is shown in gray serge, and on the fourth in plaid cheviot. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material, and measures one yard and one-half at the hem.

NO. 5631, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The diagonal line at the front of this skirt, developed in silk brocade, gives

grace to the figure. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure, and requires in size twenty-six, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. At the hem it measures one yard and five-eighths.



NO. 5621, LADIES' VESTS (15 cents).—Chic and becoming are the new vests. The fourth figure on this page represents one version of this pattern, of which other adaptations are shown in the small views. It comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in blouse style, one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5576, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—For a waist of the fashionable shadow lace or net to be worn under a vest or coat, this is an effective model. It comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two bust, and requires in size thirty-six, two yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material.



Styles—Clever But Conservative

Equally Popular Are the Feminized Versions
of the Shirt Waist and Trig Costumes

NO. 5337, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—A modified edition of the strictly masculine garment is the shirt waist of today—just as practical, but infinitely more becoming. In our first illustration we show it developed in Futurist charmeuse—in the second, it is of India silk. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six two yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material.

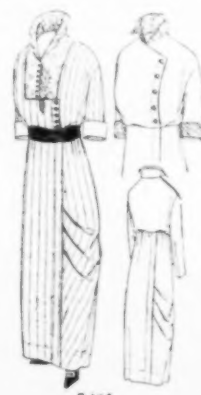


5567

No. 5641, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The tiered skirt is a delightful style that fashion has brought us this season. We show it on this page first in gray serge and then in plaid. It is becoming alike to the woman of slender and substantial build. Anomalous though it may seem, this design gives the appearance of breadth to the slight figure while it also conceals beneath its folds superfluous development of hips and thigh. The pattern has two- or three-piece upper and lower sections, and comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires four yards and three-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, and measures a yard and five-eighths at hem.

No. 5567, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Only by contrast with a plainer fabric is the full beauty of the brocade brought out. This dress, with its coat-waist of blue-and-green brocade and skirt of green satin, is indescribably charming. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six five yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. The skirt is two-piece, and measures a yard and three-eighths at hem.

No. 5461, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Just enough drapery to give distinction graces this simple frock shown in black velvet and in novelty worsted. In the small illustration it is of striped messaline, with becoming vest and high rolled collar of creamy Carrickmacross lace, and turn-back cuffs of cream-colored satin. A black velvet girdle is also effective. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, four yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and is one yard and three-eighths wide.



5461



For Shopping or Afternoon Calls

Good But Simple Lines and One-sided Style
Features Characterize These Garments

NO. 5169, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Endless seem to be the possibilities of the tunic. Draping close to the figure, distended by light wire, or drooping long over one hip, it is equally graceful and effective. In the first view we have a tunic waist of tan cloth, with a green-and-brown plaid skirt. In the second view it is developed in deep purple wool broché. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six one yard and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, with one yard and one-half extra for the tunic.

No. 5199, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—To combine good lines with simple treatment is the true test of skill in designing. Without drapery of any kind this skirt brings out the latent grace of the figure. It is most simple to make and adapted to any of the supple fabrics now in vogue. Agaric, Canton crêpe, serge, cheviot, velvet and plush, will alike be appropriate; or, if you prefer, the fashionable duvetyn may be used. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and requires in size twenty-six two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. It measures two yards at the hem.



No. 5343, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Three entirely different interpretations of a very smart blouse are shown on this page. On the central figure it is of black velvet with ermine collar. The girl with her hands clasped behind her wears the same design developed in novelty agaric, and the one with her back half-turned has chosen for her material prune-colored broadcloth. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in size thirty-six, two yards and one-fourth of material forty-four inches wide.

No. 5345, LADIES' ONE- OR TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The one-sided drapery, always an interesting note, is attractively expressed in this graceful skirt, which is caught in folds at the left center-front and drawn up to a novel cross-closing. At the back the fullness is laid in folds at the waist, giving the easy, straight-line effect upon which fashion is so insistent. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. It requires for size twenty-six two yards and three-fourths of material forty-four inches wide, and the same quantity of fifty-four-inch material. It measures one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge, or in the smaller sizes it is one yard and one-half around.

SMART FASHIONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Vests, Girdles and Tunics Are Attractive
Features of the Winter Models



5612



5398



5602

NO. 5612, MISSES' COATEE AND VEST (15 cents).—The "snap" of fashion is in the jaunty coatee so distinctively new this season. The coatee may be worn with or without the vest, and the vest also alone, over a separate blouse. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years, and requires in the sixteen-year size two yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material, with one yard and one-fourth extra for vest.

No. 5398, MISSES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The separate skirt of "clan" plaid worsted has achieved a foremost place in winter fashions, and can be counted upon to hold sway during the coming spring. The skirt illustrated may be had in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Two yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material are required for size sixteen. At the hem it measures one yard and three-eighths. It is a one-piece skirt.

No. 5602, MISSES' COAT AND VEST (15 cents).—The touch of color afforded by the contrasting waistcoat is one of the chief charms of the new suits. The coat illustrated, of dark green Bedford cord, with vest of gold-colored cloth, comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen. Size sixteen requires three yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. Three-quarters of a yard makes the vest.

No. 5598, MISSES' SIX-GORED SKIRT, suitable for small women (15 cents).—Upon the lines of the skirt depend to a very important degree the grace of the gown. No. 5598 is an extremely well-cut pattern in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years, adapted for both wool and wash fabrics. Size fifteen requires two yards and one-fourth of material forty-four inches wide. At the hem the skirt measures one yard and seven-eighths.

No. 5286, MISSES' DRESS, suitable for small women (15 cents).—Balkan styles continue to hold their own against all newcomers in the fashion field. This dress of plum-colored challie, with green belt, is practical, becoming and so comfortable. The pattern comes in six sizes.

For description of Hat No. 5639, see page 33
For description of Hat No. 5620, see page 47



5614



5598

5612-5398

5612-5398

5602-5598-5639, Hat

5286

5286

5286-5620, Hat

5614



thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires six yards and one-half of material thirty-six inches wide. The skirt measures one yard and five-eighths at the hem, and is three-piece.



5628

No. 5614, MISSES' DRESS WITH CHEMISETTE, suitable also for small women (15 cents).—Always dainty is the dress with the washable chemisette. The gown shown is of novelty wool fabric, with yoke and collar of imitation Venise lace. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. It calls for three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material in size fifteen. The skirt measures one yard and three-eighths at the lower edge.



5604

No. 5628, MISSES' DRESS, suitable also for small women (15 cents).—The sash arrangement alone gives to this clever dress marked distinction. The peplum, too, is of unusual cut, and the waistcoat very smart. The body material is brown faile de laine, trimmed with copper velvet. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen takes three yards and five-eighths of fabric forty-four inches wide. At the lower edge the skirt measures one yard and a fourth.

No. 5604, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Particularly well adapted to the slender silhouette of the miss or the small woman are the youthful lines of

this little frock. The pattern is in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. For making in the sixteen-year size, four yards and seven-eighths are needed of forty-four-inch material. The skirt at the hem measures one yard and three-eighths.

No. 5624, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—This is a sturdy little frock of tartan plaid cheviot, for which the pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years, and requires in the six-year size two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide.

No. 5632, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—A hoop tunic adorns this gown of biscuit-colored messaline. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires four yards and one-half of forty-four-inch material, with three yards and three-quarters of twenty-two-inch flouncing for tunic and bretelles. The skirt is one yard and three-eighths in width at the bottom.

No. 5254, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—The slashed skirt may be worn by the young girl with very happy effect. We suggest as materials cream mousseline. For dancing parties and holiday functions this style will prove most charming. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. In size sixteen, four yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material will be needed. The skirt is one yard and a half wide.



5254



5632



5594

5606-5620, Hat

5596-4990, Muff-5620, Hat

5608

5610

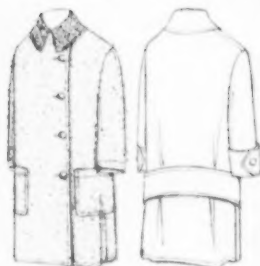
Transfer Design No. 568



5594

Some of the Latest Ideas

NO. 5594, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Smartness appears in this simple frock, made of blue serge and plaid worsted, or entirely of serge. It may be cut with body and sleeve in one or with set-in sleeve. The pattern comes in four sizes, from six to twelve years. Size eight requiring two yards and one-half of forty-four-inch material. Extra material for peplum five-eighths of a yard of forty-four-inch material.



5606

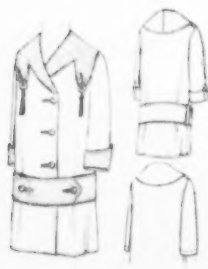
NO. 5606, GIRL'S COAT (15 cents).—Comfortable on cold days will be the girl who wears this coat of soft bearcloth in tawny brown. The pattern is in seven sizes, from two to fourteen years. Size eight requires two yards and an eighth of fifty-four-inch material.

NO. 5620, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' HATS (10 cents).—This chic pattern includes rolling, pleated and "Tam" shapes, and comes in ladies', misses' and girls' sizes. In any size the "Tam" takes three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5596, GIRL'S COAT (15 cents).—For dressy occasions your daughter may wear this attractive plush coat, with fur collar of unique cut. The pattern comes in six sizes, from two to twelve years. For size eight is needed two yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material, with one yard and a half extra for the trimmings.

NO. 4990, GIRL'S FUR SET (10 cents).—The muff in the picture, made of broadtail plush in black and white, is taken from this set, which includes hat, muff and collar. The pattern comes in two sizes, large and small. In the large size, three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch material are required for the muff.

NO. 5608, GIRL'S DRESS, with or without shield (15 cents).—The little girl can wear and wear this frock of fast-color plaid gingham and look well in it to the end. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from four to twelve years. For size eight, three yards and three-eighths are required of thirty-six-inch material.



5596



5610



5608

NO. 5610, CHILD'S ROMPER (10 cents).—What a boon to the busy mother is the practical, protective romper! The material shown here is blue-and-white striped gingham, with plain blue for the collar. As a rule, cotton tub fabrics, as gingham, chambray, or linen, are the best for these little garments, but flannel is permissible for winter use. The pattern for this well-fitting little garment, which is shown in delft-blue chambray, may be had in five sizes, from six months to four years. Size two requires one yard and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.



For Dressing the Children

NO. 5626, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS (15 cents).—Now and then a clever designer achieves something particularly new and practical in little folks' apparel. Such is the dress we show over the above number. It is capable of several interpretations. You may make it of plain linen, with plaid sleeves and belt, of Turkish toweling, or of white batiste and embroidered flouncing. The pattern is in four sizes, from two to eight years. Size four requires two yards and a quarter of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5634, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BODY LINING (15 cents).—For dress-up occasions the little girl must be daintily and becomingly clad, but never over-dressed. This little frock solves the problem very nicely. It may be made with blouse of batiste, allover and plain batiste skirt, or entirely of one fabric. The pattern is cut in four sizes, from two to eight years. Size four requires two yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide to make the entire dress.

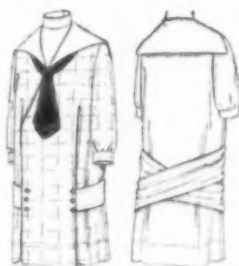
No. 5618, BOY'S BALKAN OR RUSSIAN SUIT (15 cents).—For boys, as well as girls, roomy Russian styles are most comfortable and becoming. The jaunty suit worn by the little fellow who appears on this page is made of black cheviot with red tie. It has knickerbocker trousers attached to an underbody, and the pattern for it comes in three sizes—two, four and six years. In the four-year size it requires two yards and one-quarter of material forty-four inches wide. The collar takes a quarter of a yard if made in sailor fashion as seen in the main view. The small illustration shows a neat round collar.

No. 5622, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Little folks, too, will wear the sash now so important in women's apparel. Note the attractive arrangement of this feature in frock No. 5622. The material is gingham, of which two yards and three-fourths, thirty-six inches wide, are required for an eight-year garment. For the collar and belt of the small view, one yard and one-eighth extra are needed. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years.

No. 5592, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Even the novice will have no difficulty in accomplishing very charming results if she choose this style for her daughter's new dress. It will be particularly effective if made up in blue-and-maroon striped panama cloth. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from four to twelve. The eight-year size takes two yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material.



5592



5622



5626



5634



5618



Suitable Gowns for Large Women

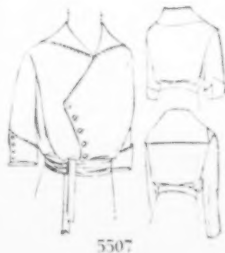
Simply Cut, But Smart, These Models Give Style to the Woman of Stout Figure

NO. 5507, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Present-day fashions are extremely kind to the woman of substantial build. Easy, graceful lines and supple, beautifully-draping materials detract from the appearance of weight. In the first illustration we have a waist of gray and brick-red striped serge. The soft, becoming collar of white satin and turn-back cuffs of the same material are simple but effective touches. The waist is cut in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure, and requires in size forty-four, three yards and one-half of material forty-four inches wide, and five-eighths extra for square collar.

NO. 5459, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—The long, unbroken lines of this model give height and the appearance of slenderness. Developed in striped serge as shown in the first view, or in copper-toned Canton crepe as it appears in the second, it is particularly well adapted to meet the requirements of the stout figure. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure, and requires in size thirty-two, two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide. It measures one yard and three-fourths at the hem.

NO. 5615, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Never should the woman possessing an over-developed figure attempt the extremes of fashion, yet discreetly modified versions of the new features may at times be safely accepted. In the front view of this waist we see a very becoming interpretation of the vest idea. It is expressed in white brocade and ornaments a waist of black chiffon velvet. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and requires in size forty-two, two yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide.

NO. 5243, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—A novel drapery arrangement and a cleverly-narrowing panel are the grace-giving features of this skirt. The first view shows it developed in black velvet and slashed a trifle at the center-front. In the second view, it is of gray eponge, forming part of a pretty gown in gray and red. The pattern comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure, and requires in size thirty, three yards and seven-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, or two yards and seven-eighths of fifty-four-inch material. At the lower edge it measures two yards around.



NEW PATTERNS FOR OLD NEEDS

Practical Apparel for Men, Women and Children
and a Doll's Outfit for the Tiny Tots



5360-5591

NO. 5360, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—The pattern for this well-cut garment comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires one yard and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5591, LADIES' TWO-PIECE PETTICOAT (15 cents).—This comes in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. Size twenty-six takes two yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material, and measures a yard and three-quarters at the hem.

NO. 5593, LADIES' AND MISSES' SACQUE NIGHTGOWN (15 cents).—With round neck or collar this is alike attractive. It comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material.

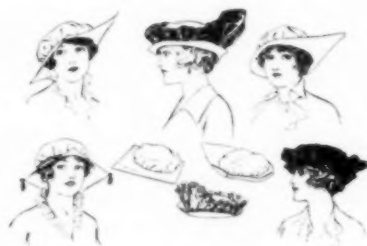


5593

Transfer Designs Nos. 270, 323

NO. 5630, LADIES' OR MISSES' HATS (15 cents).—This pattern includes several shapes of unusually stylish design. It comes in one size only. The amount of material required for the different hats will be found on the pattern envelope.

NO. 5610, MEN'S SMOKING JACKET (15 cents).—A comfortable garment for a lounge and smoke. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirty-four to forty-four inches breast measure. Size thirty-eight requires two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material.



5639



5640

NO. 5640, DOLL'S SET (10 cents).—All the clothes needed by Miss Dolly will be found in this pretty outfit. The pattern comes in five sizes, for dolls from fourteen to thirty inches long. The materials needed are given on pattern envelopes.

NO. 5630, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE APRON (10 cents).—In three sizes, small, medium and large, this will fit little girls from two to twelve years. In the medium size a yard and a quarter of thirty-six-inch material will be necessary.

NO. 5625, LADIES' WRAPPER (15 cents).—Service and beauty are combined in this pattern. Cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material, and measures two yards at the hem.

NO. 5600, LADIES' AND MISSES' HANDKERCHIEF APRON (10 cents).—Cut in one size. Can be made from two twenty-six-inch handkerchiefs, or from two yards and three-eighths of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5620, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' HATS (10 cents).—Smart and up-to-date in design, every hat in this pattern will please. Cut in three sizes, ladies', misses' and girls'. Pattern envelopes give amounts of material.

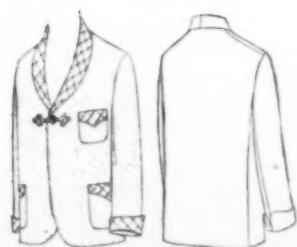
NO. 5595, MEN'S PAJAMAS (15 cents).—This well-fitting garment has superseded the nightshirt. Pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches breast measure. Size thirty-six takes five yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material.



5625



5600



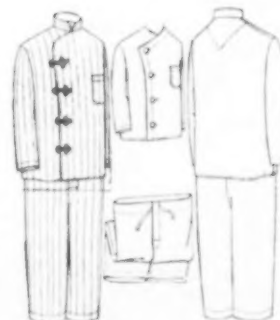
5619



5630



5620



5595



Novelties in Christmas Needlework

By HELEN THOMAS



IN THESE last few hurried weeks before Christmas we are, all of us, more than thankful for suggestions for attractive little gifts which can be made in the shortest possible time, for unless we belong to that class of the almost impossibly provident, the approach of the great annual holiday is sure to catch most of us with our plans only partly carried out. The quaint and pretty designs illustrated on these pages will meet just that need. They are very simple, but in any gift it is the loving thought rather than elaboration and richness which gives it its real value.

The first little design for a bag, for instance, No. 567, is as unpretentious as possible, but is there a woman anywhere who would not appreciate such a dainty little gift? The pattern for the embroidery is quite conventional, making the utmost possible showing, with the few cleverly disposed dots and lent lines.

Bulgarian coloring may be used for this design, though yellow and green were the only tints chosen for the version we have illustrated, and the work was done with crewel yarn on heavy white linen. Satin-stitch develops both the lines and dots in this bag, but if done with white embroidery cotton on finer linen, a lighter, more summery effect will be obtained by working the dots as eyelets. Silk or satin might also be used for the bag, and in that case the embroidery should be done solid, with rope silk or silk floss. Two methods of finishing the top suggest themselves, one plainly hemmed as in the illustration, with heavy cords drawn through the hems, by which to draw it up and carry it; or a hem two and a half inches deep may be taken at the top, and a second row of stitching set three-quarters of an inch above that at the edge, to provide a casing through which the cord or a ribbon may be run. The latter is the usual method of finishing the top of a light-weight linen or silk bag.

The next figures, Transfer Designs for Rag Doll, No. 404, and Cat No. 568, picture two of the quaint toys which seem to have a particular fascination for the children. Two views of Miss Dolly are shown. In the one on this page she wears her bonnet; on page 50 she is seen with her bonnet hanging down her back in careless childish fashion. Both bonnet and dress are made by McCall Pattern for Doll's Red Ridinghood Set, No. 4350, the bonnet being made without the cape which usually accompanies it. In either form it makes an entirely satisfactory outfit for our rag dolly.

Dolly, herself, may be made from drilling, muslin or heavy linen. The transfer design provides both the pattern by which she is cut out and the markings by which she is provided with eyes, nose, mouth and hair, and even her fingers. Shoes, too, and a dainty little undergarment are to be simulated by clever fingers with needle and thread, tracing the various details with outline stitch. To make the doll, stamp the design on the material, work all the embroidery, then cut



BAG WITH CONVENTIONAL ORNAMENT
Transfer Design No. 567



TABBY WEARS A BOW
Transfer Design No. 568



A CHRISTMAS DOLLY
Transfer Design No. 404
Doll Clothes made by Pattern No. 4350



TABBY'S FAVORITE POSE
Transfer Design No. 568



APRON IN DARNED WORK
Transfer Design No. 561



BLACK LETTER INITIALS
Transfer Design No. 565

out by the dotted outline and stitch the seams by the solid line. Leave the center-back seam open about three inches for the filling. Stuff with cotton, filling out head, arms and feet as evenly as possible, then sew up the opening in the back with close overcasting stitches.

The cat is made in the same way, except that there is no dotted cutting line. Allowance of three-eighths of an inch for a seam must be made outside the outline in this design, and the seams sewed as closely as possible to the line. A short dotted line at the base indicates the opening to be left for the insertion of the cotton filling. Realism is attained if Pussy is made of Canton flannel, either in white or a more serviceable gray. The eyes should be outlined in black and green, the mouth and tongue in red, and the ribbon, also, in red or any preferred color.

A pretty apron is always an acceptable gift whether for Christmas, birthday, or other

(Concluded on page 50)

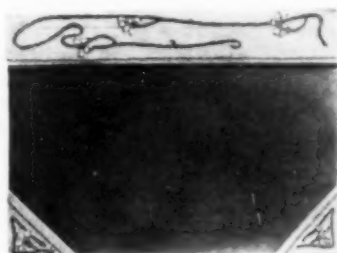


Simple Lessons in Embroidery—No. 1

By GENEVIEVE STERLING



MANY of us are expert with our embroidery needle, and produce work that is the pride of our families and the envy of our friends. Yet among those who read these pages there are sure to be quite as many who would like to do the work, if they only knew how. Let us make believe we do not know a single thing about embroidery, not even the first stitch, start from the very beginning and learn how. It will do none of us any harm to review our knowledge, and learn some new ways of applying old stitches, and for the inexperienced embroiderer the lessons will solve many a puzzle, and enable her to add attractive touches to her home.



DESK BLOTTER-PAD IN BITTERSWEET
DESIGN, NO. 10357

needle out in the hole made by putting the needle in for the first stitch. Make stitch after stitch in this way, always keeping the thread to the right. Along a straight line the stitches may be longer, but in rounding a curve they must be small enough to preserve the continuity of the line.

Do not draw the stitches too tight; it puckers the material. On the other hand, stitches made too loosely have a sloppy effect. When a thread is used up, draw the end through to the back and run it through the last three or four stitches.

The French knot you will find almost as easy as outlining. To make a French knot, the thread is brought up



A SIMPLE CENTERPIECE IN SATIN-STITCH
AND EYELET, NO. 10353

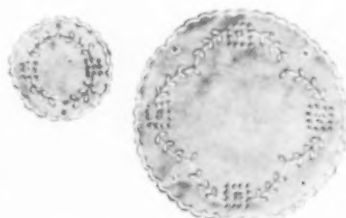


PLATE AND TUMBLER DOILIES TO
MATCH CENTERPIECE
NO. 10353



FOR BETWEEN-MEAL USE ON THE DINING
TABLE, NO. 10351

For our first lesson, then, let us take a pillow-top to be done in outline stitch and French knots (No. 10354). It will not only act as a basis for our lesson, but will make a delightful Christmas gift for a fortunate somebody to whom it will give much pleasure.

Outline stitch, which is the simplest stitch in embroidery, is nothing but the back-stitch of sewing, with a few tricks to make it perfectly cover the stamped line, and give the corded effect which all properly made outlining should have, and which is absent from so much of the work done by amateurs. In starting, the same rule applies as to all other embroidery—never make a knot in the thread. Begin an inch or so from the end of the line to be covered, and run a few stitches back along the line, to the end. This fastens the thread securely enough to begin the work.

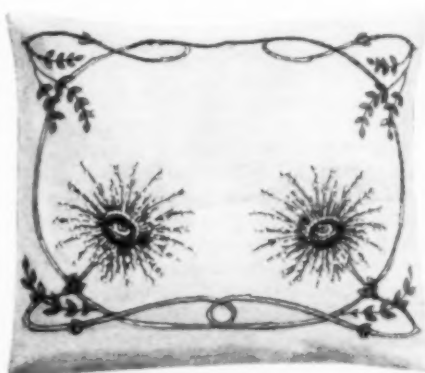
Hold the work over the first finger of the left hand, throw the thread to the right, and take a back stitch on the line, having the stitch about one-fourth of an inch long. Draw the thread up and make another back stitch, bringing the



A MAGAZINE COVER
MAKES A NOVEL CHRIST-
MAS GIFT, NO. 10355

through the material and the needle turned as though to pass it back through the hole again. But, instead, the needle is held in position with the right hand, with the point a little to the left of the hole; and with the left hand the thread that lies next to it is wound around the point of the needle two, three, or even four times, according to the size knot desired; then, holding the thread taut with the left hand, with the right turn the needle and pass it and the thread back through the hole through which the thread was brought up. Do not let go with the left hand until absolutely necessary.

Now, after having practised these two stitches on odd bits of linen, let us start on the pillow. It should be of cream linen in a design of scrolls and skeleton flowers worked with golden yellow and two shades of golden-brown embroidery floss; the single lines of the scrolls outlined with darker brown, and the centers of the big, straggly flowers with the same shade. In our illustration the centers are worked in outline and the Kensington stitch, but French knots may be used



THE SUBJECT OF THIS MONTH'S EMBROIDERY
LESSON. SOFA PILLOW, NO. 10354

(Continued on page 51)



We pick them at sunrise—

Red-ripe solid Jersey tomatoes with the dew standing on them, and flashing out among the vines.

The fruit at that hour is cold, and firm. When you open it the juice glistens temptingly; and the delicious flavor is like nothing else in the world.

That is what you get in

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

We make these perfect tomatoes into soup the day they are picked. The Campbell process retains all their native quality and freshness and their delightful aroma.

All the other ingredients are equally choice and tempting. And our exclusive blending-formula produces a result so inviting and so wholesome that experts agree in classing Campbell's as the standard of perfect tomato soup.

Wouldn't your family enjoy it again today?

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bonillon	Mulling-tawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Oxtail
Chicken-Gumbo	Pea
Okra	Pepper Pot
Clam Bonillon	Pot-au-feu
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Cornstarch	Tomato-Okra

Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

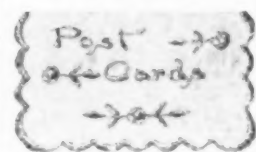


"This luscious soup
Just hits my taste.
It keeps me strong and
steady.
No work, no waste,
No fuss, no haste.
Three minutes—and it's
ready."

NOVELTIES IN CHRISTMAS NEEDLEWORK

(Continued from page 48)

anniversary remembrance. This design, No. 563, is especially suitable for development in the popular darning stitch, although, if one likes, the motifs may be worked solid with satin-stitch. As in the case of aprons given in previous num-



EMBROIDERED POST-CARD
CASE
Transfer Design No. 566

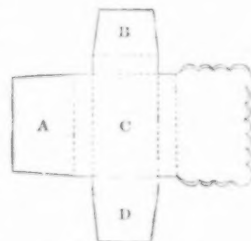
bers of the magazine, the transfer design provides apron pattern as well as decoration. Our sketch shows a pretty dainty apron, developed in three shades of pink, though differing tints of blue or other color will be equally attractive. The conventionalized flowers are outlined with the deepest shade, the medium tint is used for the darning stitches, with which the surfaces of petals and leaves are covered, and a light pink is used to develop the dots and to scallop the outer edge of the apron. With a narrow Valenciennes lace ruffle whipped under the scallops, and pink satin ribbon for rosettes and ties, the apron is a very charming little affair.

The alphabet provided by Transfer Design No. 565, part of which is seen in the initials embroidered on the hemstitched towel, is of serviceable block-letter design, for marking household linen and underwear. The letters are two inches long, and the entire alphabet may be obtained, but each pattern envelope contains eighteen copies of but one letter. The letters should be worked in embroidery hoops to keep them smooth.

After stamping, stretch the work in the hoops and pad the letter with rows of chain or running stitch. This should be heaviest in the center, to give a rounded surface. Then take the piece out of the hoops and holding the work in the hands, cover the padding with satin-stitch. Use No. 20 marking cotton for the padding, and No. 30 for the satin-stitch.

Post-card Case, Design No. 566, and Transfer Design for Handkerchiefs, No. 564, are the two remaining numbers which will appeal to the woman in quest of dainty trifles. The illustrations show the

completed case, done in green-and-yellow satin-stitch on tan linen, and a diagram of the pattern furnished by the design. To make it, first stamp the outline or diagram of the case, then cut four pieces of cardboard or stiff crinoline the exact size of sections A, B, C, and D. Next cut the straight outline off the top of the piece having the words "Post Cards" and stamp this on a piece of material the same size as the case proper. Place the pieces of cardboard or crinoline in position between the two pieces of material, basting the latter together close to the edges of the cardboard sections so that they cannot slip.



SIMPLE PATTERN FOR
POST-CARD CASE
Transfer Design No. 566



MISS DOLLY WITH HER
BONNET OFF
Transfer Design No. 494

Work the lettering and also the small motifs in satin-stitch or plain outline, but do not begin the buttonholing until after the case is put together. Featherstitch over the lines of basting on the right side of the case and bind the edges of the case all around, except the outer covers, with narrow ribbon. Baste the lining and outside cover together and then buttonhole the scallops, working through both lining and outside. The case may be tied together with ribbons of any pretty color.



TWO DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS
Transfer Design No. 564

The handkerchief pattern includes designs for two handkerchiefs, each eleven inches square. They should be made of fine handkerchief linen and the designs are intended for development in buttonholing, satin-stitch and eyelets. Use No. 40 embroidery cotton on handkerchief linen, and pad the scallops with No. 35 cotton.

Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of these designs may be purchased for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or will be sent postpaid from McCall Company, New York, for 10 cents in stamps. Miss Thomas will gladly answer inquiries, if stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—No. 1

(Continued from page 49)

instead of the latter, giving a very full attractive effect, and allowing us to utilize what we have learned in this lesson.

The straight lines representing the petals are made of the lighter shade of brown, and the French knots which dot them are yellow. The same color is used for the buds placed on the scroll. They are illustrated in satin-stitch, but the beginner will find a double row of outlining quite as effective. She too, for the leaf sprays at the corners, which are worked in the lighter shade of the brown floss.

(This pillow-top, No. 10354, stamped on cream linen, size 18x22, 40 cents; back, 25 cents extra; pillow, front and back, free for two 50-cent subscriptions. Eight skeins of colored floss for working, 35 cents extra.)

Now, having finished our simple embroidery lesson for the month, let us consider suggestions for some pretty articles in which our experienced embroiderers will be interested. A handkerchief-case which will make a pretty Christmas gift, and in which only elementary stitches of embroidery are used, is made of two squares of pink linen, each used to cover a piece of cardboard six inches square (No. 10352). The top only is embroidered. The daisy centers are yellow French knots, and each petal is one long stitch of white. White linen was used to line the folder, and it is held together with broad pink elastic finished with a rosette of pink ribbon, which is slipped off to open case.

(This handkerchief folder, No. 10352, stamped on pink linen 9x16, 15 cents. White and yellow cotton for working, 8 cents extra.)

Three other Christmas suggestions which will appeal to our needlewomen

consist of a desk blotting-pad (No. 10357), a magazine cover (No. 10355), and a memorandum-book cover (No. 10356). All three are made of linen in a soft green shade that goes well in any room and with any wood, and furnishes a splendid background for the unusual brown, orange and black color-scheme of the embroidery. The stems are worked with golden brown in the slanting satin-stitch, the bittersweet berries in orange, each tipped off at the top with one black French knot. The two book-covers are marked with an old English letter one inch long. These letters are

worked with brown in the padded satin-stitch, the heavy parts afterward darned with lengthwise threads of yellow floss.

(Blotting-pad end and corners, No. 10357, stamped on green linen, 6x27, 20 cents; 4 skeins of colored embroidery cotton, 10 cents extra.)

(Memorandum-book cover, No. 10356, stamped on green linen 8x10, to match blotter and magazine cover, including 3 skeins of colored embroidery cotton, 20 cents.)

(Magazine cover, No. 10355, stamped on green linen, 12x20, 20 cents; 4 skeins of colored cotton, 10 cents extra.)

(Material cannot be supplied stamped with any initial, but a perforated pattern of any letter of the alphabet in the style illustrated will be furnished for 5 cents extra.)

For the woman fond of pretty household linen, there are many new ideas. As lovely a piece as one could have for between-meal use on the dining-table is of écu linen with a rose design in Kensington stitch in natural colors—the roses in three shades of American beauty crimsons, the leaves in three shades of green. The medallions are done in imitation punched work in brown, and the edge scrolls are worked in the lightest green.

(Continued on page 65)



True As the Tick Of a Watch

The healthy heart beats about 72 times each minute. Disturb its regularity and the penalty is to shorten life and lessen one's comfort.

Many persons unconsciously "whip" their hearts into unnatural action by use of coffee, which contains a drug, caffeine. Its effects are subtle, but sure.

If you find an irregularity in your own heart-beat and value future health and comfort

Stop Coffee And try POSTUM

The breakfast cup will be just as hot and satisfying, and you will have a builder at work in place of a destroyer.

Postum is made of choice wheat; contains genuine nourishment; and has a rich Java-like flavour; but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, caffeine.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a Reason"
for
POSTUM

Your Family Doctor



does not know as much about your stomach as you do. You have lived with it longer than he has. You know your digestive limitations. You know what "agrees" with you and what gives you distress.

It is well to get your doctor's advice, however, and if he is a wise counsellor he will tell you that the practise of eating a well-cooked cereal every morning for breakfast will not only strengthen your digestion, but keep the bowels healthy and active. The best cereal for this purpose is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

because it is the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world. It is not "treated," flavored or compounded with anything—just the pure, whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away.

Delicious for breakfast when eaten with hot milk or cream and seasoned to suit the taste or for any meal with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples, preserved peaches or other preserved or fresh fruits.

The Only Cereal Food Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Some Simple Baskets and How to Make Them

By JOSEPHINE HOWE

BASKETRY is a fascinating craft in which but a small amount of work and very little outlay is required for making useful and charming articles. Materials may be bought at basket factories, or where kindergarten supplies are sold. The round reeds used for the weaving come in pound packages, the price varying according to the size. The finest is No. 0, costing a dollar a pound; No. 6, coarse enough for ordinary use, being about fifty cents a pound. The other numbers range in price between these two figures. A pound is sufficient for several baskets of medium size.

When the spokes become pliable, lay them in groups of four, one group crossing the other exactly in the center (Fig. 3). Bind them together (Fig. 3) by laying an end of the weaver beside the crossed spokes, and drawing it over and under several times until they are held firm. Make the beginning fearlessly, for a good basket depends upon a firm hand. A little practise perfects.

Cut the end diagonally across and insert the extra spoke by forcing it between the crossed spokes at the center just where the end of the weaver starts. Separate the spokes evenly, and commence weaving, holding the part begun in the left hand, the thumb on the center, the fingers



FIG. 1—THE TWIST OF REED READY FOR SOAKING



A MANICURE BASKET WITH RECEPTACLE FOR WATER



RIBBONS HOLD SMALL POWDER-PUFF IN COVER



FIG. 2—DRAW THE REED FROM THE BUNCH AT THE LOOP END



CHAMOIS-LINED POWDER BASKET WITH BOW TRIMMING



EVERY WOMAN NEEDS SUCH A WORK-BASKET

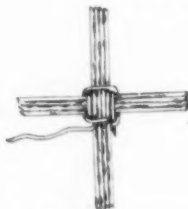


FIG. 3—TWO GROUPS OF FOUR ARE CROSSED

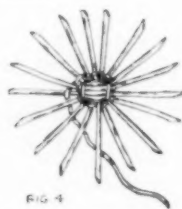


FIG. 4—THE SPOKES ARE EVENLY SPREAD

Use numbers 1, 2, and 3 for small baskets; numbers 4, 5, and 6 for larger ones. The spokes should be one or two sizes coarser than the weavers.

To commence the work (Fig. 2), pull a dozen strands of reed, one at a time, from where the arrow points, and coil each separately (Fig. 1), into a loose twist. Put these into warm water, and soak for twenty minutes. Cut the reed for spokes the desired length, and put to soak in warm water.

The pin-basket is six inches across the bottom, and two inches deep, flaring to eight inches at the top. Use No. 3 reed for spokes; eight pieces eighteen, and one piece nine inches long. Use No. 2 weavers.

between the spokes, turning as necessary. Weave with right hand from left to right, pushing the weaver down as each spoke is crossed, to keep firm and even.

To renew a weaver, draw the end of the one just used back of the last spoke, beyond which it extends about an inch, and cut off diagonally, leaving about half an inch. Slip this down through the woven part at the right of the spoke. Insert at the left of the same spoke a new piece, also cut across diagonally at the end, and bring it forward for weaving. When the bottom is the desired size, in order to turn for weaving the sides, as you pass the weaver over each spoke

gradually bend it upward till almost at a right angle to the bottom, if, as is usually the case, flaring sides are desired; or exactly at right angles when perfectly straight sides are wanted. Examples of



THESE SPOOLS CANNOT
RUN AWAY

both ways are here illustrated. Keeping the spokes in the proper position, continue weaving till the sides are as deep as intended. To make the border, finish by diagonally cutting off spokes four inches beyond sides. Bend and bring each one over the first spoke on its left, and press the end down between the weaving, back of the next spoke to this, so continuing all the way around.

These directions apply to all the baskets illustrated, the difference in shape and size of reed being the only variations. Keep the reed well soaked, especially when shaping the basket or using the heavier reed. Dye of any preferred color may be put on when the basket is finished, or the reed may be colored first; gilt may also be used.

The pin-basket has a cushion made over a disk of cardboard covered with China silk and filled with white wool, fitted in the bottom of the basket. Five small cushions, two and a half inches in diameter, and covered with the China silk, are sewed through the center to the sides of the basket equal distances apart. Tie bows of half-inch satin ribbon between them. Put pins of a different kind in each.

The large work-basket has a six-inch bottom, is six inches deep, and ten inches across the top. Eight pieces of No. 4 reed twenty-six inches long, and one piece half that length are cut for spokes. No. 3 reed is used for weavers. Line the basket with shirred figured chintz, sewing a disk of cardboard covered with the same material in the bottom. A round pincushion, a needle-book, and a gathered pocket are fastened around the sides of the basket. Finish with a bow of half-inch ribbon.

For the scrap-basket or jardinière, spoke-pieces thirty inches long are cut of No. 4 reed. No. 3 reed is used for weavers. The bottom is five inches across, depth nine, and diameter at the opening seven inches. The same style basket may be made in smaller sizes, and would be suitable for use on a desk or dressing

table. A large fluffy bow is used for ornament. This basket is exceptionally attractive for a house-plant. It may also be used for cut flowers, for which a tin the proper size should be provided; a glass jar may be substituted.

For the manicure basket, cut eight pieces twenty-two inches, and one piece eleven inches long of No. 3 reed for spokes. No. 2 is used for weavers. The bottom measures three and a half inches, depth three, top spacing five, and flaring edge two and a half inches. A glass bowl is put in the center for water. The buffer, file, scissors, and nail paste are held in place around the edge with bands of narrow elastic, the ends sewed together underneath so that they do not show.

The handkerchief basket measures six

inches across the top, five at the bottom, and is four inches deep. Cut spoke - pieces twenty inches long of No. 3 reed; use No. 2 weavers. Line the basket with scented cotton covered with silk. Shirr a piece of silk eight inches wide, and sew to the top of basket. Attach a six-inch diameter embroidery hoop to the free edge of the silk, finishing neatly.

Cut eight fifteen-inch

pieces, and one eight-inch piece of No. 3 reed for spokes, and use No. 2 weavers for the spool-basket. Make three-inch circular cushion; fill with

wool; fasten through the middle to the center of the basket inside. Tie the spools in place around the sides with half-inch satin ribbon, run through each, then through the basket, and tied in a bow. The bottom is six

inches in diameter; depth, one and a half.

The powder-basket is three inches across the bottom, four and a half at the

top, and three inches deep. Use fifteen-inch pieces of No. 3 reed for spokes; No. 2 weavers. Make the cover slightly dome-shaped by pushing up a little while weaving; when beginning it, an inch ring is attached at center. Line both parts with chamois; tie cover to basket with ribbon, running through edges of both, and tying in bow

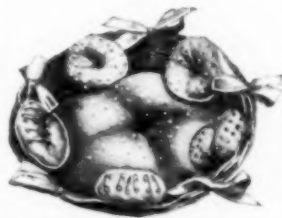
on outside. Tie another bow in ring at the top, and the little basket is finished. Any one of these baskets is most practical.



FOR MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS
ROSE JAR



CONVENIENT FOR HAND-
KERCHIEFS



PINS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES
ARE HANDY FOR USE

1847 ROGERS BROS.

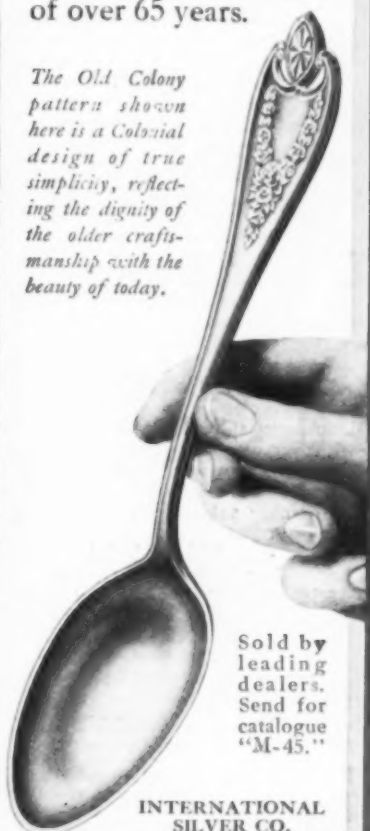
"Silver Plate

that Wears"



THE best argument for silverware is to say that it has proved its worth through service. 1847 ROGERS BROS. "Silver Plate that Wears" is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

The Old Colony pattern shown here is a Colonial design of true simplicity, reflecting the dignity of the older craftsmanship with the beauty of today.



Sold by
leading
dealers.
Send for
catalogue
"M-45."

INTERNATIONAL
SILVER CO.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of
Sterling Silver and Plate.



Wash, Clean and Renew Your O-Cedar Mop

REMEMBER your O-Cedar Polish Mop is easily cleaned when soiled. Simply wash it in good strong soap suds and hot water. Let it dry thoroughly—then pour on two tablespoonfuls of O-Cedar Polish and the mop is as good as the day you bought it.

The New — The Improved — The Better

O-Cedar Mop

Two Sizes—\$1.00 and \$1.50

is now perfected, making dusting, cleaning and polishing hardwood floors and finished surfaces quicker, easier and better than ever before. Over 1,000,000 are now giving absolute satisfaction—ask your neighbor.

The improved pad is easier removed for washing, cleaning and renewing. It is interchangeable, and you can replace it with our special treated pad for dusting and cleaning waxed surfaces or where a high finish is not desired. New pads can be quickly substituted. Practically two mops in one.

Sold on Trial
Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Simply deposit the price with your dealer for an O-Cedar Mop. Try and test it 2 days—your money returned the instant you say it is not satisfactory.

Sent direct, upon receipt of price, when not at dealer's.
(\$1.00 size not sold in Canada.)

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.,
1435 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.
CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

O-Cedar Polish, the vegetable compound, gives a hard, dry, lasting lustre that never gets gummy or collects dust—25c to \$2.50 sizes—at your dealer's.



THE BUTTERFLY INVASION

By MARGARET LOWE

PARIS is butterfly mad, and, indeed, so are we. Such airy, fairy creations with butterfly wings are now upon us in numbers that amount to a veritable invasion! From the crown of her head to the tip of her dainty toe, Miss Fashion displays marvelous, jewel-studded, gauze-winged butterflies in many varieties and shapes.

A huge black lace butterfly, so broad from tip to tip of wings that it almost covers the front of the corsage, is considered quite the smartest, newest accessory for

ment. The butterfly may flutter at the side of the crown, or rest upon the edge of the brim, back or front.

A crocheted shape of ratine cord, trimmed with a single skeleton butterfly constructed of wire cleverly covered and interlaced with the cord, makes a very chic little hat.

Another charming expression of the butterfly vogue is a jeweled ornament. The butterfly is coquettishly poised on the shoulder; add to this the velvet wristband on which also is one of the tiny winged creatures, and

the effect is complete.

Tulle sashes, with butterfly trimmings, are effective with simple evening frocks, and following close on the heels of



POISED BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS

the winter evening frock. Sometimes the big black lace butterfly is set between the shoulders at the point of the décolletage of the debutante's evening



ACCESSORY FOR THE EVENING FROCK



TWO EXPRESSIONS OF THE BUTTERFLY VOGUE



HAT WITH SKELETON BUTTERFLY

dress. The effect is novel and especially pretty.

Milliners were among the first to exploit this new and favored detail of decoration, and its special adaptability for hats sent it flying to them, to poise upon the winter chapeau, often as the only adorn-



THE NEW BUTTERFLY VEIL

the butterfly accessories from Paris comes an American novelty, the butterfly veil. There are slipper butterflies also of lace and tulle. It is no wonder that so fascinating a fad has captivated America.



TULLE SASHES WITH BUTTERFLIES ARE EFFECTIVE



SLIPPER FLY OF LACE



AIRY WINGS OF TULLE

PUTTING UP CHRISTMAS COSMETICS

By ANNETTE BEACON

THE dainty girl or woman who every other month in the year takes time to think just a little of her personal appearance and how to keep herself looking fresh and sweet and attractive, must follow the Christmas example, when December makes its bow, and see if she can-



OUR FIRST NEED IS FOR A FEW SIMPLE UTENSILS

not use some of the beauty knowledge she has been acquiring, for the pleasure and benefit of friends and relatives. Perhaps you may not see quite how this can be done, but there is where I prove myself a most convenient personage. For I have a fully-fledged plan to submit to you. You have learned, ere this, that the toilet-table of the well-groomed woman, the attractive woman, must, perforce, be furnished forth with a number of simple aids to the toilet—lotions that will remove stains from her fingers, cold creams to protect her skin from chapping, sweet-smelling astringents to keep her unruly pores in order, and a few other equally helpful accessories.

To be sure, for real beauty she must depend upon her own good sense in living a healthy normal life, in breathing in plenty of good pure air, eating simple foods, taking plenty of exercise, dressing sanely, and remembering the internal as well as the external value of water.

BUT when all is said and done, potatoes which have to be peeled, and typewriter ribbons which stain the fingers, and blustery winds which embrace her when duty or pleasure calls her abroad, will still leave her problems to consider.

So let us put a proper value upon those little bottles and jars and boxes, and not only see that our own toilet-table is properly supplied, but provide a gracious Christmas overflow for our friends.

Can't you see how you can prepare some most unique Christmas gifts that will not only be warmly received for their usefulness, but for their novelty, as well?

Let us, then, get to work. What shall we prepare, and how shall we go about it?

Our first need is for a few simple utensils—a porcelain kettle, scales, a wooden spoon, a grater, a bowl, a sharp knife, and a pestle or potato-masher.

Next, we should supply ourselves with a few small ointment jars, some glass-stoppered bottles, a few yards of firm, cheesecloth, some embroidery cotton, and a decorative box or two.

With these before us, we are ready to begin, and I propose that, first, we make a half-dozen beauty bags, each, for Polly, Meg, and Sue. Here is where our cheesecloth comes in. Cut some strips, 4x5 inches. Double each to make a piece 4x2½ inches, and baste two sides. Fill through the open side with prepared oats, and then buttonhole all four sides with pink or blue embroidery cotton. Simple, isn't it? Half a dozen in a box will make Meg happy, as she will use one instead of a washcloth and soap, dipping it in the water, hastily withdrawing it, and washing her face. A milky substance will ooze forth, and her skin will be soft and smooth, as a result. One bag can be used a couple of times, if dried immediately.

NOW let us supplement our beauty-bag idea by preparing some delightful bath bags. These are a real luxury, and should go to the girl friend who is particularly dainty of person. For a dozen bags, 8x6 inches in size, the amount called for in this formula will be just about right:

EGYPTIAN BATH BAGS

Pulverized orris root ½ pound
Castile soap 4 ounces
[Here is where your grater becomes a necessity, for the soap must be carefully grated]
Almond meal ¼ pound
Refined bran 1½ pounds

Mix thoroughly and divide in twelve equal portions, filling each bag loosely. A bath bag is used instead of a sponge, and imparts a delicate fragrance as well as a milky softness to the skin.

For the charming hostess who has entertained you so often and delightfully, fill one of your pretty boxes with some perfumed pastilles. Here is an excellent formula. Before getting any of the ingredients, price them, so you will know their cost. Prices vary in different parts of the country.

PARISIAN PASTILLES

Powdered charcoal 1½ ounces
Powdered benzoin 1 ounce
Powdered santalwood 1 ounce
Powdered ca-carilla ½ ounce
Powdered cinnamon ½ ounce
Powdered cloves ½ ounce
Powdered niter ½ ounce
Powdered olibanum ¼ ounce

[Do not get sandalwood instead of santalwood]

Mix the powders, and beat into them a small amount of gum tragacanth which has been dissolved in so little water as to

(Concluded on page 72)



(Upper Half of 1914 Panel)

Did This Ever Happen to You?

"Callers!" you exclaim to your husband when the doorbell rings unexpectedly of an evening, "and I look like a fright."

Don't worry. Just take a one-minute massage with Pompeian. Into the skin the cream goes; in a moment out it comes, and—Presto! You are transformed.

"Why, my dear, how well you look!" exclaims one of the callers as you appear among them a moment later. You are pleased. Your husband smiles his proud approval.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Now, how did you subdue those tired lines in your face? By the invigorating action of the Pompeian massage, which relaxed your tense, tired muscles and refreshed you wonderfully. What brought that clear, delightful, natural glow to your pale cheeks? The Pompeian massage, which stimulated the blood circulation in your face as the cream rubbed in and out in its peculiar friction-creating way.

Try the above plan and become happy in the knowledge of your good looks.

Trial Jar & Art Panel

sent for 10c. Size of 1914 Panel, 32x7½ in. No advertising on front. Exquisitely executed in colors. Clip coupon now.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.

9 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted, coin preferred.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 9 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and the 1914 Art Panel.

Name
Address
City State

Josephine Cohan,
starring with J. C. Williamson
Co. of Australia in "Broad-
way Jones," wears a Simmons
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A YULE-TIDE FROLIC

By ELEANOR OTIS

WITH quips and cranks and jollitee" the Christmas season comes again, and there is no time of the year when it is easier to entertain successfully, for even the coldest heart warms up for the Yule-tide. Christmas Day belongs to the family, but for days beforehand, Christmas parties are in progress, and the boys and girls who have come home for the holidays make the season a round of festivities. Pretty Christmas invitations may be made by cutting tiny stockings from red cardboard, and writing across them in gold letters a hearty message, as, for instance, the following merry quatrain:

Sing ho, sing hey, for the holiday!
Sing hey for the Christmas cheer,
Pray come at eight, and don't be late,
For Santa Claus will be here.

Cut the stockings bulgy in shape, as if they were bursting with goodies; paste the head and shoulders of a small paper doll across the top, so that she seems rising out of the stocking. Write your name and address below. The house must be decorated in gay Christmas fashion. Wreaths of holly tied in the windows welcome the guests before they reach the house, and within all is a scheme of green and scarlet. As Christmas parties are very jolly affairs, it is well to clear the rooms of superfluous furniture, leaving space for active games. Evergreens and holly are banked in the corners and gathered in great masses above the chandeliers, the pictures are outlined in garlands, and long festoons of Christmas greens, twisted on invisible wire, hang from the picture molding. An open fire crackles on the hearth, and on the mantel three tall white candles burn.

In the dining-room stands a table, covered with a snowy cloth; above it hangs a huge, red Christmas bell, with strings of cranberries and pop-corn reaching down to the four corners of the table. In the center of the table a mirror is laid flat, and on this improvised lake is a glittering mansion of rock candy. Layers of cotton sprinkled with diamond dust sur-

round the lake, piled in miniature snowdrifts hiding the edges of the mirror. A path of cotton leads up to the door of the candy mansion, and tiny twigs along the path represent trees. If the tips of these twigs are dipped in a saturated solution of alum, and then allowed to dry, they will be covered with tiny imitation icicles. Before the mansion stands a small papier-mâché Santa Claus, such as may be purchased from any confectioner's. Thin flakes of white cotton dipped in the diamond dust are suspended by invisible black thread from the bell above, and hover above the rock castle like snowclouds. Diamond-dust snow sparkles on the castle roof in true wintry fashion.

AT EACH corner of the table burns a red Christmas candle in a high silver candlestick; at one end is heaped a pile of pop-corn balls and apples; at the other stands the holly-wreathed "wassail bowl". The wise hostess, knowing that

Christmas frolics make young people thirsty, serves fruit nectar, as delicious as it is harmless. The guests assembled, the fun begins with holly tag, which banishes all formality for the



HOLLY TAG BANISHES ALL FORMALITY

evening. One player is given a sprig of holly with which to tag the others. There is a mad scramble, some one is tagged immediately, and now both players join hands and go in search of other victims. In this way, the line grows, the players at the ends having the privilege of tagging. As the line becomes longer and more unwieldy, the fun becomes more furious, until all the players are caught.

Holly tag leaves every one breathless, so the hostess has chosen a quieter game to follow. A holly wreath is suspended from the chandelier, and just behind the wreath is a cluster of sleigh-bells. Each guest in turn takes a light rubber ball, covered with cotton to resemble a snowball, and has three throws at the bells. Every time the bells jingle, the successful player receives a chocolate Santa Claus as a prize for his skill.

Those who have failed to win chocolate Santas have a chance to redeem

(Continued on page 73)

SUPPLEMENTING THE FAMILY PURSE

By A HOME WOMAN

Department of Home Money-Making Methods

SIX fresh loaves of home-made bread, and a boiled beef tongue, a layer cake, and three delicious apple pies, as well as three small children and myself, were waiting Will's home-coming the next day. We were all eager and impatient. We had never been separated before in the ten years we had been married, and it seemed the climax of all the ill luck that had come—drought and flood and sickness—to cause us to mortgage our little place back East, and finally to drive us West in search of better health and fortune.

We had bought a tiny home in a mountain town on the railroad, where work had been plenty in the summer; but I had to keep the wolf from the door during the first winter by taking in washing. After another year's struggle, a heavy frost killed the apple and peach blossoms in the valley orchards, and that instantly brought various enterprises in the town to a standstill. My husband suffered enforced idleness until he was obliged to accept a job on a ranch forty miles away, though at a wage far too low to provide anything like a comfortable living, so we were soon in debt to "butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker".

He was only able to get home at rare intervals, and his promised visit for this Sunday was anticipated with all the pleasure imaginable. Notwithstanding our hard circumstances, I had strained the weak purse in order to have ready his favorite apple pies and a few extras. When my baking was done on Saturday afternoon, I hurried over to the postoffice to get the letter I knew the stage would bring me, telling me the hour for his arrival the next day. I seized it with delight, and hastily tore it open. My elation fell into keenest disappointment. He found it impossible to come.

MY THOUGHTS flew back to the little ones. I knew how disappointed they, too, would be, and I thought also of the extras I had cooked, and repented my extravagance. What should I do? Feeling too overwrought to face the children at once, I walked on down the street toward the depot, where I saw an unusual crowd gathering.

"A wreck on the road," I was told in answer to my inquiry. The lady I had

spoken to began plying many questions.

"I wish we could find something to eat," she said. "It will be hours before we can get away. Do you know where we could get some home cooking? We would pay well for it."

I THOUGHT of my extras and of my need of money, and I saw an opportunity to dispose of pies and cakes at a profit. The proverbial ill wind had blown me this good and I accepted it gratefully. "Will you sell them?" the lady asked when I told her of my loaves and pies, explaining that I did not now need them.

"Certainly," I answered gladly, thinking mostly of the money, but knowing, too, that my disappointment would not allow me to enjoy the things I had cooked for Will in happy anticipation.

Three or four of the ladies went home with me, and when they left, my table was bare. I held in my hand three shining dollars, and in my head a good idea for home money-making.

As I tied up the things they had bought, one of the ladies had remarked, "It seems to me some one could make good money selling lunches at the train, it is so far up-town to any place to eat, even if the trains stop."

I wondered why the idea had never occurred to me, for I had racked my brain for ways to earn money.

I thought it out, and on Monday I bought:

1 dozen buns	\$.10
2 dozen doughnuts25
Sliced ham25
2 pies30
6 pickles05
1 dozen oyster pails15
75 paper napkins05
200 toothpicks05
Total	\$1.20

I was at the station for the four p. m. train, with a half-dozen lunches, each packed in a quart oyster-pail, the most convenient receptacle I was able to get. I sold every one of them at twenty-five cents apiece, and went home with my dollar and a half, much elated. For I had cleared ninety cents, and had on hand the material for six more lunches.

The next day I met the four morning trains, two up and two down, and sold ten lunches for \$2.50, a profit of \$1.50. The

(Continued on page 75)

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make better bread by any recipe in three minutes than can be made by hand. Save time and lighten the day's work. Sanitary because hands do not touch the dough. \$2.00 to \$2.50.

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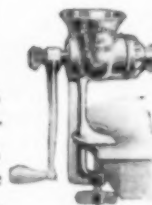
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Honest goods—woven of full-size pure-dye silk—not made full size by weighting—this explains the remarkable success of Skinner's Satin. We weave the name in the selvage to protect you against dishonest satins.

Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores and we will reline it free of expense.

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This label should be in every-made garments.



The Satin Lining
in this garment is
Skinner's Satin
AND IS GUARANTEED
TO WEAR TWO SEASONS
MANUFACTURED BY
William Skinner & Sons.

A HOLIDAY MILLINERY LESSON

(Continued from page 28)

must be sure not to get too wide, already covered with shirred ribbon of any color. Before adding any of the decorations, first cut the garters to fit and finish them off.

The star flower on the one garter (Fig. 10) is made of five petals finished in the middle with a little padded cushion. This cushion is about three-quarters of an inch across the top, and has four lines made by stitches taken with green floss. For the petals, cut five three-inch squares of satin or silk. Fold the squares on the diagonal to form a double triangle; then fold this triangle again, to make another triangle half as

The third garter (Fig. 7) has a little satin pocket on the side to hold a small powder-puff or money. The piece of satin used for the pocket is three and one-half inches wide, and six and one-half inches long. It is seamed to make a compartment two inches deep, and the flap folds over about two inches. Around the edge of the flap, shirred satin ribbon, three-eighths inches wide, is sewed like a little ruche. Three tiny flowers, pink, white, and rose, are placed in one corner, with a bit of maiden-hair fern. The flowers are made by gathering along one selvage about three inches



FIG. 6—ONE PETAL OF THE CALIFORNIA DAHLIA



FIG. 7—A PARIS GARTER WITH A SATIN POCKET



FIG. 8—RIBBON ROSES ARE EFFECTIVE



FIG. 9—WHO WOULD RECOGNIZE THIS TALL-CUM-POWDER BOX?



FIG. 10—A FANCY GARTER IS WORN BELOW THE LEFT KNEE

large. Gather this double triangle across the raw or open edge, draw the gathering tight, and fasten it. The bud is made of a square the same size as the petals. Fold the square once on the diagonal, and gather the raw edges, then roll the petal to look like a bud. The leaves are made of three-inch squares, folded and gathered exactly like the petals of the flower. They are sewed firmly to the loops of wire, which are the ends of the stems bent into leaf shape. After you arrange the flower, bud, and leaves in a spray, wind the stems with green silk floss to finish.

The vine on the second garter (Fig. 8) is made of green silk rattail braid (it can also be made of chenille or of a tiny silk piping). To make the little flowers, cut a strip of bias satin one inch wide and about four inches long. Fold it through the middle lengthwise, and gather along the raw edge. Roll the gathered bias to form the flower and sew across the base to hold the swirls. Arrange the flowers at intervals along the vine.



FIG. 11—A CALIFORNIA DAHLIA ADDS AN EFFECTIVE TOUCH TO THE WAISTLINE

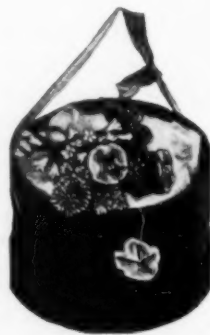


FIG. 12—THIS TINY HAND-BOX HOLDS A BOUTONNIERE FOR POLLY'S MUFF

of baby ribbon, and are finished in the center with a little stamen or a French knot. Line the pocket with stiff satin or taffeta to give it body, and sew small clasps on the flap to fasten it.

The boutonniere in the tiny handbox (Fig. 12) is very popular for wear on fur scarfs or muffs. It is made of two-and-one-half-inch circles of velvet. Cut the circles and gather them around the edge without turning the edge. Draw the gathering thread as tight as you can. Cut about three inches of stem wire, turn a small loop at one end, and sew this firmly to the gathers on the back of the flower. Sew a little stamen or a French knot in the middle of the flower.

One bright blue, two taupe, and one brilliant orange velvet flower, bunched with a spray of mignonette, and one of white heather, make an attractive color blending.

In these days of transparent dresses, the underwaists, made of chiffon, shadow laces,

(Concluded on page 64)

COMMUNITY SILVER

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CHRISTMAS in your community?

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Beautiful, but not extravagant - as
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KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

It is easily made into any form—is inexpensive—delights and satisfies every member of the family.

KNOX Peanut Dainties

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup boiling water
2 cups light brown sugar
2 cups roasted peanuts, chopped

Soak gelatine in the cold water 10 minutes. Add sugar to the boiling water and when dissolved add the gelatine and boil slowly 15 minutes. Remove from fire and add 1 cup of the peanuts and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice for 1/2 teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in the Acidulated package dissolved in a little water).

Wet pan in cold water and turn mixture into it to depth of 1/4 inch. Let stand over night, cut in squares and roll in ground peanuts.

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GOODIES FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

AT NO time of the year are fancy cakes, cookies, and candies so welcome as at the Christmas season.



In my own family we have always devoted one entire day, shortly before Christmas, just to candy-making. All help, and when the work is done, we have an ample supply to last until school opens again, and plenty to fill

boxes for friendly gifts, cornucopias for the tree, and dishes full for the Christmas table and the chance guest. We never attempt anything very difficult or very elaborate; where the children can help, it lightens the work and adds to their pleasure. Here are some of our favorite receipts used at this time:

mallows make good fillings for dates; roll the fruit in granulated sugar to neutralize the stickiness of the outside. Keep stuffed dates in tins, or they will become hard.

PLAIN FUDGE.—Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Add two cupfuls of light-brown or A sugar, a round tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of milk, and a trace of salt. Cook for twelve minutes after boiling begins, but do not allow the boiling to be too violent or the sugar will crystallize against the sides of the pan and precipitate granulation of the whole. Take from the fire and stand in a pan of cold water, and beat steadily till thick. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and turn out on a buttered platter. Mark before it is too stiff. For maple fudge use maple sugar.

FRENCH FONDANT.—Stir into the white of an egg an equal quantity of water; then work into the mixture all the sifted confectioner's or XXX sugar it will take. Separate into as many bowls as you want

flavors; put a teaspoonful of vanilla extract with one cupful, two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee with another (adding sugar enough to stiffen again), rose-water in a third, orange, lemon, and almond flavoring in other bowls.

NUT CREAMS.

—Roll small balls of the fondant and press halves of walnut or pecan meats on opposite sides. Set on waxed paper to harden.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Dip tiny cones of the fondant into chocolate which has been melted in the double boiler. Lift out carefully with two forks, and set on buttered plates or waxed paper. Bitter chocolate may be used, or the special sweet chocolate that comes for the purpose. Keep the melted chocolate at an even temperature, about ninety-six degrees, and keep stirring it thoroughly. Dry the chocolates in a cool place. If you allow them to become cold and then warm again, they are apt to look streaky.

STUFFED DATES.—Remove pits from the dates through a lengthwise slit. Roll a long narrow piece of vanilla fondant, lay in the place of the stone, and set the date aside. Peanuts, almonds, or any nuts, also candied pineapple and marsh-

PINUCHI.—Four cupfuls of light-brown sugar, two rounded tablespoonfuls of butter, and one cupful of cream. Stir until the sugar is melted, then boil until a soft ball forms when a spoonful is dropped

in cold water. Take from the fire and beat till thick, adding a cupful of pecan meats as thickening begins. Turn out on a buttered platter.

BUTTER SCOTCH.

—Half a cupful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil

until brittle when dropped into cold water. Pour into a buttered dish, and break into pieces when hard, or drop on paraffin paper.

MOLASSES TAFFY.—Two cupfuls of dark molasses, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of water, two rounded tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a pinch of baking-soda, and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cook the molasses, sugar, water, and vinegar to the boiling-point. Add the cream of tartar, and boil until it is very brittle when dropped in cold water. Add the butter and soda. Pour into a pan or on a greased marble slab. Pull when sufficiently cool to handle.

BUTTER CUPS.—Roll a piece of molasses taffy into a long thin strip and fill with fondant in a long roll; fold the edges together and cut in squares with a sharp pair of scissors.



PULLING THE CHRISTMAS TAFFY

MARRONS GLACÉS.—Large French chestnuts are best. Remove the shells and skins. Boil until tender; drain, and for each pint add a pound of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Make a syrup by bringing the sugar to boil in a cupful of water; add the chestnuts. Cook slowly until the chestnuts are soft, dark, and rich. Bottle carefully, and they will keep for any length of time.



SHELLING THE NUTS FOR THE GOODIES

NUTS GLACÉS.—These may be cut up as nut bars. Arrange almonds, walnuts, Brazil-nuts, or any mixture of nuts, well packed (after blanching) in a greased shallow pan. Melt a quantity of granulated sugar, and pour it around the nuts, filling all the crevices. Harden and cut.

PEPPERMINT TABLETS.—Boil three cupfuls of sugar with a cupful of water and a pinch of cream of tartar until a soft ball forms when a spoonful is dropped in cold water. Add four drops of oil of peppermint, and beat until granulation seems about to begin. Pour in rounds on paraffin paper.

COCOANUT DROPS.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add a cupful of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla. When very stiff, beat in gradually one and a half cupfuls of grated cocoanut, and drop on greased tins. Bake for fifteen minutes in a brisk oven.

BRAZIL MERINGUES.—Beat the whites of three eggs with a pinch of salt. Add gradually two cupfuls of powdered sugar, flavor with one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and stir in one cupful of chopped Brazil-nuts. Drop from a teaspoon on well-greased baking-pans, and bake in a very slow oven for about one hour.

SALTED ALMONDS.—To blanch, place the almonds in a colander and pour boiling water over them, leaving them in the water for a few minutes; lift them out to drain while the skins are rubbed off. Dry them in a moderate oven. While hot, stir into them a tablespoonful of olive oil, seeing that each almond is well coated. Dust with table salt. Toast in the oven till they are a golden color. Those who like much salt should use butter, and allow the almonds to cool without rubbing. The butter solidifies, and having been dusted with salt, forms a salty coating on the nuts.



Remember To Say Quaker

Don't merely call for oats. There are poorly-flavored oat foods made for people who don't care. You want the richest flavor, the big, plump grains, the creamy flakes. Then say "Quaker Oats." They cost the same per package as the lesser kinds.

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Quaker Oats is the cream of the oats, picked out by 62 siftings. It consists of only the rich, plump grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The flakes are big and luscious. The flavor is kept intact. The result is an oat food which has taught

millions of children an abiding love of oats. Why go without this flavor when Quaker Oats—like others—costs but one-half cent per dish?

**Regular Size
Package, 10c**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

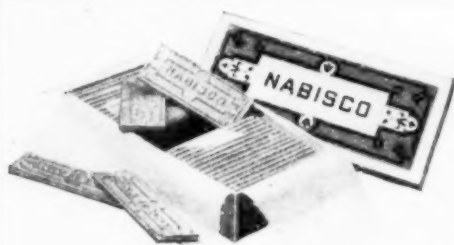
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(485)



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



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Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



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Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

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Try an IMPERIAL Stone Oven Bottom Range 30 days free—at our risk. No dealer's profits—no freight charges—no expense to you. An IMPERIAL Range is a woman's pride. Complete with new Dustless Ash Sifter, "No-odor" Hood and Oven

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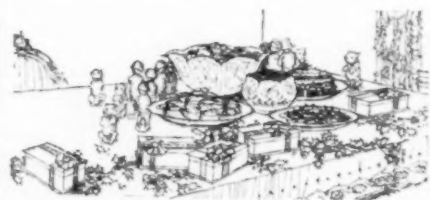
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NUT PATTIES.—Wash one pound of butter, and stir it to a cream; add gradually half a pound of sugar, two eggs, and one and a half pounds of flour. Roll out thin, and cut into small round cakes. Brush with the yolk of an egg beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar, and strew thickly with chopped blanched almonds or pecan meats. Bake to a very delicate brown in a moderate oven.

DEVIL'S-FOOD PATTIES.—To a cupful of milk add four ounces of bitter chocolate, and cook in the double boiler till thick and smooth. Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream; add gradually one and a half cupfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Add the chocolate mixture and two cupfuls of pastry flour, with which two rounded teaspoonfuls of baking-powder have been sifted. Mix well, and stir in the well-beaten whites of the three eggs. Bake in small patty tins, and coat with chocolate icing.

WALNUT COOKIES.—Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of walnuts, two cupfuls of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one cupful of milk. Mix as for cake, drop on a buttered pan, and bake.



CAKES AND CANDIES PREPARED AT HOME

SAND COOKIES.—To half a cupful of butter creamed with a cupful of sugar, add the yolk of one egg well beaten, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of milk, the white of the egg, and enough more flour to make the proper consistency to roll. Roll and shape; sprinkle with two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon mixed with four of sugar, decorate with halves of almonds, and bake in a quick oven.

HERMITS.—Three-quarters of a cupful of butter, mixed with a cupful of brown sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs, and three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of hot water; two and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a quarter teaspoonful each of cloves, mace, allspice, and nutmeg, and finally one cupful of seeded raisins. Roll a quarter of an inch thick, cut with cookie-cutter, put a few raisins on each, and bake in a moderate oven for twelve to fifteen minutes.



NEW WAYS WITH EGGS

By GEORGETTE WATERS

EGGs will always come to our aid when there is nothing else to fall back upon, and it is wise to familiarize ourselves with a variety of ways for preparing them. If an unexpected guest arrives for luncheon, when there is nothing especially dainty in the larder, eggs served in some novel manner will supply the need satisfactorily.

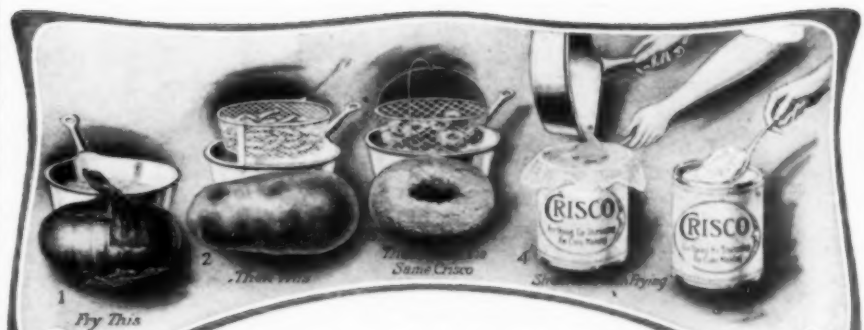
BLARNEY EGGS.—Wash six medium-sized potatoes, and bake in a hot oven until they are soft. Remove the top from each one, and scoop out about half of the pulp, being careful not to break the skin. Into the opening, slip from the shell one raw egg, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, one tablespoonful of butter, and the same amount of grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for five minutes.



EGGS IN TOMATO SAUCE.—Into a granite frying-pan put three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add to it two tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, and cook until a golden brown. Add two cupfuls of strained, stewed tomatoes, and cook until thick. Add two tablespoonfuls of sliced mushrooms, one tablespoonful of capers, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Keep hot until eggs are ready. Beat six eggs light, add half a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, and half a cupful of milk. Heat an omelet-pan, and put into it three tablespoonfuls of butter. When melted turn in the eggs. Cook until creamy, stirring carefully from the bottom of the pan. Stir the sauce into the eggs, and serve hot on toast points.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.—Into one cupful of thick hot white sauce put one canful of asparagus which has been drained. Do not stir. Make an omelet, and when it is ready for the platter, mark it to fold, and remove to the dish. On half of it place the asparagus and white sauce, sprinkle with salt, and fold the other half of the omelet over it. Garnish with parsley.

EGGS AND BAKED TOMATOES.—Plunge six medium-sized tomatoes into boiling water, and remove the skins. Cut off the tops and remove the seeds and centers. Into each slip from the shell one raw egg, season with salt and pepper, and cook in a hot oven until the eggs are set. Serve on buttered toast.



An Interesting Experiment

Use Crisco over and over for frying all manner of foods. Merely strain the food particles from the hot Crisco after each frying. Crisco does not transmit flavors or odors.

The test of frying fish, onions, potatoes, etc., has been made many times, not only by Domestic Science experts, but by housewives as well. It clearly illustrates Crisco's great economy. The use of Crisco does away with the bother of keeping different fats for the preparation of different foods.

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It will give him no end of pleasure, entertainment and instruction. Each issue is filled with clean, fascinating stories of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to Electricity, Mechanics,

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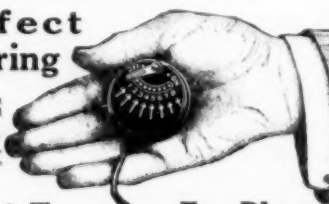
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Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 2069, 45 West 34th Street, New York

A HOLIDAY MILLINERY LESSON

(Continued from page 58)

and nets, instead of the old-fashioned linen and muslin, are very elaborate. A most exquisite one has little circlets of tiny rosebuds arranged upon lace medallions (Fig. 3). The buds are of pale blue and pink chiffon, and are made like those described for the first garter. The little leaves are of green chiffon, and are formed like the leaves described for the second garter. The wire is a fine silk rat-tail braid.

The fancy covers for the talcum-boxes (Fig. 9) can be as elaborate as you want them. In pink satin, trimmed at the top with a ruche of pale blue ribbon, and decorated on the front with a bunch of bright berries, they make a most dainty gift. To fashion the berries, cut circles one inch in diameter, turn the edge once, gather, stuff, and sew in the stem by turning a little loop at one end and fastening this loop well inside the berry. Finish by drawing the gathering-thread tight.

Any combination of colors may be substituted for the pink and blue of the one I have described. Try to choose them so that they will match in shade the other toilet luxuries of the person for whom you are fashioning this novel gift.

To make the ribbon slippers (Figs. 2 and 4), first cover the soles with satin and finish around the edge with a silk cord. Make a tiny heel by sewing ribbon to the edge of the sole around the heel's place, then cut the ends of the ribbon about one-half yard long to allow for tying over the instep. Shirr the ribbon that is sewed to the sole so that when finished it is only about one-inch high. The vamp or toe cap is made of a fitted piece of satin, like the covering of the sole. This is covered with a piece of lace that is shirred in rows over the vamp. The rosette on top is made of pink and blue chiffon buds like those on the underwaist and the first garter described. In the shops, these slippers cost from \$2.50 to \$3.50, but you can make them from scraps of old evening gowns, and not spend more than seventy-five cents for them.

All of these gifts will be most attractive if they are arranged, with the usual accessories of ribbon, tissue-paper, and sachet, in fancy boxes. The boxes you can easily make yourself with pasteboard and fancy paper.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, if you are puzzling over the making of fetching boxes, the proper placing of wings, feathers, or other trimmings, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped envelope is enclosed.

Simple Lessons in Embroidery, No. 1

(Continued from page 51)

(This centerpiece, No. 10351, stamped on écreu linen 22x22, 35 cents; 20 skeins of colored embroidery cotton, 35 cents extra. Centerpiece and embroidery cotton free for 3 50-cent subscriptions. Stamped on écreu linen 36x36, 75 cents; free for 3 50-cent subscriptions. Thirty skeins embroidery cotton, 50 cents extra.)

A luncheon set of white linen of medium weight (No. 10353) has a simple design developed in the raised satin-stitch and eyelet work. There is nothing difficult or tedious about such a pattern.

(This luncheon set, No. 10353, includes centerpiece, 22x22; plate doily, 12x12; tumbler doily, 6x6. Centerpiece, 40 cents; 6 skeins of cotton, 15 cents extra. Plate doily, 15 cents, 4 skeins of cotton, 10 cents extra. Six tumbler doilies 25 cents; 12 skeins of cotton, 30 cents extra. Set of centerpiece, and a half-dozen of each size doily, with cotton for working, free with 11 50-cent subscriptions.)

The initial designs for sheets and pillow-cases are of practical value to housekeepers who like beautiful bed linens. When the sheet is hemstitched, the design comes three inches above the hem, with the bottom of the letter toward the hem. The letter itself should be three inches high, and is very effective done in the raised satin-stitch (Nos. 10349 and 10350).

(Perforated pattern for sheet, No. 10349, 15 cents. Stamped on linen sheeting 72x100, \$4.00, or free for 16 50-cent subscriptions. Two skeins of cotton 5 cents extra. Pillow-case No. 10350 stamped on fine quality of pillow tubing 22x36, 75 cents per pair; free for 3 50-cent subscriptions. Four skeins of cotton for working, 10 cents extra. Sheets and pillow-cases cannot be furnished stamped with initial, but a perforated pattern of any letter of the alphabet in style illustrated will be supplied free with each stamped order.)

The articles herein described were especially chosen for their simplicity and effectiveness, as meeting the needs of the beginner, and at the same time presenting results that are so pleasing as to be highly encouraging. With ordinary care in the work, as cautioned above, there is no reason why any one of these pieces should not be perfectly executed by a woman who has never before undertaken embroidering even the simplest thing.

Editor's Note.—Any questions on embroidery will be gladly answered by our Fancy Work Editor, Miss Thomas. For those who wish to use their own goods instead of the stamped material offered here, we can supply a perforated pattern of any design on these pages for 15 cents. Material for stamping and directions are included. We pay postage.

\$250 to \$10,000 Will Be Paid

THE A. D. S., a National Co-operative Association of 17,285 Druggists and Physicians and Two and a Half Million Dollars Capital, offers this reward to all experts in the pharmaceutical world for discoveries that will improve (for the purpose intended) the contents of any of the following A. D. S. Packages:

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The spool silk

the good dressmaker selects

must be strong and durable—must be elastic to prevent the seams from tearing through the fabric—must be smooth to enable good work and rapid sewing and must be of pure, unchanging lustre to insure the satisfaction of the customer. The dressmaker *knows* one sewing silk that meets her every requirement—Belding's spool silk.

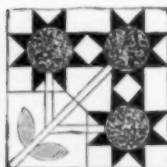


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WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

A Department Devoted to Good Manners and Social Usages

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

CHRISTMAS vacation means the return of the young people, and a round of gaieties in which the dance holds an ever-popular place. Little originality but great attention to details is required to insure its success.

Most private homes are not adapted to dancing, so that several hostesses often join together to rent a hall, and divide the expenses of giving a dance to which guests are invited by each. This was the plan followed by Patty and two of her friends who wanted to contribute their share to the holiday fun.

First, they consulted their mothers, and obtained the consent of those ladies to be hostesses for the occasion. A young girl never gives a dance herself, even in her own home. The invitations must always be sent out in her mother's name. If it is to be very informal, the daughter may write the invitation for her mother, saying:

My dear Mr. Anderson:
—Mother requests me to say that we should be delighted to have the pleasure of your company at an informal little dance on Wednesday evening, December the twentieth, at nine o'clock. I sincerely hope that nothing will prevent you from being with us. Cordially yours,



For a formal dance, such as the girls were planning, the invitations read, in the names of the three people,

Mrs. Herbert Livingstone
Mrs. Stanton Morrison
Mrs. Carlton Maxwell

request the pleasure of

Mr. John Anderson's

company on Wednesday evening,

December the twentieth, at nine o'clock.

Dancing Claremont Hall

EACH hostess enclosed her calling card in the invitations to those whom she personally was inviting. They directed their replies to her, and paid calls upon her within a fortnight after the event.

The requirements for a good dancing hall are unobstructed space, a good floor, brilliant lighting and ample ventilation. Before the invitations were sent, the girls had, of course, engaged their hall and music. For the music they had a piano, violin, and cornet. The number of guests and size of the hall determine the size of the orchestra required.

A week before the dance, they had the programs printed, and planned the refreshments. It is customary to have a



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No. 2, 42 in. long, 3.00 No. 5, 63 in. long, 6.00
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punch bowl of lemonade, which a maid serves to those who wish it throughout the evening. The men often get glasses for themselves and their partners at the end of a dance. The girls wished to have the regular supper very simple. They decided upon bouillon; chicken salad and sandwiches; frozen custard, cakes, and coffee, to be served at small tables in a room adjoining the hall. If that had been inconvenient, they would have had buffet service, the tables being omitted.

AT LAST, the great evening arrived. A servant at the door directed the guests to the dressing-rooms; the men to one, the girls to another. A maid helped the girls remove their wraps, and after a few minutes they rejoined their escorts, who were waiting in the corridor. Then they entered the ballroom, the girl immediately preceding the man, and greeted the hostesses, who stood in a line near the door. Patty and the two girls, standing beside them, also welcomed each guest, shaking hands and saying, "Good evening", or chatting a little. The men asked the girls for dances, filling the programs which had been handed to them just before entering the room. At large dances programs



are a great convenience; at smaller ones, their use is optional. When Patty promised a dance, the man wrote his initials down opposite that number on her program, and put her name down upon the corresponding place on his. Of course, every well-bred person is punctilious about keeping dancing engagements, and a girl never refuses a dance to one man in order to give it to another. She may, however, if he is an undesirable partner, resort to the expedient of saying that she is tired and would prefer to sit through the dance. Patty was very much disappointed because the Real Man arrived so late that she had only one dance left for him.

A man always presents himself to his next partner as soon as the music commences, with the conventional: "I believe this is our dance". If the girl he has been dancing with has no new partner, he leaves her with her chaperon or the hostess, so that she feels no embarrassment.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply to all questions which have to do with social usages if a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Christmas Gift for Fifty Thousand Little Girls



Why Not Your Little Girl?

\$1.00

61A68

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You Never Saw a Fur Set Like This One for \$1.00

Make Your Little Girl happy on Christmas morning with this dainty white fur set. You can tell to look at the picture that the price—\$1.00—is extra special—that you never had such a good opportunity before to save money. Made of fine, soft, selected coney fur skins, trimmed with black fur to resemble ermine tails. Scarf is cut in a new and stylish shape, well made and lined with white French sateen. Generous size muff made on a soft, warm bed; lined with white French sateen; finished with a long white silk neck-cord. Sizes suitable for a child up to 8 years. State age. \$1.00

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Simply write today for six skeins of Collingbourne's Fast Color, superior luster Artzilk, enclosing 30 cents in stamps or coin—regular retail price of Artzilk and postage.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

TO KEEP PICKLES FROM MOLDING.—A few small pieces of horse-radish root placed in the tops of jars or bottles will prevent mold forming on pickles, such as green tomato, chowchow, or anything of the kind. Two or three slices in the vinegar with your cucumber pickles will answer the same purpose. Bottled horse-radish may be used if the root is not at hand.—Mrs. S. C. H., Squirrel, Idaho.

POISON.—If you will tie a small sleigh-bell around the neck of a bottle containing poison, it will notify you day or night.—Mrs. K. G. C., Baltimore, Md.

TO MEND RUBBERS.—The usefulness of rubber overshoes may be prolonged by mending them with adhesive plaster, which may be bought for five cents a roll. Heat the plaster, and paste on the inside of the rubber over worn part.—J. W. D., Mexico, N. Y.

A SENSIBLE IRON - HOLDER.—Cut off the leather top of an old soft shoe and sew it between several thicknesses of cloth. Then you can iron with perfect comfort and without burning the hands.—A. S., Waterloo, Can.

TO MAKE STENCIL COLORS FAST.—After stenciling, if you will press a hot flat-iron over the pattern stenciled, you will find that it makes the color fast so that it cannot be washed out when the fabric is laundered. If you have mixed too much oil with the paints and smeared the fabric, place a blotter over the smear and press with a hot flat-iron. The oil will have been absorbed when the blotter is lifted, so that it is not noticeable.—J. E. M., Marion, S. D.

TO LOOSEN RUSTY PENS.—If a pen rusts in its holder, soak it in oil; it will soon loosen enough to be removed without difficulty.—V. R. G., Meriden, Miss.

FLOUR FOR SMOKY PAPER.—A cloth dipped into flour and rubbed across a smoky spot on the ceiling cleaned it nicely. Later, the whole ceiling was cleaned in the same way with satisfactory results.—H. M. M., Berlin, Wisconsin.



TO EXTRACT A SPLINTER.—When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand, it can be extracted by steam without pain. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle almost to the top with hot water; then, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press lightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and relieve the inflammation.—N. W., San Jose, Cal.



ALCOHOL ON WINDOWS.—When washing windows in winter use a small cloth wet in alcohol. This is excellent to remove any kind of dirt on windows, and can be dried without difficulty, since they will not become frosted as when water is used.—Mrs. A. S. M., Ute, Iowa.



SUBSTITUTE FOR LARD.—When baking griddle cakes, instead of greasing the griddle, rub it with a small bag of salt. The cakes are just as brown, and the kitchen is not filled with the odor of burning lard.—Mrs. G. A. M., Charleston, Wash.



TO CUT MARSHMALLOWS.—When marshmallows are to be cut for salads, and other dishes, use a pair of scissors frequently dipped in cool water. The marshmallows will cut easily and not be mashed.—V. B. M., Toltce, Colorado.



TO CRISP CEREALS.—I find an easy way to crisp the uncooked, ready-to-eat cereals is to place the amount required for one serving in an ordinary corn-popper and shake for a few minutes over a hot stove or lighted oil-stove. There is less danger of scorching than if placed in an oven.—R. B. D., Terryville, Connecticut.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Lesson 34. A Girl's Winter Coat

By MARGARET WHITNEY

ONE of the smartest of the new coats for a small daughter is that illustrated in Fig. 1, cut by McCall Pattern No. 5596, Girl's Coat, which comes in six sizes, for girls from two to twelve years of age. As illustrated here, it is of crushed or broadtail plush, a beautiful fabric especially designed for coats and wraps, and fifty inches wide, therefore cutting to good advantage. It costs from four to six dollars a yard, but equally smart coats can be made from cheaper plush, as well as from velvet, velours, bouclé, chin-chilla or double-faced cloth. As represented, collar, cuffs and muff were developed in white plush, but you can substitute less expensive material, making the contrast with two colors of plush, or with plush, velvet or cloth.

For a girl of ten, you will require two yards and five-eighths of fifty-inch material. The diagram, Fig. 3, shows how pattern should be laid to cut to the best advantage, where collar and cuffs are of the same material as coat. If you prefer them of white plush, you will need but two yards, as collar and cuffs can be cut from five-eighths of a yard. The hat will take half a yard more and the muff three-quarters, with five-eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material to line the muff. Hat and muff are cut by the pattern for Girl's Fur Set No. 4990, which includes directions for cutting and making.

To cut the coat, fold material in the middle lengthwise, and lay the center of the back, marked with three crosses (+), on fold. To save material I have also laid the center-front on fold, and so the fronts must be cut apart along the fold-edge after they are cut out.

The center-back of collar, when cut in this shape, is laid on the fold of material. This brings the front of the collar on the bias, and shapes it well over the shoulders. For this reason, pay no attention to the row of four large circles (●) in the pattern, put there to indicate the straight of the material. If, however, you use the

one-sided collar shown in the small view, Fig. 2, you will cut it quite differently. In this style, there is a bias seam at the middle of the back and the large circles (●) on the pattern must follow the grain of the goods.

The coat, as seen in Fig. 2, is very attractive and practical, with its pretty, one-sided collar of black velvet on the black-and-white honeycomb checked cloth. In this form it will be less expensive than in plush, as a good quality of cloth can be purchased for \$1.00 or \$1.50 a yard. With five-eighths of a yard, even of very good velvet, the total cost of the coat need not exceed \$4.00 or \$5.00.

WITHOUT the belt, and with the pockets, which should never be put on when the belt is used, it is as stylish as the coat in the first development.

When you have cut the coat and marked notches and perforations as directed in previous lessons, baste shoulder and under-arm seams and try on. Allowance is made on these seams for any alterations which may be necessary in fitting, but if length needs changing, that must be provided for at lower edge before cutting material. The sleeves, too, must be altered, before cutting. To do this, cut sleeve pattern in two at elbow, lapping parts to make sleeve shorter, or separating to lengthen.

If your material is very heavy, no interlining is needed; but if of cloth and for winter wear, put a layer of flannel or outing flannel between the goods and the lining. If you do not live in a cold climate, a coat of thick cloth will not need even a lining; a silk seam binding on both edges of the opened seams is all that is needed to finish the inside neatly. But a plush or velvet coat should always be lined.

If you use the interlining, cut it by the coat pattern, and, after coat is fitted, take the bastings out of seams and with a few long padding stitches invisible on the right side, catch interlining to material. The interlining is cut quite short, about to the



FIG. 1—GIRL'S COAT, NO. 5596.
HAT AND MUFF FROM GIRL'S FUR SET
NO. 4990



Bon Ami

Yes, Bon Ami is now obtainable in powder form in a spouted can.

It is of exactly the same materials as the Bon Ami you have always used, and will do the same work. And, of course, it will not scratch. It lathers at the touch of a wet cloth and is very easy and nice to use.

Bon Ami in either cake or powder is best for all the finer kinds of polishing and cleaning.

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Like the chick that's newly hatched Bon Ami has never scratched!"





You should feel the firm, soft texture of Eden Cloth, and note its handsome wool finish and pretty patterns. It is the ideal fabric for stylish tailored shirt-waists, house gowns, kimonos, petticoats and for children's wear.

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Fast Colors 15c a Yard

Warmth and comfort adapt it to pajamas and nightgowns, men's shirts and boys' blouses. Made in stripes and plain shades; 28 in. wide; 15c a yard. Eden Cloth does not shrink or scratch like wool. Get the genuine.

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EDEN
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EDEN CLOTH is made up into garments—sold by retailers. Identify them by this label.

For sale by leading dry goods dealers

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us (mentioning his name) and we will send you a large variety of samples.

SMITH, HOGG & CO.
P. O. BOX 280 NEW YORK CITY



These Wheels Do It

SOLVE YOUR FITTING TROUBLES WITH THE Acme Form

Make Dress Fitting a Pleasure and Satisfaction by using an ADJUSTABLE AUTOMATIC

The little wheels at the top AUTOMATICALLY and INDEPENDENTLY adjust the Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips and Skirt to the desired size, style or shape. Your money gladly refunded if it does not exactly reproduce YOUR FIGURE.

Write to-day for catalog giving all styles and prices. Contains useful information for women who sew.

Ellanam Adjustable Dress Form Co.
Suite 634, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City
Suite 734, 36 South State St., Chicago

When answering ads mention McCALL'S

waistline, as there is no necessity for cum-berring the lower part of the coat. The sleeves, too, are interlined only above the elbow.

After the interlining is in place, baste seams again, try on to see that you have not altered the fit, and then stitch and press very carefully. The pressing is an important factor in making a coat. Cloth goods should be pressed under a damp cloth, and with a heavy iron. Plush or velvet must be handled differently, as you cannot put the iron on the material. For these stand the iron on the broad end, place a damp cloth over it and gently rub the opened seam over the tip end.

If you are lining the coat, turn in edges of fronts three-eighths of an inch, and the bottom three-quarters of an inch, and baste all around. Cut lining of satin, or farmer's satin, by the coat pattern, making it an extra three-quarters of an inch wider in the center-back, to prevent strain, and stitch and press shoulder and under-arm seams. Baste these seams to the coat seams, wrong sides together, and hem edges all around one-eighth of an inch inside the fold edges of the coat. Lay the extra fulness in the center-back in a box-pleat at the neck and hold it in easy at the lower edge. Simply baste neck-edges and armholes together until collar and sleeves are ready. An unlined coat must be faced down the

over seam on right side of coat. Pleat points of collar and finish with heads and tassels, as illustrated. In no case is the collar sewed to the coat except at the neck-edge. The outer edge remains free.

FIT the sleeves and stitch the seams.

Line cuffs as directed for collar, lap and tack the ends. Slip them on over sleeves, with the small circle (●) in cuff at seam in sleeve, and the four large circles (●) on the upper side, and baste around hand. Cut sleeve linings by sleeve pattern, stitch seams, then slip linings over sleeves, right sides together, and stitch linings, sleeves and cuffs together at hand. Turn linings inside and baste around hand, allowing the fold edge of sleeve to extend an eighth of an inch beyond lining.

Place seams of sleeves at under-arm seams, with the four large circles (●) in sleeves toward front of coat, and stitch them in. Hem tops of linings down over seams. Make and line the belt, sew straps of the coat material at under-arm seams, with lower ends at the small circles (●), and slip belt through. Lap right-front over left, with centers together, and close with four buttons and buttonholes. Close belt, also, with a button and buttonhole. In heavy material buttonholes must be handled carefully, else they will spoil the workmanship of the

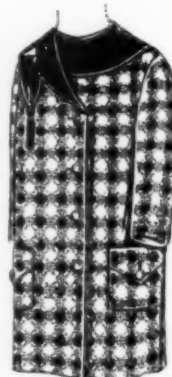


FIG. 2—GIRL'S COAT
NO. 5596, WITH
ONE-SIDED COLLAR

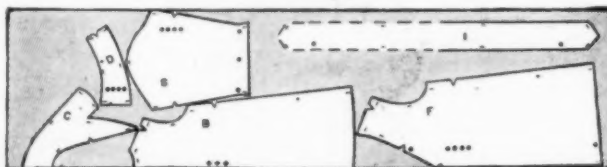


FIG. 3—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING

fronts and hemmed at the bottom. Use the pattern of the coat-front and cut the facings of the material, or, if too heavy, of satin or sateen. They should be about five inches wide. Stitch them to the fronts, turn back on the wrong side, and press. Finish inner edge with seam binding and leave free, held only by collar at top and hem at bottom, or tacked invisibly to body of coat. The edge of hem should not be turned in, as that would make it clumsy, but finished with seam-binding and stitched flat.

IN EITHER form of the coat, collar and cuffs must be lined. Cut lining by the pattern, turn in outer edges of outside and lining three-eighths of an inch, and hem together one-eighth of an inch inside the fold edges. Sew collar to neck-edge, with right side of collar to wrong side of coat, then hem lining of collar

entire coat. If the cloth is of firm texture, like broadcloth, and lined, it will be sufficient, after the buttonhole is cut, to take two or three rows of running stitches around it, close to the edge and through both cloth and lining. Work the buttonhole stitches over these.

A loose-meshed cloth requires different treatment. Overcast the edges with close-set but rather loose stitches to prevent fraying, and then work the buttonholing.

In heavy stuff like chinchilla, the buttonholes should be bound. On a strip of bias satin mark with pencil the size of the buttonhole, baste strip to right side of material and stitch all around the mark a quarter of an inch from it, making the ends of the stitching square. With sharp knife cut the buttonhole, making two extra little cuts from ends of cut to corners of stitching; push the bias strip through and hem down on the wrong side.

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Direct from New York

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Everything Your Family Wears

No. 24B-2008. Beautiful evening Dress of soft Crinkle Crepe, a new all-silk material possessing most perfect draping and clinging qualities. The artistic blouse portion is made with a pretty net lace yoke, finished with a soft shadow lace collar, the neat ruffle at neck giving a quaint, filmy touch which is very effective. Superbly fashioned skirt. A pretty fold of yards of the Crinkle Crepe gives that soft and effective drapery so essential to the evening gown, and yet the slender lines have been perfectly preserved. Neat ruffle cuffs and wide girle of Crinkle Silk Crepe complete the waist portion, which is lined with fine batiste. Sizes, 32 to 44 in. bust measure. **\$11.98**

\$4.98
Prepaid

No. 9B-1007. A beautiful, lustrous black Astrachan Coat of very latest model. Serviceable, warmth-giving and stylish. Has beautiful roll collar, long lapels, pretty silk braid frogs and silk-covered buttons. Lined throughout with mercerized saten and comes in black only. Length, full 54 inches. Sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure. Give bust measure only. Sent on approval and delivered to your own door for the remarkably low **\$4.98**

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Prepaid

No. 1B-250. Boy's remarkably handsome, becoming Russian belted Overcoat, made of fine quality all-wool chin-chilla. Guaranteed fast color. Has fancy plaid lining and snug, warm collar. Colors, Oxford Gray or Navy Blue. Sizes, 3 to 10 years. Regular value, \$5.50 to \$6.00. No. 4B-250 Gray; No. 4B-252 Blue. Give color and size. Prepaid Price, each, **\$3.98**



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No. 23B-2002. Breakfast Cap. For only 21c we will send you, all charges paid, this pretty little breakfast or lounge cap of fine white net lined with a soft batiste. Trimmed with a narrow silk ribbon-edged ruffle of net. Just as pretty and dainty as the illustration indicates. One size only. Prepaid **21c**

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No. 9B-1010. The preference for Red or Tawny Furs this season makes this beautifully marked Red Fox Set a most timely and exceptional bargain. The deep, elegant scarf is made of two complete skins, finished in back with the head of one and paws and bushy tail of the other. The two front ends show a head on one side and tail and paws on the other. The large pillow-model muff is trimmed with beautiful brush, head and paws in front and mounted on a soft, warm bed. Fine quality satin lining shirred at the hand opening. Smart satin wrist cord with tassel. Our **\$14.98**

\$14.98
Prepaid

No. 9B-1010



No. 4B-250



No. 9B-1007



No. 9B-1008



No. 24B-2002

No. 24B-2002. Women's and Misses' stylish one-piece Velvet Corduroy Dress. In rich, lustrous brown or deep navy blue. Has smart contrasting V-yoke, pretty turnover collar, and deep turnback cuffs of white velvet corduroy. White corduroy-covered buttons. Dress closes down front with hooks and eyes. The waist line is piped with white corduroy. Fits the figure superbly, skirt portion falling in slender, graceful lines. Every woman who knows dress value will find here a big bargain. Sizes, 14 to 20 years and 32 to 44 bust. Our Prepaid Price, **\$2.98**

No. 9B-1008. A magnificent full-length Coat of soft, lustrous Coney Fur. Made of selected skins equally beautiful in either deep brown or the glossy black shade. A garment displaying the smart, stylish lines of the single-breasted model, with loose back, generous roll collar and deep turn-back cuffs. Closes with crocheted silk buttons and loops and is lined throughout with fine quality satin. Length, about 54 inches. Sizes, 32 to 44 in. bust measure. Give bust measure and color. No. 9B-1008 Brown; No. 9B-1009 Black. Prepaid Price, **\$15.00**

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The Charles William Stores
NEW YORK

We Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Refunded



IT will be easy for every mother and her children to have soft, smooth skin all winter by using

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream

A very small quantity, applied morning and night, will keep the complexion fresh and clear. It will prevent chapping, and will quickly restore irritated, sore skin. Men prefer Hinds Cream after shaving, as it promptly relieves the smarting and tenderness.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c. Do not take a substitute; insist upon HINDS.



Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS
217 West Street
Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP; highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

Hall-Borchert Adjustable Forms

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for Illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.
Dept. A, 30 W. 32d St., NEW YORK
Dept. A, 163-171 North May St., CHICAGO
Dept. A, 41-45 Lombard St., Toronto, Can.

When answering ads mention McCALL'S

Putting Up Christmas Cosmetics

(Continued from page 55)

be very thick indeed. This will bind the ingredients together in a paste, and you can mold into sticks about three inches long. One of these, stuck in a tiny vase and burned, perfumes a room delightfully.

For Aunt Jane and Grandmother, who have headaches, and are apt to feel faint at church and in crowded places, use your glass-stoppered bottles for smelling-salts.

Get from your druggist four ounces of carbonate of ammonia, cut in small squares. Put a few squares in the bottom of each bottle and pour over them just enough of the following aromatic liquid barely to cover. You may be sure grandmother will prize her smelling-salts bottle.



WHY NOT SACHETS INSTEAD OF CALENDARS?

GRANDMOTHER'S SMELLING SALTS

Oil of bergamot 1/4 ounce
Oil of lavender 1/4 ounce
Oil of cassia 1/4 fluid ounce
Oil of cloves 1/4 fluid ounce

Rub together until thoroughly mixed. A sweet-smelling sachet powder which will fill some of those attractive little "stacks" of corsage sachets can be compounded from the following ingredients:

BREATH OF VIOLETS SACHET

Powdered orris root 1/2 pound
Musk 10 grams
Powdered bergamot peel 1/4 ounce
Powdered acacia 1/4 ounce

Of course, the ever-useful cold cream must not be forgotten. Any one of your friends would receive a dainty jar with delight. This formula is a good one:

ORANGEFLOWER CREAM

Spermaceti 1/2 ounce
White wax 1/2 ounce
Sweet almond oil 2 ounces
Lanoline 1 ounce
Cocoanut oil 1 ounce
Tincture of benzoin 3 drops
Orangeflower water 1 ounce

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle. Take from the fire, and add first the benzoin, then the orange-flower water, fluffing it with an egg-beater until cold. Fill into ointment jars, and tie with gay ribbon.

Editor's Note.—It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped envelope accompanies the request.



Design No. 8071. Size 17x22 inches. To be embroidered in shades of Yellow and Brown. Outlined with Black.

70c Initial Pillow Outfit 30c

On Pure Linen Russian Crash
Special bargain offer. Latest design of the season, handsome Initial Pillow stamped and hand-tinted on Pure Linen Russian Crash ready to be embroidered. Outfit is actually worth 70c. Here it is:

1 Pillow Top and Back Worth 25c
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6 Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss and Lesson Worth 30c
1 Alphabet Transfer Initials Worth 15c
70c

Sent to you for only 30c and your dealer's name.

Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Silk Floss

is a pure silk floss that is unequalled for all sorts of art needlework. We are making this extra special bargain offer in order to introduce it into every home.

We refund your money if you are not more than satisfied.

Write Today Enclosing only 30c and your dealer's name for this handsome bargain outfit. If you want to see illustrations of the hundreds of other designs that you have to choose from besides the one pictured above, send 6c for Premium Art Book. The book is included in the bargain outfit offered here.

Richardson Silk Company
Dept. 2069 305-9 W. Adams St. Chicago
We also manufacture Richardson's Spool Sewing Silk

WEST FLAT HOOK & EYE

Lies perfectly flat
Will not crush
Will not rust
Will not come unhooked
Easiest to sew on

Package of 24
Hooks and
24 Eyes 10c

Ask your dealer or send 10c to the

West Electric Hair Curler Co.
40 S. Front St., Phila.
Hamilton Coupon in every package

Card of 5 Curlers - 25c
Card of 2 Curlers - 10c

West Electric Hair Curler Co.
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MAY WE GIVE YOU THESE FIFTY PATTERNS

BEAUTIFUL patterns—dollies, shirt waists, baby caps, etc.; and set of fancy work lessons free to users of

EAGLE LYE

"THE CONCENTRATED CLEANSER"

who mail us Eagle Lye trade mark (from label) and 6c in stamps. Eagle Lye washes clothes without rubbing or injury to fabrics. Renews blackened kitchen utensils, tarnished SILVERWARE SHINES ITSELF in a solution of Eagle Lye and water. Eagle Lye is a preventive of hog cholera; keeps poultry houses, etc., free from pests, disinfects and cleans everything. Directions on can. If grocer can't supply you, send us his name and 10c (stamps) and receive postpaid a can of this wonderful cleanser.



EAGLE LYE WORKS
126 W Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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IN SANITARY PACKAGES

Klean-Knit Underwear comes to you in a sealed, germ-proof package from the World's Star Mills. Clean, wholesome, Americans manufacture it, and when finished it is completely sterilized. Then it is placed in a sanitary package, sealed, and is not touched by human hands until you break the seal, yourself.



DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Do you need money to Educate your children—support a family—pay off a mortgage, or dress better?

You can do as thousands of other women are doing—make money selling Fibre-Silk Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No experience is necessary—our sales instructor will show you how.

It is easy and profitable to sell Fibre-Silk Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in sealed sanitary packages, for they cost less, wear better and last longer than others. Made by us for eighteen years, and we have grown from a one room plant to the largest concern in the world manufacturing and selling knit goods direct to the consumer.

Free Catalogue containing samples of raw material and showing most advanced styles in hosiery and underwear, at money-saving prices, sent upon request.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States to sell Fibre-Silk Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear. It is a pleasant way to make money. An agent in California made \$3,027 last Spring. Our sales instructor tells you how. Get our free book. Write today. Address Department 48, WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO., Bay City, Michigan.

Fibre-Silk

Hosiery for Men, Women and Children have a soft, silky, beautiful lustre, feel delightfully comfortable and wear three times as long as ordinary silk. The pearl top, an exclusive feature, insures a perfect fit to stout and slim alike, prevents the dropping of stitches.

Send 50c for Style 275, a good all-the-year-round stocking—one of the best we make for ladies' wear; it has double toe and heel, absolutely seamless, and a wide pearl top. Made in all colors. Sizes 8 to 10½. Sent postpaid. If not satisfactory money refunded. Address:

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Dept. 48 BAY CITY, MICH.

Doesn't Show

Carmen Beauty Enhances Your Attractiveness

Radiates your real beauty—offers that lovely, blushing complexion of youth so dear to every woman's heart. Doesn't "show powder"—rub off or lose its charming, dainty fragrance until removed.

Carmen Complexion POWDER

Different from all others. Harmless and pure, benefiting the skin instead of injuring it.

Carmen Powder

Flesh, Cream, White, Pink. Toilet size, 50 cents Everywhere.

Stafford-Miller Co.,
533 Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

Doesn't Show

Carmen Beauty Enhances Your Attractiveness

Radiates your real beauty—offers that lovely, blushing complexion of youth so dear to every woman's heart. Doesn't "show powder"—rub off or lose its charming, dainty fragrance until removed.

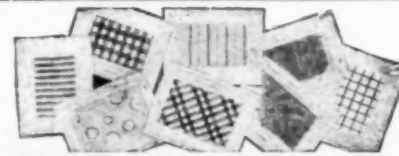
Carmen Complexion POWDER

Different from all others. Harmless and pure, benefiting the skin instead of injuring it.

Carmen Powder

Flesh, Cream, White, Pink. Toilet size, 50 cents Everywhere.

Stafford-Miller Co.,
533 Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.



WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of Shirt Waist and Suit Materials, Handkerchiefs, etc. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Samples FREE. Mitchell & Church Co., 224 Water St., Binghamton, N.Y.

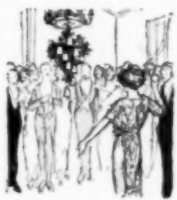
A YULE-TIDE FROLIC

(Continued from page 56)

themselves when the next game is played. The boys prick up their ears when the hostess suggests "Mistletoe Kisses", and it is as thrilling as it sounds. Each guest is given a candy kiss, wrapped in white paper and tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon. A branch of mistletoe is brought in and hung by a long red ribbon from the chandelier. A circle is formed around the mistletoe by joining hands, and at a word from the hostess they begin to dance about the mistletoe. Suddenly some one in the circle pulls the others to wards the mistletoe, and who ever touches it must drop from the circle and forfeit his kiss. The friendly tug of war goes on, until the circle has narrowed down to two contestants. Warily they dance about the mistletoe, until one succeeds in drawing the other against it, and so proclaims himself the winner. To the victor go the spoils—the successful player is awarded the kisses.



CHRISTMAS Candles was played back in the days of good Queen Bess, but still retains charm for young and old. One of the bright red candles from the table is now brought into service. It is placed on a table in the center of the room, and each player in turn takes his stand with his back to the table, and about four feet from it. The player is then blindfolded, and his hostess tells him to take four steps from the candle, turn around five times, then walk back four steps to the candle and blow it out. There is a world of good-natured merriment in this game, for the distracted player will



wander to some far corner of the room, and blow vigorously, under the impression that he is blowing at the candle. A Christmas horn tied with a huge bunch of ribbon, is given to the one who is successful.

Some one now strikes up a merry march on the piano, and the guests are formed into marching order, and each couple is given a tiny basket tied with scarlet ribbon. They are told to search for chestnuts which have been hidden in the room, but that they may only do so when the music ceases. Around the room they march, led by their hostess; suddenly the music stops, and there is a wild dash about the room for hidden nuts. The hunt has scarcely begun before the music summons them back to their places, and woe to the couple who delay their coming,

RICH FURS

at Bargain Prices!

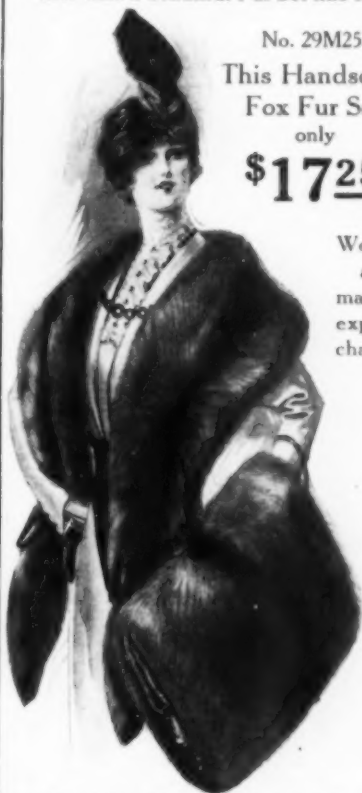
Nothing more acceptable for a Christmas Gift than a beautiful Fur Set like this

No. 29M25

This Handsome Fox Fur Set only

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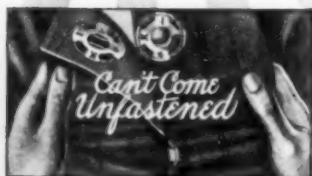
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for they must forfeit all their findings. So it goes until there are no more nuts to find. There is much merriment and good-natured fun in this game, as the competition becomes keener and keener, when some of the players seem to be having equal success. When the spoils are counted, as stockings are in order at the Christmas season, milady receives for her prize a pair of silk hose, and the successful man is given a pair of silk socks.

The chestnuts must be roasted, so a corn-popper is brought, and the party gather around the open fire. While the nuts are roasting, refreshments are passed. Creamed turkey, smoking hot, sandwiches of cranberry jelly and cream cheese, olives, and beaten biscuits make the menu. The sandwiches are cut in star-shaped forms, and tied with ribbon.

FOR the sweet course, snow-balls are served; at least, they look like snow-balls to the astonished guests, but closer examination proves them to be ice-cream. The cream is vanilla-flavored, with nuts and candied ginger frozen in it; a thin coating of whipped cream spread over it and powdered thickly with coarse sugar,



gives the effect of snow. Tiny star-shaped cakes, covered with white icing, and topped by crimson cherries, are served with the cream. Raisins, the roasted chestnuts, and handfuls of snowy popcorn complete the repast, and as the nuts go around, old Christmas stories are told.

A young man, who has volunteered to play the part of the jolly Saint, has slipped from the room and donned noiseless felt slippers, and a rough overcoat. He enters, with a bag of goodies. The guests, blindfolded, grope about. Presently one feels the rough coat; he seizes it and shouts "Christmas Gift". Santa pays his toll quickly with nuts or candy, so that every guest gets goodies, which are tucked away in the tarlatan stockings. When Santa's bag is empty, the blindfolds are removed, and a papier-mâché Santa Claus filled with candy rewards the guest who has played the part.

Before the guests depart they join in a carol of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will be glad to offer suggestions by mail if a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry.

SUPPLEMENTING THE FAMILY PURSE

(Continued from page 57)

children ate the two lunches I had prepared but did not sell; but before time for the afternoon train, I had restocked, and upon its arrival sold seven more lunches. On few days did I fail to make good profit, and on none to cover expenses.

I WAS soon able to buy my supplies in quantity, such as apples by the box, and pails by the hundred. This meant still better profits. For the first dozen lunches, the total expenditure averaged only ten cents each, so that from the outset my profit was a hundred and fifty per cent.

After establishing a regular routine, each bucket contained a sandwich, a sixth of a pie, two doughnuts, a pickle, an apple and two or three toothpicks. I carried the lunches in a peach box which was just the right size to accommodate twelve of the quart oyster pails. I fastened a leather grip-strap to each end, and hung the box from my neck, to leave my hands free for handling the pails and making change from my apron pocket. I found a purse impracticable, having to work so quickly.

There were only a few times when I had a friend to stay with the children. As one of my little girls was in poor health and not attending school, she could care for the baby. I have often thought that a woman without children could do very much better than I did by obtaining the privilege of entering the cars, and traveling between certain stations, staying alternate nights at the terminals of her chosen route, thus selling many more lunches.

From the tenth of August to the first of January, when we left to go to a lower altitude on account of my little daughter's health, I had sold lunches to the amount of \$105.00 profit, which tided us over a very hard time. I met with the most courteous treatment from the railway employees, who often notified passengers in the train before reaching our station that they could purchase lunches there; and they were frequently purchasers themselves. I also sold pop-corn, apples, and, in the evenings, hot hamburger sandwiches; but it was the oyster-pail lunches which brought such phenomenal success.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn some money? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Then write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, inclosing stamped addressed envelope, and tell her of your capabilities. She will be glad to advise you.



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Fur Sets	\$1.95 and up	Cloth Skirts	\$1.95 and up
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Are heavily made of the highest grade, selected material, beautifully finished with improvements that absolutely surpass anything ever produced. The Best in the World. Guaranteed for Years by a Two Million Dollar Bond.

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THE MAKING OF METHUSALEM

By MYRA G. REED

FOR two weeks Jinks and Betty had thought of nothing else than the joyous fact that they were going to spend Christmas in the country, with Betty's grandmother. And now school had closed, and they had ridden on real trains to Merrytown, near where Grandmother Ramsey lived, and had had, already, two glorious days of real fun. Country fun was the only real fun, so Jinks declared.

You see, it wasn't only country, and snowbanks boy-and-girl high, and honey at every meal, but there was Grandfather Ramsey, too. Grandpa was pretty old, but not so old that he couldn't still enjoy snow balls and hide-and-go-seek and jumping-jacks. Grandpa even had a jumping-jack himself, which, when Jinks and Betty arrived, he brought forth from his store of treasures in an old chest up in the attic.

Methusalem, as Grandpa called the jumping-jack, had been owned by Betty's father when he was a little boy, and although Jinks and Betty considered him great fun when he was made a third party to their explorations of the neighborhood, they felt sorry for Grandpa because Methusalem was so dilapidated. Both his ears were gone and some by-gone dog had chewed off most of his gay coloring. Even one of his legs had departed.

It was now just two days before Christmas, and Jinks and Betty were getting into their rubber boots ready to go out for their regular morning inspection of the farm, when Jinks, who had been thinking very seriously while he pulled manfully at his boots, looked up at Betty.

BETTY," he said, "we ought to give Grandpa a Christmas present!"

"But we haven't anything to give him," objected Betty.

"That's nothing. We can think up something."

Betty had a sudden inspiration. "Let's give him a new jumping-jack. Then he won't feel bad because Methusalem is so old and raggedy-looking."

"Where'll we get him? We haven't any money."

"You whittle him out and I'll paint him with my paints. Mamma says it's much nicer to make Christmas presents than to buy them. Anyway, he'll like it much better than a store present."

"HUSH!" cried Jinks in a loud whisper, "here comes Grandpa! We mustn't let him hear." He caught Betty's hand. "Come on! Hurry up! I know where there's some wood that will be just right."

They slipped out of the door just before Grandpa arrived, and ran around back of the barn to the wood-shed, where in a corner lay the short thin plank that Jinks had in mind. He took his jack-

knife out of his pocket, and tested it against the plank. "We couldn't wait till after Christmas, could we, Betty? My knife's pretty dull, and I think, perhaps, I'll get another one for Christmas."

"I should say not, Jinks Patterson; that's no



BETTY PULLED EVERY WAY, BUT HIS LEGS AND ARMS WOULD NOT WORK LIKE THE JUMPING-JACK'S

way to give a Christmas present!"

"All right," said Jinks. "It'll be more fun to make it to-day anyway."

So, for practically the whole morning, Jinks whittled and carved, and as fast as he finished one piece Betty painted it. When they finally laid him out, with arms and legs where they should be, they had a most gorgeous Methusalem-the-Second, with a black hat, Colonial style, and a white band around it, a red jacket with white buttons, red trousers, brown stockings, and shoes with white buckles.

Jinks looked at him meditatively. "Do you remember, Betty, that jumping-jack I used to have? He fitted into a box, so that he looked much funnier when his legs and arms wriggled. Why don't you ask Grandpa for that wooden nail-box of his for Methusalem-the-Second?"

Betty went out and reconnoitered until she discovered Grandpa smoking his pipe on the porch, and a few moments later she returned with the coveted box. Methusalem-the-Second was soon installed, but then came the problem of how to make his legs and arms wriggle. They tied strings to him in every possible way,

but Methusalem - the - Second steadfastly refused to respond in the proper manner.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Betty. You tie ropes to my legs and arms, and then if mine wriggle up and down right, we can tie the Jumping-Jack's that way."

Betty secured an old clothes-line from Grandma, and in the seclusion of the field back of the barn, where Grandpa couldn't see them, Betty tied Jinks up. Jinks lay on the ground and Betty pulled every way, but his legs and arms would not work like the jumping-jack's. They would

pull down, of course, but once they were down no amount of pulling on the rope could succeed in pulling them back again.

Jinks gazed at Betty in despair. "What are we going

to do? This ground's getting cold."

Betty threw the ropes down in glee. "Oh, I know. You ought to be in a box, just as the jumping-jack is."

"But my legs wouldn't be loose, then; they would be on the ground."

"We might hang the box up somewhere, mightn't we?"

"No, siree! I know!" Jinks gathered up his dangling ropes. "You remember that old broken chute in the barn that starts down from the second floor. It's so short that if I get into it my arms and shoulders will be out one end and my legs will hang out the other, and if I fall through it won't hurt, because there's nice soft hay underneath."

BUT alas for Jinks' "If I fall through"!

He stepped carefully into the chute, worked himself down until his arms were even with the floor and his legs dangling free from the roof of the first floor beneath—and found himself stuck fast. He had slid himself down so far that he could not rest his elbows on the floor and so raise himself that way, and Betty, although she exerted every bit of her strength, could not pull him out.

They looked at each other in dismay.

"What are we to do, Jinks?" Betty was almost crying. It was terrifying to see Jinks half protruding from the floor and apparently fixed there until the barn was torn down.

Jinks did not like the situation any too well himself, but he was determined not to show it. "Now, see here, Betty Ramsey, don't you go crying around. There's Grandma calling for dinner; you go in and eat your dinner, and then you get me some without being seen. We can't get these ropes off my legs, and if Grandma sees them he'll guess about his Christmas present."

"But what'll I tell them? They'll want to know where you are."

"Can't you say it's a secret? Then, while you're gone, I'll see if I can whittle



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15c. a Cake for the Unscented

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some of this wood away. And you give me that box over there to put over my head if they should come up here looking for me."

Betty went away slowly. She did not enjoy the prospect of meeting her grandparents' questions. She was quite right. It was not a pleasant hour she spent. Her grandmother could not imagine where Jinks was, and after Grandpa had made a round of all the farm buildings—Jinks had put the box over his head when he heard footsteps—Grandmother declared all the business of the farm must stop until he was found. Since he was not in one of the buildings, he must be outdoors, and he would be sure to catch his death of cold if he stayed out on a day like this without his dinner.

ALL the farm hands were called in and given directions to scour the country; Betty was sent to her room in disgrace because she would not tell where Jinks was; and a sudden stillness descended upon the house as everybody started off on the search for the truant.

Betty felt very miserable, and she didn't know what to do. She really thought she ought to tell, but still it did not seem right to do so without first asking Jinks' permission.



As soon as it seemed safe, she tiptoed down to the kitchen, and before Martha, the cook, who had gone down to the wood-shed, returned, she had grabbed a piece of pumpkin pie, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and a glass of preserves. She wanted to get a piece of the pork they had had for dinner, but she saw Martha coming up the path and did not dare wait. She slipped out the door and was around the house and into the barn before anyone saw her.

"My, you were a long time, Betty! Didn't you suppose I was hungry, too?"

"Oh, Jinks, you're not out yet!" Betty wailed, "and I've got to go right back, because I'm shut up in my room for the rest of the afternoon. Jinks, won't you please let me tell?"

"No, I won't." Confinement was wearing on Jinks' good-nature. "I've been cutting away here for the last two hours, and perhaps I'll get out soon."

Betty moved away with dragging footsteps, "I'll have to stay in my room all afternoon," she repeated.

"Well, I guess it'll be just as hard for me here in this old barn, and every time anyone comes in down-stairs I have to double my legs up and hold them perfectly still until they just ache."

Betty felt very forlorn. This wasn't at all a nice day to belong in a Christmas vacation. "I believe Grandpa would rather not have strings to his jumping-jack."

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No. 640. Popular style fur set for women, made of high grade Manchurian Wolf.

Scarf is trimmed with a large head finished with one extra large fluffy tail and two small tails. Lined with guaranteed satin. Measures about 8 1/2 in. over shoulders and about 54 in. from end to end. The large pillow muffs are also lined with guaranteed satin. If this set is not worth at least \$8.95, send it back and we will promptly return your money. Colors: black, brown or blue-gray. State color desired. Our price, postpaid for Scarf and Muffs.

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Write for Catalog A-34

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A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

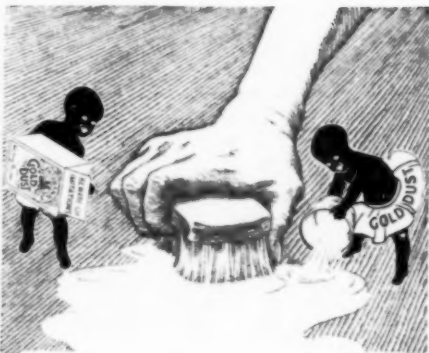
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2 cups white sugar, 1 cup milk,
1 piece of butter (size of egg),
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until grains. Pour on buttered
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she said under her breath, as she went
disconsolately down the ladder.

The afternoon dragged slowly for
Betty. She played with her doll a while,
and cried a while, and then went to sleep.
When she woke up it was already dark,
and she could hear the sound of voices
out toward the barn. She jumped up
from the bed and ran down-stairs. It
was Grandpa and two of his men leading
in a very tired and dusty-looking Jinks.

"We found him," shouted Grandpa.
"He nearly landed on our heads." Grand-
ma took Jinks and sat him at the table
while she hurried around fixing him up a
hot dinner.

"I gave him some pie and some pre-
serves and some bread," said Betty.

"But I guess I'm hungry, anyway,"
Jinks retorted. "That isn't very much to
eat when you've been stuck in a hole in an
old cold barn all afternoon."

Grandpa untied the ropes from his
legs, and Jinks and Betty had to explain
all about the jumping-jack. Then Methu-
salem - the - Second was produced, and
Grandpa was very grateful, and said he
didn't care about strings anyway, and
that he'd like to put them on himself.
He couldn't even wait until Christmas.
That very night he fixed up the strings so
that Methusalem - the - Second's legs and
arms danced around with the greatest
hilarity. And as Grandfather did it, it
did not seem a bit hard! The legs danced
away at the very first pull of the strings.

But that was not all! After Jinks and
Betty had given Grandpa the jumping-
jack, he looked at Grandma, who nodded
back at him, and went outdoors. In ten
minutes he came back again, and in his
arms was the roly-polyest puppy that ever
was born. He was so fat he could hardly
stand, although the size of his feet was far
out of proportion to his stubby body, and
the thick skin on his back was so loose
that it looked exactly like huge tucks.
Grandpa said he was to live at Betty's
house, but that he was for both Betty
and Jinks, and also as a companion for
Mike, who he had heard was getting lone-
some. He said they must think up a
name and christen him right away.

Grandpa explained, too, that he was
not supposed to have arrived until Christ-
mas, but that he was so delighted with his
jumping-jack that he couldn't resist pro-
ducing him. And now, if you will wait
until next month, you will hear what
funny adventures Mr. Puppy and Mike
and Jinks and Betty had when Mike at-
tempted to act as guardian.

Editor's Note to Our Boys and Girls.—
If you want to make a jumping-jack like
Methusalem - the - Second, who will work
his arms and legs, all you have to do is to
cut out Jinks' and Betty's jumping-jack
on page 25, and put it together just the
way the Cut-Out Man, Mr. Baker, has told
you to. My, what a lot of fun you will
have doing it!

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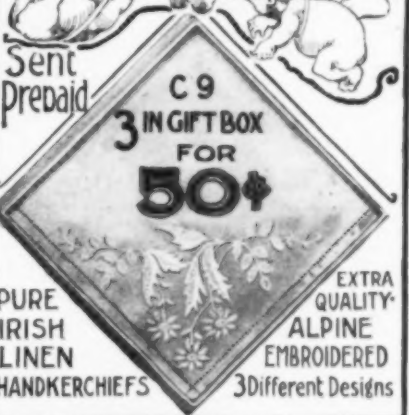
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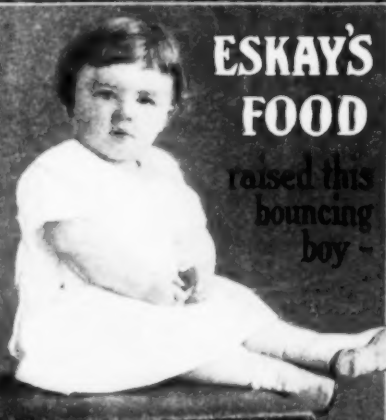
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A CHRISTMAS FOR MOTHERS

(Continued from page 15)

"Why, the Society's to improve the town!" says Mis' Sykes superior.

"Well," says Mis' Toplady, "will you tell me, one and all, what's the living use of being a society to help your town keep on being a town, and get to be more of a town, if you can't do something for its Christmas as well as for its alleys, and milk, and like that? Ain't Christmas," says she, "just as much the town and just as much ours as alleys is? Don't it deserve the same attention to keep improving as they do?"

"And it was so we finally see it, and we done what we done. And it was this that took us the whole morning to compose, writing hard the whole time, both with mind and with heart. And we drew up this—I remember Mary Holcomb, Mis' Holcomb's daughter, come in the room and looked over her mother's shoulder while we was doing it:

"To Friendship Village.

"Dear Town:—We've been thinking, as a society, and as mothers and wives, and as folks, that we are not real satisfied with what Christmas means to us. Are you?"

"It says good-will to men. But we've always fussed almost more about good food than we have good-will. And, in that way, as well as others, we've all spent considerable more money than we could afford to 'most every year.

"Now, this is what us ladies has thought of to propose: that as many as can and will agree to think more about good-will and less about good food for this one Christmas, and see how it works. Let's us all agree to get our families to agree—

"—Mis' Holcomb broke off the writing and laid down her pencil.

"Ladies," says she, "how can we go on with it? It's true—every word of it. But, comin' from us—women and mothers and all, that has the work to do—it does seem kind of like we was showing pity for ourselves. And I don't like to do anything like that."

"No; we didn't any of us like to do that. Of course, we felt it for ourselves and for women everywhere. Yet, when we come to put it down on paper, we couldn't make it sound the way we wanted it to. We didn't want to shirk. We wanted Christmas to get to be more Christmas, and so's we could all have it. But we couldn't say it right."

"Write it out, anyhow, mother," says Mary Holcomb. "They'll know what you mean, all right."

"But Mis' Holcomb folded the paper. "No, sir," she said; "it sounds like shirking. And mebbe the food and the big dinner is so ingrained in Christmas that they ain't much of any use-trying to do anything else, in our lifetime. Mebbe, sometime, they'll see—"

"Mebbe, sometime—" we all said. And we just went along back home, and set to planning as hard as we could—food and presents, same as usual.

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PROF. BURNS 15 West 38th Street
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"One week before Christmas, at six o'clock in the evening, my door-bell rang. I put a shawl over my head to go through the cold hall, and when I opened my front door something brushed against my hand, and it was a long roll of something tied loosely to the doorknob.

"Christmas presents already?" thinks I. "And it was—it was! Only not the way I thought. When I got back in the dining-room, and opened it, first a note dropped out, written by Jennie Merriman.

"Dear Calliope [it read]: You're not a mother, but we think that this ought to mean you, too. Merry Christmas, beginning now!

"And when I opened the roll, this was what I read—all done neat, and nice, and in pretty lettering:

"This is to certify that the Young Folks of Friendship Village, in a secret meeting assembled, have agreed to petition everybody's mother:

"I. Not to get up a big dinner on Christmas Day.

"II. Not to do any extra work on Christmas week.

"III. To meet with the Young Folks of Friendship Village on Christmas Night for a Christmas tree and entertainment.

"We've been thinking that the year has come when mothers ought to have some of the Christmas that they have been giving everybody else for so long.

"Respectfully submitted,

"The Young Folks of Friendship Village.

"Jenny Merriman, President.

"Mary Holcomb, Secretary.

"R. S. V. P.

"I took it and run right over to Mis' Fire-Chief. She had hers spread out on the kitchen table and was looking at it and wiping her eyes.

"The lambs!" she said. 'Do you s'pose we made 'em feel we'd been drove to death?'

"But I knew better. 'Mis' Fire-Chief, I says, 'it's the world—it's making everybody know. We're waking up to look out for folks. Even,' I says to her, 'for our own families!'

"But think,' she said, 'think of their realizing that Christmas is a hard day for us. Think of their thinking up a Christmas like this—for us!'

"She was still wiping her eyes when Jenny and Mary come in to get warm, looking like roses. Mis' Fire-Chief just went and stood in front of 'em.

"You lambs!" was all she said—just like they was little girls.

"Mother!" says Jenny, 'why didn't we ever think of it before? That's what makes us feel so bad. We've let you all do—and do—and do. . . We just never thought. Now, this year, you're going to have a Christmas that we all do together; oh, you're not out of it! You've got to help! But it'll be the first real, Christmas you've had since you had us!'

"It don't seem right," says Mis' Fire Chief, solemn.

"But I thought different.

"A Christmas for mothers!" I says. 'It's been a long time a-coming. I ain't a mother—but oh, I'm glad it's here.'"

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THE MARRIAGE THAT WAS SERIOUS

(Continued from page 22)

I told her what I thought of Joe, and she laughed at me.

"Sure, my man's the best man ever," she said. "If he got drunk like Mike Bel-ford, or beat me like Jim Fennessy beats his wife, or stole like Jim Evans, or wasted every cent at cards like Larry Mitchell, sure I'd niver let a laugh out of me. But Joe's a fine man. Why shouldn't I clean up his muddy tracks, and sweep up his leavin's? Don't he work hard on th' night-shift and bring me home his money? In th' twenty years I've been married to him, he's never abused me. What should I be doin'?" Spoilin' such a good man by pesterin' him? Ah, Missus Evans, man 's a careless critter, always leavin' a clutter and litter about. That's what wimmin is for, to take care of him. An' let me tell ye this, if yer man can't get a little laughter an' smiles at home, bime-by he's goin' somewhere else where he can. If ever I had anything to cry about, I'd be the first to cry."

I sat down and looked at Mrs. Harris. She looked at me a moment. I must have gone white, for she brought out a flask of camphor.

"Don't ye dare faint!" she cried with a laugh.

The reaction came. I began to sob.

Mrs. Harris put an arm about me.

"That's right, have it out. Do all your sobbin' here, but mind, now, go home with laughter on your lips."

I have often wondered how much she knew of the quarrel at my house. We kept two servants, now, and perhaps they talked. Any woman who has not occupied the same room with her husband for two years is likely to be talked about. I said I did not feel well, but that the attack was over, and to prove it I laughed!

All the way home, I practised that laugh. John was sullen, but I smiled through dinner. We had begun, by then, to have dinner at night. The next morning, I patted out the bow my husband tied in his necktie, untied it and tied it over, and laughed at him, telling him his fingers were all thumbs. He stared hard at me, and smiled. But it was such a weak, puzzled smile that I cried over it all day. It was only the ghost of the big-hearted chuckle that I had loved in courting days.

Things went on that way for a fortnight, but I smiled and laughed all the time, and did not say a word about going home. One afternoon, my husband hurried in. Again his shoes were muddy. The office of the big plant he now owned was in a great, much-used yard that was necessarily always dirty.

As he reached the center of the living-room, he saw the mud, and stopped. "I'm afraid I'm hopeless. I'm sorry, Flo," he said slowly.



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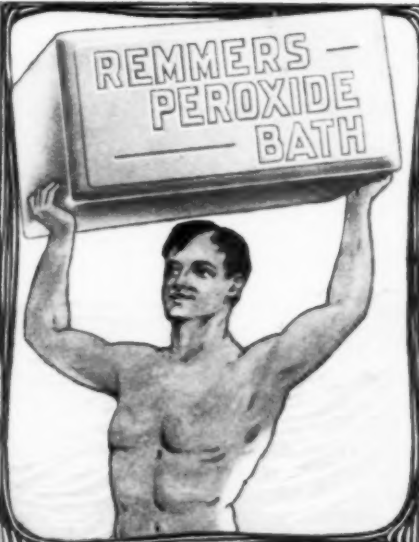
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"Rugs are not nearly so important as feet," I laughed back merrily, but John only stared at me.

"I'm going on the road—will be gone some time," he told me ten minutes later, as he came down-stairs with his suit-case.

"Hurry back; I'll be lonesome," I replied bravely, but with a sinking heart.

"All right!" He dashed out, and banged the door, not looking back at me.

I went up to John's room that was all littered with the things he had taken off and forgotten and dropped when he packed, and I huddled up on his bed and sobbed and sobbed. It was too late. I could not win my husband back. I had forgotten to laugh so long that it was only imitation to him now. There was nothing left of my "I do's" under that marriage-bell but some mudstains and a slammed door. I wanted to die, but I couldn't. I just cried and cried until I could not see, or hear, or move. That is why I did not hear John come up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"I forgot my cuff-links—Flo—do you care so much about my going? I don't understand it, but if you do care, why I—I thank God." John was down on his knees beside me, and I was laughing and crying on his shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "You were thinking in millions about work that gave bread and butter and jam to fifteen thousand workingmen, while I worried because you could not remember the more serious things of life—neckties and feet and—er—soup," and I ended in a giggle.

"That's the stuff, Flo!" John laughed back in his old, cheery way, taking me in his arms just as he used to in mother's front hall after we were engaged. "It's all right. You've got the old laugh back."

"And I won't forget it," I whispered. John pulled out his watch.

"Four o'clock," he said. "Pack your traveling-bag; pack another for little Sis and take her over to her Aunt Mary's. You're coming on East with me alone," he ordered.

"He whispered one word in my ear. 'But—but—why—where—' I asked.

I am sure the word "honeymoon" never sounded half so sweet or meant a fraction as much to any newly-wedded couple as it did to me just then. I laughed all through the joy of that postponed honeymoon of ours, and I have been laughing ever since.

GRAPE-JUICE PUNCH.—To a cupful of water add half a cupful of sugar. Add the rind of two lemons, shaved off very thin, and boil together for five minutes. Then add a pint of grape juice and the juice of four lemons, and chill. When ready to serve, dilute in water to taste. To the quantity given above, two extra quarts of the water may be added. This punch is delicious and nice to serve at evening parties and informal dances where a refreshing drink is so much appreciated.



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You will be amazed at our rock-bottom direct-from-the-factory proposition on the genuine highest-grade Wing. The sweetest toned piano, **positively guaranteed for 40 years**. All freight prepaid by us. Four weeks' free trial first.

A piano, as you know, is the treasure that completes the home furnishings. Without a piano there is always **one thing missing**. Your opportunity is here **now**. You may have a piano in your home free any time you want it. Unless you are charmed with the delightful tone—the splendid beauty of the Wing Piano, send it back at our expense. Unless you are fully satisfied, we would rather you would not have it, because we want every Wing to sell another Wing.

We'll buy your old Organ or Piano on the most liberal of all offers. Be sure to get our proposition before you sell or trade your old instrument. *Do not overlook this opportunity.*

Valuable Book Free "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos"

This book is absolutely free. It is one of the finest piano books ever published. 136 pages. It tells you just how to judge a piano. It contains ten tests to apply to every piano. Apply these tests to any piano and you will know absolutely whether that piano is a good piano or not. You see **WHY** we can give you an absolute 40-year guarantee—a 40-year guarantee from the manufacturer. Send coupon below.

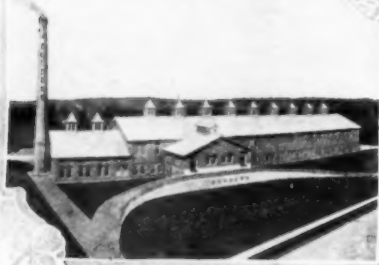
WING & SON (Est. 1868)
Dept. 2069
Wing Building, 13th St. and 9th Avenue
New York City

Piano Book COUPON
Wing & Son, (Est. 1868)
Dept. 2069
Wing Bldg., 13th St. and 9th Ave., New York City

Gentlemen:—With the understanding that I am not buying anything, you may send me the 136-page Piano Book containing the ten tests, also your free-shipment offer on the Wing Piano.

Name

Address



One of the chain of twenty-seven Borden Condenseries, reaching from Maine to Washington.

Cleanliness is the first thought at every Borden Plant.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Made from pure, rich milk from clean cows, and prepared under the most rigid sanitary regulations
As a food for infants, Eagle Brand has no equal.

Send for "Baby Book" and "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED
MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857



Cake Secrets
36-Page Book **FREE**
Contains many cake recipes, thoroughly tried and tested, also valuable hints on cake baking. One woman writes us: "I learned more about cake making from 'Cake Secrets' than from any other book." Write today for this book.

SWANS DOWN
PREPARED
Not Self-Rising **CAKE FLOUR**

For Home Cake Baking

Makes Lightest, Finest, Whitest Cakes and Puddings, keeping qualities just as good in July as in December. Endorsed and used for 16 years by best cooking teachers. Sold by leading grocers in clean, sanitary packages. If you cannot get it, write us.

ICLEHEART BROS.
Dept. R Evansville, Ind., U.S.A.



Christmas Gifts in Clever Disguises

By KATHRYN RUCKER

ANY one with deft fingers may make Christmas boxes and fancy containers at home with a small supply of suitable materials. Red ribbon, several widths; red and white tissue paper; gold paper passe-partout; fancy crepe paper, with holly or poinsettia decoration; some cardboard, glue, and paste should form the equipment for the work.



THIS BONNET
HOLDS RIBBONS FOR
DANGLING
BRAIDS

A pretty and pleasing novelty, into which hair ribbons, dress accessories, or almost any small gift may be put, is a cunning little sunbonnet. It is made of thin cardboard covered with fancy crepe paper adorned with gay roses and trimming of pink strings with bow. Cut out the parts for a cardboard sunbonnet having a perfectly flat crown two and one-half by four inches, with a horseshoe outline; a straight strip ten and one-half by two inches, and a somewhat crescent-shaped hood-piece ten and one-half inches long and four and one-half inches at the middle part, corners rounded. Cover and line each piece, shirr lining of hood; paste carefully, and trim edges. Sew or hold together with gummed strips; make a lining as for a hat, running a turned edge with floss to draw. Paste in, adjust trimming, put in gift, and tie strings in bow.

FOR tall articles, such as pieces of chinaware, a crepe-paper windmill is an interesting disguise for a present given within the home. It is not intended for packing for outside handling. Cut a fan-shaped piece of cardboard, twelve inches in depth, thirty-four at larger circle, and nineteen at smaller. Lap two inches, glue, and cover neatly with blue crepe paper. With Chinese white, mark to represent masonry. Cut a circular piece of cardboard seven inches in diameter. Mark center, cut from edge to center, lap five inches at edge, and glue. Fringe two-inch strips of brown crepe paper, and paste on to form a thatch. Sew or glue this to other part, as a roof. From an eight-inch square of cardboard, cut wings. Cover

with white crepe paper, and fasten to one side of roof with a flat-headed brass paper clip through the center.

UPON an eight-and-one-quarter-inch square of cardboard, draw from the center a Maltese cross having three-and-one-quarter-inch sides one and one-quarter inches deep, leaving a central square to form a base one and one-eighth by one and one-eighth inches, and a surplus around the edges one and three-quarter inches deep. From the center of each side, measure three-quarters of an inch, and draw lines to the corners of the cross. Cut out figure thus produced, and cover one side with red paper for lining. Bend each side of figure at base and across middle. Bring edges together and hold with gummed strips. Cover lower part with plain red, and upper part with holly paper, running a gold band passe-partout around middle, and at edge of opening. With a punch, make a hole in each side, in which tie a nine-inch strip of quarter-inch ribbon. Tie these together in a bow at top.



A CAPACIOUS HIDING-PLACE FOR CHINA

A holly imp (Illustration 4) is a unique and attractive ornament for a box. Many gifts come in boxes that need only a fancy wrapping, and the little imp is very effective as a finishing touch. To make her, cut two pieces of frame wire fifteen inches long. Twist together for a distance of two and three-quarter inches, beginning three inches from ends. Bend out the three-inch parts to form arms, and the longer pieces for legs. Stuff a bisque mask for the head, gluing securely. Wrap two inches of wire with pink paper; insert firmly in head, and twist other end around body part. Wrap hank-wire with pink paper for the fingers and lay together flat, turning a strip of paper over a group of five to form palm of hand. Turn other ends around arm wire, and wrap all to make large enough to look well.



A PRETTY WAY TO
HANG A GIFT ON
THE CHRISTMAS TREE



THE HOLLY IMP IN FULL
POSSESSION

Wrap the body and legs to proper size with red crepe paper. Cut six five-inch, and four

(Concluded on page 86)



—and this makes
everyone smile:

FRIED MUSH

To 2 quarts boiling water add 2 teaspoons salt and 8 cups corn meal. Beat, and cook slowly, until thick and smooth; then add 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water, and beat well. Pour into buttered bread pan. When cold, slice and "crisp" to a golden brown in very hot fat. Serve with or without rashers of crisp bacon and plenty of

TOWLE'S LOG CABIN SYRUP

Eat it on cakes, muffins, waffles, and in candies. Look for Log Cabin Can. Send 25 cents for pint can prepaid parcel post.

For Christmas Candies, use Log Cabin Syrup—there are fine recipes in our free book. I'll send you one, for a 2-cent stamp. Write me, Jack Towle, care of



Towle Maple Products Company
Dept. L10
St. Paul,
Minn.
Refined at
St. Johnsbury,
Vt., and
St. Paul, Minn.
"The syrup with the
delicious flavor of pure
maple."—Jack Towle.

NIKPAN

REDUCE household expenses and
set your table with napkins of supe-
rior appearance and wearing qualities—

NIKPAN NAPKIN

Cost only 60c to \$2 per dozen (accord-
ing to size), hemmed ready for use,—no
more than you pay for "cheap" cotton
napkins made of short staple threads,
that shed lint and become "stringy."

A beautiful and inexpensive Christmas gift.

SAMPLE AND NAPKIN RING FREE:

If not at dealer's, write us his
name and we'll send you a free
sample and a souvenir NIK-
PAN NAPKIN ring. Look
for this NIKPAN gold
label when buying.

Wm. M. Austin & Co.
56 Leonard St., New York

Ask to see NIKPAN Tray Cloths
and Bureau Scarfs. Also Table Tops
36 x 36 and 44 x 44.



Advance Suggestions for

Christmas Gifts

We have prepared for the

Christmas Gift Season 6 Novelties

Send a stamp and we will forward full directions
for making and other interesting matter.

Act promptly as we are more than busy dur-
ing November and December.

Isaac D. Allen Co., 21 Winter St., Boston

FOR THE LUNCH TABLE

By GERTRUDE VAILE

LUNCHEON should be the easiest meal
of the day to prepare, as in the ordi-
nary family larder there is so much
food left over that can be combined into
dainty dishes. The four receipts which
are given here will make most welcome
additions to any menu.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Mix together one
pint of cold fish shredded, one pint of hot
mashed potatoes, and one tablespoonful
of butter. Mix one-half cupful of milk,
one egg well beaten, salt, and pepper
to taste, and add this to the fish and po-
tatoes. Set away to cool. When cool
make into small balls, roll in egg and
bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat. The
mixture may be made the previous day
and kept in the ice-box until time to fry.
Serve on a platter garnished with parsley.

HASH IN PEPPERS.—Cut the tops off
three green peppers, and soak them in
cold water, while preparing the filling.
Mix one cupful of chopped cold meat and
one-half cupful of chopped potatoes, and
season with celery salt. Drain the pep-
pers and fill with the hash mixture. Bake
in a hot oven about twenty minutes.

CHICKEN IN ROLLS.—Take as many
rolls as there are people to serve. Cut a
slice off the top of each roll and scoop
out the inside, leaving a crust cup. Crumb
the inside of the rolls and fry in butter
until brown. Add to the brown crumbs
one cupful of white sauce, one cupful of
chopped chicken, and seasoning to taste.
Mix well and fill the roll cups. Serve hot.



OKRA STEW (Spanish style)—Peel one
quart of tomatoes and two small onions,
and chop them. Chop also forty small
okra-pods, and one sweet pepper, seeded.
(If you cannot get the fresh okra, the
canned will do just as well.) Fry the fat
out of two ounces of sliced bacon, and re-
ject the slices; to the fat add the vege-
tables, and one teaspoonful of beef ex-
tract. Cover and let simmer in an agate
saucepan for three-quarters of an hour.
Stir occasionally. Season with salt and
pepper to taste, mix two tablespoonfuls of
white flour to a paste with cold water, stir
it in, cook for a couple of minutes until
thick, add two full sprigs of fresh parsley
chopped, and serve hot. If bacon is not
liked, two tablespoonfuls of cooking oil
may be substituted. This is a Spanish
dish and a very nourishing one, and it
would be well if it were more generally
adopted on American menus.



"Natalie could not di-
gest cow's milk and did
not gain in weight, so we
gave her Mellin's Food,
with the happy results
the photograph shows.
She cut her teeth without
trouble and never had
any stomach disorders."

MRS. S. M. TRUE.
Clinton, Me.

"After all other foods
failed, I began the use
of Mellin's Food. Baby
began to improve at once
and now she is a very
healthy, strong baby."

MRS. C. B. BLAND.
Shreveport, La.



Can you imagine a
more positive endorse-
ment of the merits of
Mellin's Food
than these testimonials
from mothers and their
babies' pictures?

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.



"Our boy has had
Mellin's Food since he
was six weeks old and is
perfectly healthy. His
flesh is firm and solid. At
birth he weighed 8 1/2 lbs.;
he is now ten months
and weighs 22 lbs."

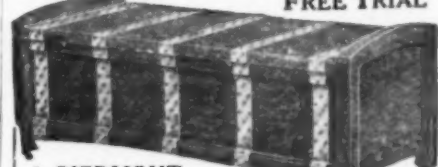
MRS. H. M. CAMERON.
Tyton, Penna.

"Our boy was quite
puny until five or six
weeks old. We com-
menced using Mellin's
Food, and after a week
or two could see a great
change. The photograph
attests the wonderful
merits of Mellin's Food."

MRS. WM. T. THUER.
Hartford, Conn.



Unique Xmas Gift FREE TRIAL



A PIEDMONT

Southern Red Cedar Chest
makes desirable Xmas, birthday or
wedding gift. **Protects furs, woollens and
plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp.**
Shipped from factory at FACTORY PRICES.
15 days' free use. **FREIGHT PREPAID.**
Book Free Write for illustrated 64-page catalog show-
ing all designs, sizes and prices. Also
booklet "Story of Red Cedar." Postpaid free. **WRITE TODAY.**
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 360 STATESVILLE, N. C.

Did You Get This Offer?

For a short time only your dealer will give you a Wizard Triangle Polish Mop and a quart can of Wizard Polish—all for \$1.50. Regular combination price, \$2.50.

You save \$1 by acting NOW. The

WIZARD Triangle Polish Mop

"The Mop That Gets-in-the-Corners"

is the one mop with the truly scientific principle. Its *triangle* shape makes the cleaning of corners just as easy and effective as the cleaning of the center of the floor.

The Wizard Polish with which MOP is treated adds a lustre and richness to your floors without leaving them oily or slippery.

Handle reaches everywhere. No stooping, kneeling or back-ache.

Wizard Polish

is more than a furniture polish. Restores the beauty to finest finishes as you dust with it. Cheap enough to use on floors. No shaking. No sediment to mar.

Act NOW!

See your dealer NOW. If after a fair trial you're not delighted, your money will be refunded. If your dealer is not supplied, order direct. If you live in Canada, send \$2. This to cover extra shipping charge.

WIZARD PRODUCTS COMPANY
1465 West 37th Street
CHICAGO

Makes an ideal Christmas Gift



LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WHEN NORTH WINDS BLOW

users of LABLACHE fear not for the complexion. This dainty, invisible powder safeguards the most tender skin and induces a velvety smoothness. Delicately fragrant, it makes a lasting appeal to the refined.

Refuse Substitutes

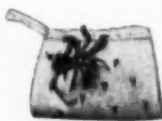
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. F.
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Christmas Gifts in Clever Disguises

(Continued from page 84)

three-inch long holly-leaf-shaped pieces of green crepe paper. Paste the leaves on to form a fancy dress, and over ends of leg wires for pointed-top boots. Paste other two leaves together and on head for cap. Make nine holly berries of red paper; paste in groups of three at waist, neck, and on cap. Perch Missy Imp on your box wrapped in red tissue with gold passe-partout bands, and fasten her with



TUCK A HANDKERCHIEF IN THIS DAINTY MUFF

a drop of glue in fetching and impish pose. A pretty cornucopia may be made of an ordinary paper horn (Illustration 4) by a covering of colored paper with gold



NOVEL BOXES, AND A TUBE CASE FOR EMBROIDERY

bands. Cut and cover a circular piece of card board, and tie with red ribbon over large end. A box wrapped in white tissue is cheery with an appliquéd poinsettia. Paste a sheet of white paper over a piece of crepe paper having poinsettia flower. When dry cut out the flower, slip stem under a band on box, and paste center of flower in place, with ends of petals and leaves free.

For a handkerchief, bracelet, or other similar gift, make a miniature muff (Illustration 5) with wadded white crepe paper, pointing it like ermine with a brush. Use a tiny poinsettia for decoration. Embroidered pieces, which should not be folded, may be rolled around a small tube and slipped into a larger one decorated with holly paper with fringed ends. A basket for the plum pudding is made of a pasteboard casing, in a ruffled skirt of gay crepe paper, and with a handle wrapped in red and white. Tie with ribbon. For a child's present, a box covered with crepe paper having the bright-colored picture of a child before a Christmas fire, has the real holiday air.



A BOX FOR MANY GIFTS



READY FOR THE FESTAL PLUM PUDDING

Given PILLOW TOPS

408

Thirty Latest Designs

411

Tinted Easy to Work

Christmas Almost Here

Time to get busy. Father, Mother, boy or girl chum will appreciate a new cushion. We give you these stunning Pillow Tops (size 17x22 ins.), to acquaint you with the superiority of

BELDING'S EMBROIDERY SILKS

Tops are Russian Crash, best for the strong Eastern color effects. Handsome Silk Embroidery is today the rage and will be the leading feature in holiday work. Why not get started today?

SPECIAL Offer: Your dealer will give you FREE one Pillow Top and Back with every 25c Belding's Outfit, which contains six (6) Skeins of Belding's Embroidery Silk, Illustrated Lesson, etc. If not, send dealer's name, adding 5c postage, total 30c, and receive Pillow Top free with Outfit. *The Pillow Top Outfit, 60c; three, 90c. \$1.00 good in U. S. only.*

Important: Belding's Revised Needle and Hook Book, 80 pages, mailed for 10 cents. The Latest Embroidery Stitches Taught Free. Send 2c stamp for instruction Pamphlet.

BELDING BROS. & CO.

201-203 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1012, Chicago, Ill.

New Beautiful Fern "Fluffy Ruffles"

Newest, daintiest and loveliest of the ostrich plumed type. Strong, vigorous, hardy—will grow and thrive in any home. Makes whole house cheerful.

4 Fancy Ferns 35c
Postpaid for

One Fluffy Ruffles and 3 others—The Boston, arched and interlaced with long, sword-like fronds; Emerald Feather, a drooping, feathery sort; and a Dainty Table Fern, a fitting ornament for any nook or corner.

All Nice Growing Plants. Will quickly grow in size and value. Send 35 cents today for these four fine ferns together with our complete catalog of desirable Seeds, Plants and Bulbs.

Iowa Seed Co., Dept. J Des Moines, Ia.

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE

To Try in Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or is ordinary lamp at one-tenth the cost. A miniature portable lighting plant for every purpose. Makes its own light from common gasoline. ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

COSTS ONE CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of OUR SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. AGENTS WANTED.

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
625 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



AGENTS

Give a \$1.50 4-quart Aluminum Kettle free with every sale to introduce new goods. Every woman wants aluminum. Big money. Sells like wildfire. Sworn proof of \$7.70 profit in 3 hours. Write quick for agency and free samples to workers.

THOMAS ALUMINUM CO.
6802 Home St., Dayton, Ohio

Suesine Silk 39¢

The Praise
of
Pleased
Customers
has Made
the Success
of Suesine

Tens of Thousands of
Women have Proved
its Greater Reliability
and Value by Actual
Use. They Buy it Again
and Again, Year after
Year, and They Tell Their
Friends It is dependable.

When writ-
ing for the
FREE sam-
ples be sure
to mention
the name
and address
of your
dealer, and
say whether
or not he
sells Suesine

EVERY YARD OF SUESINE SILK IS BRANDED
SUESINE SILK

There is no genuine Suesine Silk
unless it bears the Suesine name.

42 SUESINE SAMPLES FREE

No matter where you live, it is
easy to get genuine Suesine Silk

If no dealer in your vicinity has Suesine Silk, we will
see that your order is filled, just as conveniently, by a
reliable retail house, at 39¢ yard.
Write AT ONCE for the 42 FREE samples.
Suesine Silk in Canada is 50¢ yard.

BEDFORD MILLS
8 to 14 West Third Street, Desk 5 New York City

GIVEN for XMAS Cherished for Life



W.&H. LOCKETS

The Christmas spirit is fondly expressed by
this "inner group" locket. Inside is a dainty
hinged leaf. You can put a picture in each
cover and a picture in each side of the leaf—
four pictures in one locket—or a scapula medal
furnished in place of leaf.

Ask your dealer to show you the "inner-
group" locket, No. 100—or Scapula Medal
No. 115.

W. & H. Lockets embrace a wide variety
of styles and designs for men and women.
Look for the little "heart" trademark on the
price tag and stamped inside the case.
Your guarantee of beauty, utility and dura-
bility.



"There's a heart
in every
locket."

Wightman & Hough Co., Providence, R. I.

When answering ads mention McALL'S

THE PURSUIT OF PATRICIA

(Continued from page 14)

not the slightest sign of recognition in her
face. If she were Sophie, she must be
the greatest living actress.

"If" she were Sophie! David caught
himself up with a jerk. Of course, she
was Sophie! The evidence of his own
eyes was enough to convince him of that.
And yet, somehow, in the innermost rec-
cesses of his consciousness the "if" per-
sisted and refused to be argued away.

A stubborn little "if" it was, and it
seemed to grow stronger just because
there were no apparent facts to support
it. It had its root in something Harwich
could not explain to himself, a purely per-
sonal feeling, amounting almost to a cer-
tainty, that she could not be Sophie, that,
for some altogether incomprehensible rea-
son, he did not want her to be Sophie.
The Russian woman had interested him,
had aroused his chivalry and his imagina-
tion, but there had been nothing personal
about it all. But, to-night, with this radiant
young woman beside Brunoff, he was con-
scious of a different attitude in himself.
The resemblance, if it was a resemblance,
was so remarkable as to be uncanny. Try
as he would, Harwich could not find any
tangible point of difference between the
glowing young face before him and the
memory he carried of a tired face full of
shadows. It was the spirit only that had
miraculously changed.

A sudden decision sprang full-grown
into his thoughts. He would settle this
question of identity once and for all.

After Brunoff had sat down, the "dis-
cussion" had begun and was now going
on. Harwich looked at the girl. She
was leaning forward again, plainly trying
to listen to the speakers, and answering
Brunoff's low-spoken questions absently.

As the next speaker sat down, Har-
wich rose to his feet and faced the long
table. The move brought him into sud-
den prominence. Brunoff saw him now
for the first time, and he ceased speak-
ing to Sophie. He hunched forward in
his seat, shooting his head out and
frowning ponderously. The move hid the
girl from Harwich's sight in the instant
when he might have seen a gleam of
recognition in her eyes. When she leaned
forward so that her face was visible again,
the look of impersonal interest was un-
changed. David began to speak, looking
straight at the Russian.

"As Mr. Brunoff has very truly pointed
out," he said, "conditions both here and in
Russia leave much to be desired. But I
cannot help thinking that a little straight-
forward honesty and cooperation on our
part would do much toward clearing up
difficulties, no matter how bad they seem.
The supporters of the cause of Liberty
can ill afford to be divided among them-
selves, but so long as we refuse to deal

Free Book "Health and Beauty"

See
Coupon
Below



Post Yourself on the marvels of Vibra-
tion. Get the facts about
one of the most marvelous health and beauty
producing forces. The coupon below, a postal
or letter, brings this free book prepaid.

White Cross Electric Vibrator

the wonder-working instrument which gives
you your choice of the three greatest curative forces—
Vibration, Galvanic and Faradic Electricity, com-
pletely explained in this book which we send you
free. It can be connected with the electric light or
will run perfectly on its own batteries.

Health and Strength

are free to those who know the
wonders of Vibration. The Book explains.

It Will Relieve Soreness and a Host of Ills

and you can make the body
plump and build it up with thrilling,
refreshing vibration and electricity.

For the Baby, Too

Drugs are dangerous to give

to the baby. And yet
babies often need stimu-
lation for a better circula-
tion and a better diges-
tion. Nothing has ever
been found which is the
equal of vibration in

treating baby. The worst case of colic
relieved quickly by applying the
vibrator to the baby's stomach. In
every house where there is a baby or
a small child, there should also be a
White Cross Electric Vibrator.



The White Cross Vibrator is fully Guaranteed

This great instrument
gives you thousands of
health-producing vibrations
a minute, and Medical Elec-
tricity at the same time if
you want it. No other vibra-
tor can do this. Our Vibrators
run either on their own
powerful dry cells or may be
attached to ordinary electric
lights.

Great Reduced Price Offer FREE Send the FREE COUPON

Get full details of our great
introductory offer. The price of
our vibrators cut almost in half.
Cost but a small sum. Sign the
coupon and learn about this
extraordinary offer. Also get
our Free Book, "Health
and Beauty." You should
have this valuable book
anyway. Sign and mail
coupon **RIGHT NOW.**

Lindstrom-Smith Co.
1100 So. Wabash Ave.
Dept. 2069
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free
book, "Health and Beauty"
and special reduced price offer on
White Cross Vibrators.

Name.....

Address.....

My Electrical Dealer's Name is.....



Insist on Shoes That Fit—

That combine faultless style with good wearing quality—and you will always wear

UTZ & DUNN Co

Shoes for Women

All our models are tested by experts on normal feet before making. Finest materials and constant caution make our shoes hold their shape. For more than thirty years we have satisfied thousands of discriminating women. Prices from \$3.50 to \$5.00.

If you have particularly sensitive feet, we recommend our specialty—the

Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

Made in stylish models with insoles of live wool felt, and priced at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Write us for name of our dealer and our new book—"The Feet of An Active Woman."

UTZ & DUNN CO., 206 Canal Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Makers of High Grade Footwear for Women, Men and Children. Canasta 8,000 Pairs Daily.



AWLWOOD HOUSEHOLD BLANKETS

A GIFT WORTH WHILE

Mother, above all, appreciates useful, practical gifts, particularly something for the home. You could choose nothing that would please her better than a pair or two of these fine Axlwood Blankets—the blankets that are guaranteed to be strictly all pure wool.

SAVE MONEY

Our mill-to-home plan of selling brings these fine blankets within reach of everyone. The price is only \$8.90 per pair, prepaid to any part of U. S. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Size 70 x 80 in., weight 5 lbs. per pair. Choice of white with pink or blue border, silver-grey with blue border, and 1/2 inch plaid in blue and white, tan and white, grey and white, pink and white. State kind wanted, and remit with order.

The "Axlwood Blanket Book F" shows all patterns and gives full details. Mailed free.

MINNESOTA WOOLEN CO.
Duluth, Minnesota

AGENTS

Let us show you the best paying business in the U. S. We have it. Write to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors in the world for proof. Write us today. Address: NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 144 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO



\$1,500 a Year Sure

truthfully with a subject, we are liable to make enemies of those who might otherwise be friends."

So far he had spoken directly at Brunoff, who had returned his gaze with a look of defiance which was, nevertheless, a trifle uneasy. But now he turned and addressed himself to the girl. She looked at him quite frankly and without a trace of embarrassment. Harwich went on a trifle breathlessly.

"Even those unfortunate victims of conditions to whom the speaker referred would often find, I am sure, that there was a willing hand stretched out to help them if they would only give the word.

"But, as we all know, circumstances are seldom so unfortunate as they seem, and a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune will sometimes, in an hour, change the whole face of life. If we would all do what we could to bring about that hour for every unfortunate soul who crossed our path life would be a much sweeter thing, and the question of conditions could take care of itself."

He paused. The gray eyes were looking straight into his, and in them he read distinct approval, not only, he thought, of his words but of himself, and the thought made his heart beat a little quicker. But, beyond that, there was nothing, no sign that she understood the hidden meaning of his words, or that she connected herself in any way with his speech.

He gathered himself together and went on, speaking for a moment longer in the vein of courage and practical optimism. Then he sat down, amid a silence of disapproval.

Well, it was done. She was not Sophie. Those clear eyes were not the eyes of an actress. But who was she? And what was she doing here? That was a mystery still to be solved. But, at least, he knew now exactly where he stood.

He turned to the man and woman who were with her, and saw, what would have been perfectly evident sooner had he had eyes for it, that the other woman was the sister of the girl he was watching. She was a little older than Sophie, a little darker, a little stouter, but unmistakably a sister and an American. Harwich drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

As he watched, the sister leaned nearer to the man beside her and made a suggestion which met with immediate approval. They pushed back their chairs unconcernedly, and rose to their feet.

Then the man turned and spoke to the girl, interrupting Brunoff, who had begun his earnest conversation again. But she hesitated. David could not be sure whether it was merely a natural dislike for doing a discourteous thing or whether she had some deeper reason.

Seeing her hesitate, her scort reached over and shook hands decisively with Brunoff; then he took the girl by the arm and helped her to rise. She yielded to the pressure, got to her feet slowly, and turn-

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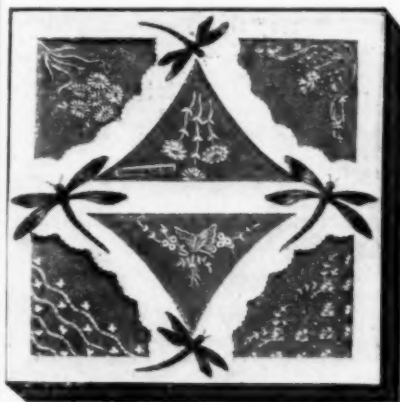
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ing with an apologetic smile to Brunoff, held out her hand.

The Russian had risen, too, his face showing positive dismay at her going. Now, as he held her hand, he shot a question at her which seemed to surprise her, for she passed it on to the man with her with a little lift of the eyebrows.

He did not reply at once, but finally nodded curtly, turned, and made his way down the table after the sister.

Then Brunoff, completely ignoring the fact that he was the guest of the evening, and that the discussion of his speech was still going on, calmly took the girl who had sat beside him by the arm and piloted her around the table and so past Harwich and out, amid a sharp buzz of disapproval, of which he, however, seemed totally unconscious.

The little man with the Yiddish accent arose quickly to attempt some explanation, but Harwich, too, had risen, and did not wait to hear it. When he reached the narrow corridor, which, in pristine days, had been the "front hall" of an old-fashioned residence, he came unexpectedly upon the little group he sought. They had been delayed at the narrow doorway by a party of people entering, and, as David caught sight of them, Brunoff was asking the girl a question.

The answer came to David's ears, low, but very distinct.

"Yes," she said, "we expect to arrive in Geneva about the first of December."

Brunoff had turned toward her and Harwich, and a sudden look of astonishment, almost of awe, crossed his face, followed immediately by a kind of primitive cunning. He made some conventional answer, and they passed out.

Harwich stood for a moment, his mind racing furiously. He had been right, the girl was not Sophie. This new voice was quite different from the rich, Slavic purr of Sophie's speech. It was a low voice, too, low and beautifully modulated, but it was of a cooler timbre than the Russian woman's, and there was no trace of a foreign accent. But it was not so much the voice as the words that had startled Harwich so deeply.

What an almost incredible set of coincidences the whole affair had been so far! The last word he had heard Sophie speak had been "Genevè". Now, almost the first word from the lips of this other girl, so strangely like her, was "Geneva"!

But was it a coincidence, after all? Was he not rather laying hold of the edge of some singular mystery in which Brunoff and the two women were inextricably involved? Well, if that were so, there would be an element in the mystery on which Brunoff had not counted, and that element would be the presence of an American citizen, as exemplified by one David Harwich!

He turned quickly and strode out into the street.

(To be continued in the January McALL'S)

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PAINTED WINDOWS

(Continued from page 17)

On all sides this poem was considered very fitting, and I went to the festival with that comfortable feeling one has when one is moving with the majority and is wearing one's best clothes.

I sat rigid with expectancy while my schoolmates spoke their "pieces" and sung their songs. With frozen faces they faced each other in dialogues, lost their quavering voices, and stumbled down the stairs in their anguish of spirit. I pitied them, and thought how lucky it was that my memory never failed me, and that my voice carried so well that I could rouse even old Elder Waite from his slumbers.

Then my turn came. My crimps were beautiful; the green harps danced on my freshly-ironed frock, and I had on my new chain and locket. I relied upon a sort of mechanism in me to say:

O greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run.

In this seemingly manner Whittier's ode to the pumpkin began. I meant to go on to verses which I knew would delight my audience—to references to the "crook-necks" ripening under the September sun; and to Thanksgiving gatherings at which all smiled at the reunion of friends and the bounty of the board.

What moistens the lip and brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

I was sure these lines would meet with approval, and having "come down to the popular taste", I was prepared to do my best to please.

After a few seconds, when the golden pumpkins that lined the stage had ceased to dance before my eyes, I thought I ought to begin to "get hold of my audience". Of course, my memory would be giving me the right words, and my facile tongue running along reliably, but I wished to demonstrate that "ability" which was to bring me favor and fame. I listened to my own words and was shivered into silence. I was talking about "dark Plutonian shadows"; I was begging "Egypt" to let her arms enfold me—I was, indeed, in the very thick of the forbidden poem. I could hear my thin, aspiring voice reaching out over that paralyzed audience with:

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore.

My tongue seemed frozen, or some kind of a ratchet at the base of it had got out of order. For a moment—a moment can be the little sister of eternity—I could say nothing. Then I found myself in the clutches of the instinct for self-preservation. I felt it in me to stop the giggles of the girls on the front seat; to take the

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patronizing smiles out of the tolerant eyes of the grown people. Maybe my voice lost something of its piping insistence and was touched with genuine feeling; perhaps some faint, faint spark of the divine fire which I longed to fan into a flame did flicker in me for that one time. I had the indescribable happiness of seeing the smiles die on the faces of my elders, and of hearing the giggles of my friends cease.

I went to my seat amid what I was pleased to consider "thunders of applause", and, by way of acknowledgment, I spoke, with chastened propriety, Whit-tier's ode to the pumpkin.

I cannot remember whether or not I was scolded. I'm afraid, afterward, some people still laughed. As for me, oddly enough, my oratorical aspirations died. I decided there were other careers better fitted to one of my physique. So I had to go to the trouble of finding another career; but just what it was I have forgotten.

RENOVATING FURS

By EDITH MOORE

FURS are so expensive as to rank among the luxuries; yet in many of our States cold winters make them a real necessity. They may look old or worn, and when forgetful of winter winds you may be inclined to discard them. Before you do it, consider the following hints from an expert furrier, by which any woman may clean and renovate her furs with little time and expense.



If the collar or any other part of your sealskin coat has become soiled or greasy, buy ten cents' worth of fullers' earth from the druggist. Lay the coat on a table, apply the powder with the fingers and rub thoroughly into the soiled parts. Then shake out and beat with a rattan.

To clean your chinchilla fur, procure five cents' worth of plaster of Paris from a paint store. Heat in a pan, and apply as hot as the fingers will permit, smoothing it gently into the fur. Then shake it out and beat lightly, as chinchilla fur is very tender and must be carefully used.

Any fur coat, muff or neck-piece may be greatly improved in appearance simply by brushing with a soft brush and water, to which one tablespoonful of pure alcohol has been added for every quart. Always brush with the nap of the fur. When white or light-gray furs have become soiled they may be cleansed easily in gasoline.



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Character Dolls for the Christmas Stocking

By THE RAG-BAG EDITOR

SANTA CLAUS will undoubtedly welcome ideas for dolls and toys that may be made at home. The character dolls and toy animals afford great amusement for the little ones, and are well-nigh indestructible.



BLACK TOPSY SEEMS SURPRISED

One of the funniest is a monkey made from scraps. The end of a coconut shell provides his face, and stout wire a skeleton, which is well padded with cotton to form his body. Gray Canton flannel gave him his skin, and from an old kid glove his hands and feet were fashioned, stitched and stuffed for fingers and toes. A piece of plaid from a comfort, part of a Windsor tie, and a sample of green velvet contributed materials for skirt, coat, and vest. An old silk sock, and a black-and-yellow hat-band, made his fez. Fur from a worn-out collarette pasted around face and brows gives him a very decided monkey appearance that will bring smiles to grown-ups, and fill little ones with glee.

A number of dusky dolls supply servants for the small daughter's prized playhouse. Topsy and Jim are rag-stocking dolls. To make them, cut the feet from old stockings, leaving them the length desired; say, twelve or fifteen inches. Stitch an outline for head, body, and legs in one piece; make arms separate. Cut out, leaving ample seams. Turn, and stuff. Place a slender five-inch stick through center of neck, extending into body and head, to hold the latter erect. Unravel an old cashmere stocking and sew the kinky wool on the head, leaving a few strands sticking out here and there. Eyes are made with small white buttons, with holes cov-

ered with tiny pieces of black cloth, sewed through. The mouth is worked with red floss, the nose outlined with black darning-cotton. Topsy's dress is sewed on; overalls for Jim are made from part of a blue jean cast-off pair.

Another stocking doll has arms and legs that are plaited and have bells at the ends instead of hands and feet. Cut off the feet from four old stockings; cut legs in strips to within three or four inches of the tops. Draw one of the feet over these to form head and body. Tie closely around neck, to give it proper shape. Cut slit at each side for some of the strips to be drawn through, cut the proper length, and plaited for arms. Braid remaining strips that hang from the



JIM AND HIS OVERALLS

body for legs, and tack a bell to each. Outline features in floss, using white for the eyes. Make a wig of the kinky, raveled threads, and cap from an old straw hat, or fine strips of corn-husk plaited.

Old bright-colored stockings, especially woolen ones, may supply a Christmas-tree need. One clever woman raveled some old green socks, red stockings, a piece of a yellow sweater, and the remains of a crocheted blue scarf. Over balls of cotton wadding saved from coats she wound the yarns in stripes of the various colors, catching here and there to hold in place. Attached to a rubber, the balls are attractive for a decoration, and make pleasing toys.

Every child delights in toy animals. From small pieces of Astrakhan cloth found in a scrap-bag, a woolly little doggie was produced. Two sides were cut out by a carefully-made pattern of a dog. These were sewed firmly in a seam, an open-



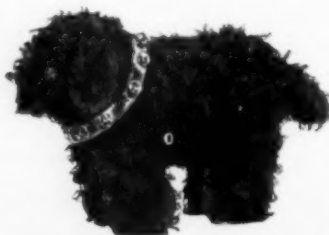
THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S MONKEY



CHRISTMAS BALLS FROM RAVELED STOCKINGS



SAMBO WITH THE BRAIDED LEGS



A FEROCIOUS RAG-BAG DOG

ing being left in the back. After being turned, the dog was stuffed with cotton wadding, and the rest of the seam closed. Ears lined with red mercerized cloth, a little tongue of red, beads for eyes, and the tail sewed on, and a pretty collar of beaded ribbon completes his dogship.

To make unique, mirth-provoking Simon, a most amusing old fellow, an old stiff white cuff may be converted into a novel somersault doll. To form the body, the cuff is sewed together in the shape of a tube just large

on face with floss. Sew on a dress with a full skirt of blue-and-white plaid gingham, and a white apron edged with blue. Make a cap to match the apron, and tack on instead of hair.

A brownie man is no insignificant personage, once he gains admission to a doll family. To make him, a white and a brown stocking are used. Stuff the foot of the white stocking for body and head. Stitch outline of body and limbs in brown one, cut out and turn. Stuff arms and legs, draw



SOMERSAULT SIMON
IN HIS SUNDAY SUIT



A LITTLE CORN-COB MILK-MAID



THE QUEER OLD
BROWNIE MAN

enough for a large glass marble to roll in easily. The suit may be made of almost any cloth—velvet scraps, if you have them. Cut two five-inch strips an inch and a half wide; with floss, and sew buttons down front of body. Make pointed cap of a piece of brown stocking, stuff, and sew in place on head.



JAPANESE BUTTON-BAG BABY

From far-away Japan comes a cunning little button-bag, and with it some jingle rhymes to tell you how to make him with just a scrap or two and a few stitches:

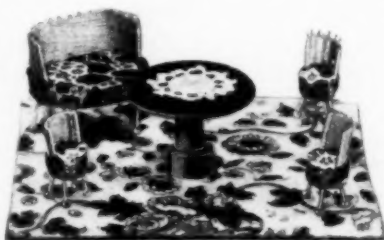


UNCLE TOM
THE WISHBONE
DOLL

Sing a song of fair Japan,
Far, far away;
'Tis the land of dainty things,
Say what you may.
Here a piece and there a scrap,
Now a little thread,
Sew a circle all around
And stuff it for a head;
Little snips for hands and feet—
These are always white—
With facings red for all her sleeves;
Her left half sew to right;
Put in a lining if you like,
A ruffle 'round her chin;
Face off her back with ribbon, thread it
And put your buttons in.

A corn-cob doll will prove quite a substantial toy for a little girl. Pad one end of a large cob to shape a head; cut the cob off proper length for body and cover this and four small popcorn cobs with muslin. Sew on two of the small cobs for arms and two for legs. Outline features

To carry out this description cut a circular piece three inches in diameter for the head; run the edge, and draw partly; stuff with cotton, close, and sew tightly. Embroider a circle of hair at the top, and wee eyes, nose, and mouth. Cut two pieces embracing a four-and-a-half-inch square, with a large and a small triangular



FOR DOLLY'S PARLOR



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THE WORLD"

parts projecting on opposite sides; the larger to represent the legs, the smaller the arms. Seam together the edges of the triangular parts on each piece; then sew the two pieces together on three sides of the squares. Pipe the four small openings with red. Cut four three-quarter-inch triangles of white, fold to hide edges, and tack in to represent hands and feet. Face or hem top of bag for a casing, and run with narrow ribbon or cord for drawstrings. Make a frill for neck, and sew on this and the head just above arms.

AFTER chicken dinners, instead of pulling the wish-bones, save them to form the skeleton of an "Uncle Tom" doll to make some child happy. You will need three. Select scraps of shiny black cloth. Shape the pieces for a head about an inch and a half high and an inch wide, tapering to form neck. Sew together, and stuff with cotton. Insert the point of a good-sized wish-bone, stuff neck and take a few stitches back and forth to fasten head securely to bone. Work a broad flat nose with black darning cotton, padding to raise slightly. Outline mouth with red floss, and sew on white beads for eyes. Cut two inch-and-a-half squares for making feet; fold diagonally, seam a little way from corners, turn and stuff with cotton. Insert in each the two ends of a small wish-bone, press tightly against the cotton, turn the other corner around the bone, and sew. Attach feet to ends of the head wish-bone, wrap with thread, and tie so they will not slip off. Make of dark-colored cloth a pair of trousers that will slip over the feet and reach neck; fasten securely. To make arms, cut a four-inch strip an inch wide; taper ends, and tack edges together. Sew to back of trousers just below neck. Cut a piece of white flannel two by four inches; turn under one edge and fold about neck and shoulders; cross arms in front and tack. Sew fuzzy gray ravelings around face and back of head. Sew on a cap with a long peak; bend peak down, and tack.

A UNIQUE set of doll's furniture may be made with corks covered with silk scraps. Choose the size corks desired, cut in proper shape, and cover for chair seats. Thrust glass-headed pins well into the cork for legs; wind these with floss, and fasten. To form the backs, put in firmly a row of plain pins. With a heavy needle carry floss through cork from bottom, and weave in and out around pins until filled. Then pass through cork again, and fasten on under side. For the table, fasten corks together with pins, and stain any color.

Editor's Note.—All of the dolls illustrated above were photographed from the actual dolls submitted in our Rag-Bag Contest by the clever prize-winners. Many other dolls, almost as clever, were received, and we regretted we could not increase the number of prizes.

Big Special

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CHOOSING A GIFT FOR BROTHER

By LOUISE E. DEW

THERE are times when a gift for a man of one's own family is about the hardest thing to choose. When that man prefers to select everything in the way of wearing apparel for himself, has no use for pretty things, and buys all the new books he wants to read, as soon as they come out, it is especially difficult. Add to this his being married, with a young wife and babies, and his wife liking to have her taste rule in the house, and the predicament of a certain girl who wanted to give such a brother something personal for Christmas, can be pictured readily.

She was the only one of the family who had been inspired to keep track of the various marriages and relationships through the past half-dozen generations. The odds and ends of information she had noted down, from grandmothers and aunts, were in rather fragmentary shape, but were fairly comprehensive. When they were produced, to verify the answer to some question he had asked, he remarked that he wished she would copy them for him some day. Now was the time.

HER only purchase was a pair of the little punchers used for nipping round holes in cards, and a sheet of thin gray cardboard. Paper she had, and she cut it for a rather large booklet. Eight by twelve inches was the size on which she decided. The covers of the cardboard were cut about three-quarters of an inch



larger around three sides. On the fourth side, all were to be fastened together, through holes pierced at matching intervals through covers and loose leaves.

In this she wrote, in a clear, plain hand, all the data she possessed as to the family tree, which she made out according to approved fashion, adding verbatim extracts from old letters, touching certain exploits of different old war-time notables.

After finishing with each branch of the family, she left several blank sheets for additions or corrections, and, at the end, nearly a dozen, on which were to be set down the corresponding facts in the family of her sister-in-law. The whole was put together with a heavy, twisted silk cord, left sufficiently loose so that the pages could be readily turned. On the cover was drawn one large, old English initial, in black and gold, a simple decoration.



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THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Continued from page 20)

"It is what I pay my own physician for a month's treatment. And, as for that, it is only a beginning. My own physician sails for Europe next week. My throat needs constant supervision—if you would care to take me on? If you will call Wednesday? There is much I would talk over. I have influence—you shall see, Doctor. Your work here is all very well—noble work, too—but there is work more lucrative—I have many friends, singers, artists—a practise, uptown—You shall see that Anton Chotanek does not forget—"

There was more in kind, much sincere grief, much volatile expression, before the great tenor disappeared.

He left two pale young people, staring at each other like awed children.

"It's your Christmas gift!" gasped Jessy. "A practise—think of it!"

"You can't tell a thing," said the young man, but his voice shook a little.

"But it is," said Jessy. "I feel it, and I'm so glad." There was a pause; then she said, "I ought to have gone up long ago. I'm afraid I'm a 'curious bystander'. I'm going now, though. Good night."

She went very slowly. At the step, a slight sound made her turn.

"Did—did you say anything?" she asked faintly.

He had not, nor did he speak now. He only took a step forward, and suddenly Jessy tried to make haste in her going.

But she could not. Something stayed her. The gas still burned, but she could not see; the hall grew dark and a great roaring surged to her ears—or was it her heart beating so wildly? For a second, time was not; she floated in space, a strange, sweet embarrassment on her.

Then, after a moment—or was it a year?—she felt hands covering hers on the balustrade, warm, electric, over hers that were so cold.

"Jessy!"

She could not look at him, but she let him turn her face to his.

"I ought not to," said the young doctor hoarsely. "I've sworn I wouldn't. But I can't stand it." Suddenly his voice broke. "I'm a poor sort of Christmas gift, but if you could—I love you so—you little white thing—"

It was very humiliating, but she could only look up at him with brimming eyes.

He stooped and kissed her, held her close a long moment.

Suddenly, he drew away.

"You shivered," he said sternly. "You're cold—cold and faint. You're hungry! What do you say to running over to the little owl café for a lunch—wouldn't you like to?"

She found her voice at last. "I'd love to," she said with a little sob. "I could just die for some ham and eggs."

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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1913. HARRY E. FRENCH, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 12. Certificate filed in New York County, New York, No. 8. My commission expires March 30, 1914.

STOCKING NIGHT

(Continued from page 10)

"Merry Christmas! oh, Merry Christmas! It's all right!" Though he whispered, he seemed to be shouting. "Letty's all right, an' we got a ten-pounder—yes, sir! Little Christmas girl—bright's a new dollar—looks like a Saunders a'ready! They say up there they never saw a finer baby, an' you ought to see Letty's face, layin' there! Proud? Well, I guess!"

What they did see was the face of the little Father of Babies. It was a-shine with pride. They did not need to see Letty's face. It was as though this divine gift of parenthood had never been theirs before—as if this little child just born to these humble parents were a new and miraculous thing in their circumscribed, rather poverty-stricken allotment of life. There seemed no room in their happy souls for anxieties or for regrets.

"Queer how the minute you set eyes on the little kid, you're glad it's a girl—when there Letty an' I kep' wantin' a boy. Well, we don't want one now; no, sir! We want that baby we've got, an' we want her born Christmas mornin'; yes, sir! Wouldn't swap the little rascal for twenty o' your common every-day boys!"

He was holding out his hands for Jere's baby. It had not occurred to him to wonder at Jere's being there at all, though he had left only Mrs. Jere among his babies. Nothing appeared to occur to this little radiant man except the welfare of his beloved Letty, and the safe arrival of his Christmas child.

"Seems as if I got to wake 'em all up and tell 'em!" he ran on in his sibilant whisper. "They'll be so tickled, the children will! We'll have a regular celebration tomorrow. They ain't ever had this kind o' Chris'mas present—not this kind! You see if they don't like it better'n they do their stockin's—I guess I know 'em! They'll be coixin' to carry it all o' their little fixin's—every nameable last one! An' Saturday I'll let 'em. Yes, sir! I'm to take 'em up there Saturday, whole little kit of 'em, if everything's right. Letty made me promise.

"Six—that's what I call some family! Three boys an' three girls! We just balance now, an' we been sort of one-sided before this. Letty sent word for us to be thinkin' up all the nice names to choose from—she's goin' to, too. I told her we'd name it little Chris'mas—Chris'mas Saunders—just to see her laugh. It was great to see Letty laughin'! But we're goin' to let all o' the children have a vote. Yes, sir! I'd be real pleased"—he seemed suddenly fully aware of his two guests—"an' I know Letty 'd be, too, if you'd suggest a name or two."

When a very little later Jere Bishop and his wife, Sarah, went home through the mysterious, soft dusk of incipient day,

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both their middle-aged faces were full of a radiance borrowed from that of the Father of Babies they had just left. They walked arm in arm with a curious new sense of closeness.

"Jere," whispered Sarah, "to think I never knew!"

"And I never knew!" he answered her. This mutual discovery they had made rested on their hearts, a sacred and beautiful weight. It seemed a difficult thing to talk of, yet each yearned to talk.

"Jere."

"Yes, dear."

"We couldn't—perhaps—I suppose we're too old now—"

"Too old!" He laughed her to scorn. She felt the vigorous strength of his big body under her touch. She felt her own joyous strength. What did it matter that they had come to their middle years, she and her Jere? They were not old.

"Oh, Jere, you mean—you don't mean—we can?" In her rapture she gave no time for his yes or no. "Because," she cried, "I've got one all picked out—all ready for us this minute—a little golden baby, Jere, that we can teach to walk and talk and—to love us, Jere!"

"To love us!" he echoed, thrilled like her. "We'll make the little lad"—on his lips the name was ineffably tender—"our Christmas present, dear. Yours to me, mine to you."

They walked on a few steps, then Sarah stopped.

"Jere, wait—oh, wait! I'm going back there and borrow a little stocking to hang up. To see how it will look, Jere!"

The quiet home they entered a little afterward seemed already sweet with the melody of a little child.

Two Irishmen employed on a man-o'-war, finding things a bit slow one morning, decided to liven things up a little. So Dennis, instructed by Mike, placed himself astride one of the big guns and held a deck-pail over the muzzle.

"Now," said Dennis, "let 'er go!"

Whereupon Mike touched her off and she went, sure enough—likewise Dennis and the pail. When the officer in charge came running up to find out the cause of the explosion, he said: "Michael, what has become of your friend?"

"Oh," said Mike, "he just wint afther a pail of water."

"I see, but when is he coming back?"

"Well," answered Mike, "I'm sure I can't tell exactly, but if he comes back as quick as he wint, he'll be back yisterday."

"MAMMA, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother reprovingly, "it's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done."

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To say that the original of this new Pabst Calendar is the work of C. Allan Gilbert is to make everybody want one, for the "Gilbert Girls" are known far and wide as the highest type of modern art. The figures are beautiful, attractive, winsome—the colorings artfully and harmoniously blended. To fully appreciate this beautiful work of art, you must see the calendar itself.

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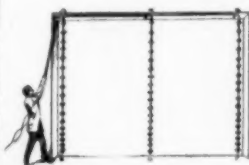
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CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS IN THE LITTLE WHITEWASHED SCHOOLHOUSE

(Continued from page 24)

we covered our faces with cold-cream, lightly rubbing off all that remained greasy and did not enter the pores. Next, we powdered thoroughly with flesh tint, and were ready for the difficult coloring.



STAGE SIDE OF OUR DROP CURTAIN, SHOWING OPERATION

The professional, who is to appear in a large theater, always uses the flesh-colored grease paint upon the cold cream, then the rouge and powder, but he, of course, must

prepare for spectators far removed.

Upon this basis of cream and powder, we rouged the cheeks, applying the highest color to the cheekbones, except for one actress who took a middle-aged part—she put the rouge a trifle lower; and the "old lady" rouged strongest below the cheekbone. We rouged the tips of our ears, put a speck of red in the inner corner of the eyes, painted the lips upward and downward in the center following their own outline, thus adding a bit to their rosebud fullness and taking away from their width by not painting their outer corners. We drew the black pencil along the brows, arching and extending them; one young lady, whose brows are very low, grease-painted them out of sight and drew in new ones. We used the blue to shade the upper lids, and shaded with it a bit under the eyes.



OUR ARRANGEMENT FOR STAGE-LIGHTING, NOT VISIBLE TO AUDIENCE

In character parts, defects must be exaggerated. One "old woman", who is really a very young woman, drew lines from nose to mouth, vertical frowning lines between the eyebrows, and horizontal ones across the forehead. She added crow's feet, and wrinkles about the corners of the mouth and under the eyes. She darkened the hollows beneath the eyes and below the cheekbones and at the temples. All these shadows, as well as rouge, must be delicately shaded off.

We had a tramp in our play. He touched his cheeks and chin with blue to produce an unshaven aspect. In the garden he planned a burglary with another tramp who wore a crepe hair beard, scrappy and unkempt, which he had at-

tached to his face with spirit gum. The latter explained that he had just lost a tooth in a fight, and showed the apparent hole in its place; as a matter of fact, black wax, costing twenty-five cents, had been used to block out the tooth.

Bald wigs, as well as all other kinds, can be rented. Nose putty, for molding additions to a nose, or for making warts, can be bought for a quarter of a dollar. Paint or paste must be skilfully used to blend the bald wig with the forehead, the false nose with the real. False noses in the conventional grotesque forms can be bought for fifteen cents. There are grease paints especially adapted to certain make-ups, such as Chinese, gipsy, negro, and Indian.

And let me offer you a final word of

warning on make-up. Don't wash your face! Alcohol will remove the spirit gum, and cold-cream will remove the general make-up from the whole face. After it's all off, you can safely seek soap and water—but not before!

Be sure, also, in putting on your make-up that you remember the strength of the light that will be thrown upon you and the distance you will be from the audience.

Red cheeks that are garish in a strong light when seen close to, are merely healthily pink at a distance. The same is true of all the other colors. Professional actors try to put on a make-up that will be right for

the people who are sitting not quite far enough back to be mid-way in the hall.

I hope talking of our experiences and experiments has put you quite in the spirit to launch a similar enterprise, and that whether it takes the form of a wholesome little play, a series of pictures in tableaux,



THE EFFECT OF DROP-CURTAIN WHEN RAISED



DECORATIVE DRAPERY TACKED TO FRAME OUTSIDE DROP CURTAINS

a pageant, or a cantata, you will be able to put to good use the bits of wisdom we acquired as the result of that joyous holiday time and the play that crowned us all with glory.

And whatever form of entertainment you choose, I know you will find out what a mint of fun it is to work out all the details of staging it.

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